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MEMORIES OF ETON SIXTY YEARS AGO

MEMORIES OF
ETON SIXTY YEARS AGO

BY ARTHUR CAMPBELL AINGER

d. oct. 26
1919

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

NEVILLE GERALD LYTTELTON

AND

JOHN MURRAY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1917

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TO THE MEMORY OF

EDWARD COMPTON AUSTEN-LEIGH

AND

FRANCIS WARRE WARRE-CORNISH

AND A FRIENDSHIP OF

SIXTY YEARS.

PREFACE

ANOTHER book on Eton needs, not perhaps an apology, but something in the nature of a reason to account for its appearance. Such a reason may, it is hoped, be found in the particular period with which the following pages will deal. No one can have read Mr. Arthur Coleridge's book on *Eton in the Forties* and the books of Mr. Gilbert Coleridge and Mr. Eric Parker respectively, which chronicle the years from 1870 to 1890, without feeling that what would be called an "epoch-making" change has passed over the place in the interval between the first and the last of these works. The spirit of Eton is the same throughout, but the life of the place is different in almost every respect. The difference shows itself first perhaps in the shape of bricks and mortar, but those who inquire further will find it in many other things—in the relation between boys and masters, in the work of the school, in dress, in food, in comforts and luxuries, in games, in the O.T.C., in the duties of a fag, in the abolition of "shirking" and other restraints on liberty; in the facilities for travel and the consequent developments of "leave"; in the adoption of bathing costume, in the outburst of "colours," in the wearing of collars, in language, and in a hundred other ways great and small.

Now the peculiar interest of the years from 1850 to 1860 would seem to consist in the fact that many of the events of these years indicate the passing away of the old order and the birth of the new. To give instances here would be to anticipate the material of the chapters to follow. Suffice it to say that the purpose of this book is to lead others to adopt the same conclusion in this respect as that adopted in these pages.

No one will deny that a book on Eton by an Etonian must be the work either of a Colleger or of an Oppidan. It follows of necessity that the picture of Eton life and manners must be taken either from the Colleger or the Oppidan point of view and cannot be entirely comprehensive. This cannot be avoided altogether, but an effort has been made, by obtaining the help of Oppidan friends, to render the survey as panoramic as possible. It is not unlikely that their contributions will prove for many readers the most interesting pages of this book, but they have been written with the same object as the rest of the book—namely, to call attention to the symptoms of coming change and to habits and customs which have now become obsolete.

No book of this kind can be written without mentioning names, and dwelling on the different methods and peculiarities of those mentioned. Almost without exception they have passed away, but their relations and friends remain. Every effort has been made that nothing should be here written which could reasonably give offence or cause annoyance to others.

The illustrations are not intended to present a complete survey of Eton, but only a few views of buildings, etc., which no longer exist, or of landscapes no longer visible as formerly, with portraits of some of the masters mentioned in the text. The rhymes inserted here and there are also in the nature of illustrations, depicting in some cases a phase of Eton life which has passed away. They need not be taken too seriously.

A. C. A.

ETON,
October, 1916.

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ETON SONGS

"CARMEN ETONENSE"

1. *Sonent voces omnium*
liliorum florem,
digna prosequentium
laude Fundatorem!
Benefacti memores
concinamus, qualis
in alumnos indoles
fuerit regalis.
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

2. *Stet domus Collegii*
disciplinae sedes,
donec amnis regii
unda lambet aedes!
Crescat diligentia
studium Musarum!
crescat cum scientia
cultus litterarum!
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

3. *Nostra sint primordia*
cum virtute pudor,
fides et concordia,
aemulusque sudor!
Jungat unus filios
amor erga Matrem!
cum magistris pueros
ut cum fratre fratrem!
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

4. *Obsequamur regibus,*
modo jungant reges
libertatem legibus,
libertati leges !
Lege sic solutior
leges amet certas,
sic parendo tutior
nostra stet libertas !
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona !
Floreat ! florebit.

5. *Justam ludus vindicet*
cum labore partem !
dulce foedus societ
cum Minerva Martem !
Sive causa gloriae
pila, sive remus,
una laus victoriae—
Matrem exornemus !
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona !
Floreat ! florebit.

6. *Mores Etonensibus*
traditos colamus !
traditos parentibus
posteris tradamus !
Posterique posteris,
quotquot ibunt menses,
tradant idem seculis
carmen Etonenses.
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona !
Floreat ! florebit.

1878

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

CHAPTER I

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

THE school to which I went to be prepared for Eton was not my first school. I had been previously sent to the "Forest School" at Walthamstow, but it is only mentioned here because of a trifling circumstance which links my school life to that of many bygone generations. I went thither for the first time—in the year 1850—*by coach* from the well-known "Swan with two Necks," in the City. At the end of my first school-time I returned home by the railway, which was then in its infancy; so I was barely connected with the extreme margin of the old times. I remember very little of the Forest School except the luxuriant gorse-bushes on Walthamstow Common, so convenient for robbers' caves, and other secret purposes. The school contained boys of all ages, and at nine years old I had hardly begun to take root there before I was transplanted to the Midland Counties. I was not sorry to leave, and was delighted at the prospect of going to Eton, though

I little understood then all that it implied both for my school life and my subsequent career.

The Rev. William Thomas Browning, an Etonian in College from 1832 to 1842, Curate of Everdon, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, had begun to take a few pupils to prepare for the public schools, especially Eton. He was the elder brother of my old friend Mr. Oscar Browning. He had strengthened his position at Everdon in every way by marrying Mary Eleanor Green, daughter of the Rev. George Green, Fellow of Eton and Rector of Everdon, a lady of whom all those who, as boys, came under her care and influence, retain most pleasant and grateful remembrances. Mr. Browning lived in a roomy house, adjoining the Rectory premises, with a good garden and outbuildings, in the heart of the country. He took only a few pupils—eight or ten—and his duties as Curate of a small rural parish left him plenty of time to look after them. We were well fed, our health was well cared for, and we were well taught according to the limited curriculum of those days. Latin verses of course formed one of the principal subjects, and those boys (thousands of them, I fear) who have suffered under *Clivus* may derive some pleasure, and possibly some encouragement, from hearing that the author of that immortal work was as lame a performer as the lamest of them, in his early years as a versifier. On one occasion he was sent next door to do verses under the eye of old Mr. Green, a former Eton master. It was, I suppose, to amuse him—there was no amusement in it for his victim—only shame and disgrace. Some years after, when in the Upper Division at Eton, I can remember Balston saying to me, "You sir, I think, you sir, I have at last found a copy that I can manage to send you up for," and that was the first recognition my efforts ever obtained. Who need despair?

Our life at Everdon was simple and uneventful. We played cricket and football, but had no "Blues" to teach us the right way. We had no fives court, and lawn-tennis was as yet unknown—we went for country walks and paper-chases. One of the latter still dwells in my memory. The hare—Armine Willis, I think—had a good start, and, after reaching a sufficiently wide jump, he scattered paper on both sides and concealed himself on the near side to enjoy the sight of his friends wallowing in the water. But his kind purpose failed of success. While we were following still far behind we came across, first a very tired fox, and a few minutes later the Pytchley hunt in pursuit thereof. Of course we left the paper for a nobler quarry, and had the luck to be in at the death a short way farther on. But then it was time to hasten home, and we left our "hare" to his own devices.

One other circumstance connected with Everdon deserves mention, as it involved my fellow culprit and myself in what was probably the longest "punishment" on record. My tutor, one day, took out some of the elder boys in his dog-cart—I forget why or whither. He left the others under my charge with strict orders to be good, and especially not to visit the village shop. I was no bigger than any, and not as big as most, of the other boys, and I had no influence of any kind, but I happened to be first in school order. Needless to say that the sound of the wheels had hardly died away before most of my companions were half-way down the street. They returned laden with spoils, and offered me a share. Had I taken it, the sequel would have been different, but I had a conscience which was my ruin. The other boy had to eat all the apples himself—enough for two, but too much for one. The rest of the day we spent in peaceful pursuits—there was indeed no opportunity for crime—and all was well when my tutor returned, and we went to bed. But in the night Nature asserted herself, "*caecumque domus scelus omne retexit.*" Inquiry showed the guilt of my comrade, and my guilt, who had not prevented him. If only I had eaten half the apples! As it was, for the rest of the school-time, when the other boys went into the drawing-room to be amused, he and I were condemned to remain in pupil-room engaged in writing out *Ainsworth's Dictionary*. We made a trifling impression on the letter A before the holidays brought our penance to an end.

In the month of July 1853 two of my companions were sent to Eton with myself to "try for College." The school we came from was a new one, and our prospects were uncertain. But in the result we all obtained places on the list—a fact eminently to the credit of our tutor; but the credit of it was much enhanced by our coming out first, second, and third—I was third; there was, I think, another candidate from Everdon, but he was of no account. This bit of good luck made Browning's fortune. He never looked back after it. He soon gave up his curacy, and set up a large school at Thorpe Mandeville, near Banbury. After that we heard rumours of yachts and deer-forests, and such-like rewards of success—and many boys who distinguished themselves at Eton and elsewhere contributed to their tutor's reputation. He died in 1882.

This was an instance of a good preparatory school which did not go to extremes in either direction. But my contemporaries have tales of other schools which were very different from this—and some of the stories they tell would not be out of place in the chronicles of *Dotheboys Hall*. There was a famous—or infamous—school about my time where report says, that the boys were driven by a long course of ill-usage to draw lots, which of them should kill the Head Master. The lot fell on his own son, who promptly bashed his father over the head with a poker. The results were fortunately not fatal, but the story shows the state of things which could exist at the time. On the other hand, the simple life of Everdon would have seemed Spartan austerity it compared with many of the preparatory schools of the present day. When new boys find Eton itself a return to hard surroundings it looks as if the places they came from must have gone too far in the direction of luxury.

A Sketch of another Preparatory School (by N. G. L.)

Like most other institutions, private schools have greatly changed in character since my young days, and on the whole I should say very much for the better. But in one respect, and that one of great importance, they remain unchanged. Now, as then, any man who likes can start a private school without licence or authority, whether he has the needful qualifications for his self-imposed task or not, nor was he nor is he subject to any sort of inspection. If he is really unfit the best hope is that his unfitness may be discovered before he has had time to do much harm.

In most respects the Rev. W. M. H. Church, in whose school at Geddington, near Kettering in Northamptonshire, I passed more than three years from 1854 to 1857, was well equipped for his duties. There were only twenty pupils, so that personal supervision was easy enough; we were well lodged, fed, and looked after—I believe that in the twenty years or so of the school's existence no inmate of it died—and, though he was no scholar, he grounded us thoroughly in the elements of knowledge, especially in the Greek and Latin grammars and in the Scriptures. But these good qualities were seriously discounted by his ungovernable temper, and the instrument of flagellation, a sort of dwarf trace, was in constant use. I remember one case very vividly. A boy made a false quantity; Church boxed his ears for it—a very objectionable punishment in any case; the boy was completely dazed, and went on repeating his mistake without really knowing what he was saying, and was thrashed till he was black and blue, and was sent to bed at eleven in the morning without having pronounced the word correctly at all. One time he started the plan of flogging every boy who had not finished the appointed tale of work by twelve, and my brother Spencer and, I think, other boys, suffered condign punishment every day for a week. But I am inclined to think that the boys of those days were of a hardy type, and I don't suppose we minded much how often we were chastised.

We had a good play-ground, where we played cricket, prisoner's base, and a very primitive sort of football, at the bottom of which flowed a small stream in which we were allowed to fish, and caught plenty of perch, roach, dace, and an occasional small jack or eel, with which we were allowed to supplement our rather Spartan diet at breakfast and tea. I don't think I have ever eaten perch, roach, and dace since—so far as I recollect, they were tasteless and incredibly bony; but they lent a relish to the bread and butter, the latter rather closely scraped off the bread. I usually shared my fish with my brother, but if I had been unlucky in my sport he had to put up with the heads and tails, which was all I could spare. I don't think he ate these dainties—he merely rubbed the bread with them.

Not far off was Boughton Park, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, who gave us the run of it, and its miles of elm avenues. He was patron of the living of Geddington, and I fancy he was a good friend to her church. At all events, he sent his son to the school, and there were five or six Moore nephews of his there too. The school undoubtedly stood high in popular favour; it was always full, and there was a strong flavour of aristocracy about it. The families of Cavendish, Kerr, Scott, Legge, Egerton, Lascelles, Beaumont, Talbot, Hope, Lyttelton, Moore, Needham, Boscawen were all represented there. Nearly all the boys went to Eton, a few went straight into the Navy, and some to Radley.

Considering the run on Eton, it was very unfortunate that so little attention was given to Latin verse, though it was all-important at the entrance examinations at that school. I think only two boys took Remove in consequence—W. H. Gladstone and John F. Horner, both of whom I believe had some outside instruction in versifying. I was a serious sufferer in that, after having done Remove work for a year at Geddington, I failed in Latin verse and only took Upper Fourth, where I found the work so easy that I contracted idle habits, which I never really got rid of during my stay at Eton.

In those days private schools were much smaller than they are now. Except at Cheam, I think twenty was the average number of pupils, and the boys were a good deal younger. Most, in fact very nearly all, boys went to public schools at twelve or at a still more immature age, some mere children of seven. As regards private schools, a military friend of mine told me he went to one before he was six; but the usual age for these boys was more like nine, though a fair number, myself included, went younger.

In most of these small schools the work was all done in pupil-room, and as a rule a boy was not let out till he had finished the task allotted him or paid the penalty, as my brother did. A strong spirit of emulation existed at Geddington, largely due to the practice of pinning up on the school-room door at the end of every week the order of merit and the number of marks gained by each boy. I believe I held the record of the highest score of marks ever made there in one week.

Among the pupils were one Cabinet Minister, Lord Gladstone; two Bishops, Augustus Legge of Lichfield and Edward Talbot of Winchester; three Admirals, Charles Scott, Walter Kerr, and Arthur Moore; two Generals, Ralph Kerr and Neville Lyttelton; and I am not sure that this is a complete list. Among the survivors are Lords Ralph and Walter Kerr, Sir Edwin Egerton, Lord Cobham, and two brothers, Albert and Neville Lyttelton, Lord Eldon, Lord Falmouth, Sir John Horner, Sir Edward Hope, Bishop Talbot, Rev. Stephen Gladstone, and I think at least four Moore brothers.

Mr. Church left Geddington for another living about the year 1860, and eventually resigned Church preferment sooner than carry out the provisions of the Burials Bill. He lived to an advanced age—I think eighty-eight—and died about fifteen years ago. He was not an ideal instructor of boys, nor did he handle them very judiciously, but there were many worse schoolmasters, and I think that, like myself, most of his pupils respect his memory.

LIFE IN COLLEGE

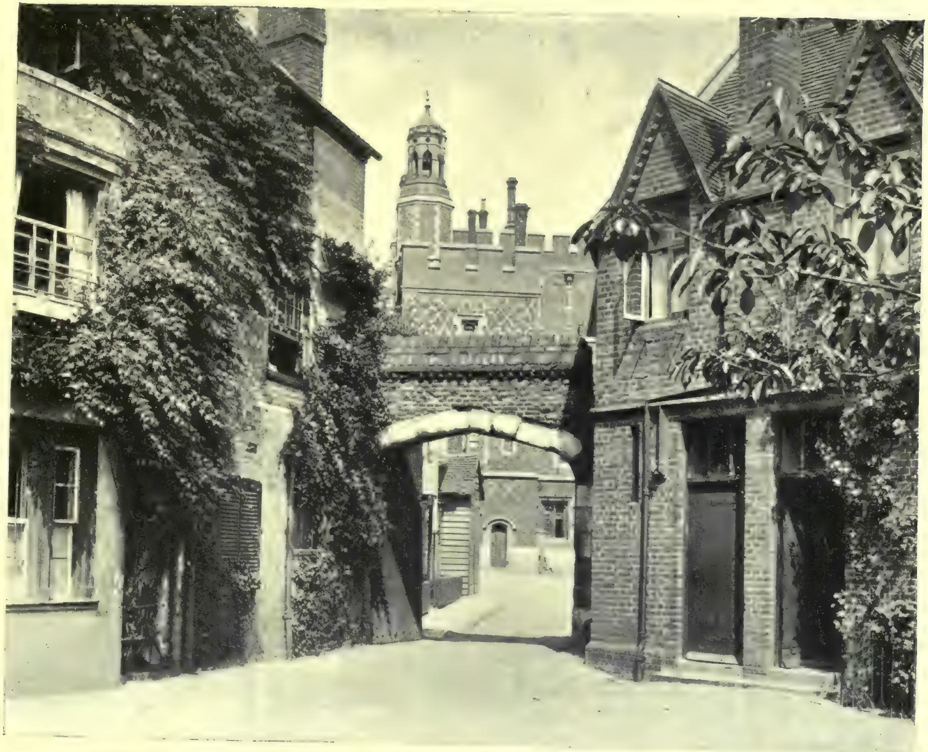
CHAPTER II

LIFE IN COLLEGE

Two important changes had taken place in College about the year 1846. The first of these was the completion of "New Buildings," the second the appointment of a "Master in College." The effect of these beneficial innovations was of course progressive throughout my time at Eton, but, although they deserve grateful acknowledgment from all Collegers, the state of things in the fifties was very far from being what it ought to have been and what it now is. No words are too strong to honour (as Maxwell Lyte says) "the noble self-sacrifice of so experienced a teacher as the Rev. C. J. Abraham in giving up an overflowing house to take the novel position of "Assistant Master in College."

The immediate result of "New Buildings" was a great change in the dimensions of "Long Chamber." Enough of it was left to hold twenty-one boys; the remainder was turned into a certain number of separate rooms for sixth-form boys, a series of studies, each holding three, for the use of the lower boys, and a set of rooms for the new master, which remain unaltered up to the present time. Long Chamber itself contained on either side rows of bedsteads of the old type, and between each pair a bureau—twenty-one of each. There were no partitions forming stalls or cubicles and there was no provision for washing. That had to be performed in a room at the top of the neighbouring tower, provided with a long table, the middle part of which formed a sink, while rows of basins stood along the edges. There was no hot water laid on. On a winter morning when, lightly clad, you had made your way with soap and towel to the top of the tower, there was no temptation to linger over the processes of the toilet. On certain evenings hot water and foot-pans (we called them "tosh-pans") were provided in Chamber, and we did for our legs and feet what in the tower we had done for our faces and hands. It is needless to say that there were no baths or bathrooms—but perhaps it is permissible to hint that baths and bathrooms, though they conduce greatly to comfort and enjoyment, and, in the case of cold baths, to health, are not really necessary for cleanliness, and it must not be thought that, lacking them, we were less clean than our successors.

In the middle of the north wall of Chamber was a large fireplace which gave plenty of warmth to those who could sit near it—a



ENTRANCE TO BREWHOUSE YARD, SHOWING PART OF DE ROSEN'S HOUSE.

18]

privileged few—and was the only source of heat in the room; but the walls were thick, and I do not recall having suffered much from cold. The studies, I think, were warmed with hot-water pipes, and a fag could not unfrequently warm himself at his master's fire. While in Long Chamber, we lived, of course, a somewhat public life, but boys soon accustom themselves to that. At bedtime it was patrolled by a member of sixth form to keep order, and when lights were out we were supposed to go to sleep, and in the end we did so; but often after an interval of "ragging" and story-telling, such as are common to all school dormitories.

After lodging, board. We were provided with four meals a day. Every week an "order" of tea and sugar, *i.e.*, a certain quantity of each in a paper bag, was handed to each boy, and had to last for seven days. Breakfast consisted of a limited amount of bread and butter, so did tea. Both these meals were paid for by our parents. Dinner in Hall on five days in the week was roast mutton and potatoes; on Wednesday boiled beef; on Sunday roast beef. Pudding on Sundays only, alternately plum-pudding and suet pudding. The drink was water or beer—of course we called it "swipes," but it was quite wholesome beer. In those days the College brewed its own beer and baked its own bread—the name of "Brewhouse Yard" still recalls the former custom. The baker used to produce every morning a certain number of small and crusty loaves, called "Bantams," which could be bought, hot from the oven, for a small sum, and, when saturated with butter, made an agreeable if somewhat stodgy breakfast. Supper in Hall was cold meat, bread, and beer. The Sixth Form and the next six boys (called "Liberty") supped, after Prayers, in College. There is no doubt whatever that the dietary here described was, if not insufficient, at any rate lacking in variety—things are very different now. We could supplement it from time to time, but only out of our own or our parents' pockets. A hamper from home converted breakfast or tea into a delightful meal, and dinner was improved by purchasing cheese. But none of us had enough to eat; a delicate boy (not necessarily dainty) sometimes could not eat what was provided, and when we had recourse to the "Sock" shop the motive was not always gluttony, but often pure hunger. Sometimes, but not often, the duties of fagging or the neglect of work would oblige a lower boy to forego his breakfast altogether, and there was no one to see that he did not do so.

The mention of fagging demands some further elucidation. The number of fags in College was always rather small, for obvious reasons, in comparison with the numbers of masters—ten Sixth Form to start with. The Captain of the school generally had two fags, the rest of

Sixth Form one apiece, and there was sometimes one over for the Captain of "Liberty." With sixteen under the same roof having power to send a lower boy on errands, the response to the summons "Come here" was unduly frequent and formed a serious obstacle to work as well as to other occupations. The duties of a fag towards his fagmaster varied considerably according to the nature of the latter. Some were selfish and exacting, others friendly and kind. I had experience of both sorts, and it is a part of school life which one never forgets. Certain duties—keeping up the fire, tidying the room, making toast, acting as valet, calling in the morning, bringing hot water—were more or less common to all, but occasionally burdens were laid on the fag which showed complete indifference to his work or his play. I remember vividly one piece of fagging imposed on me by my first master, which I can hardly believe myself now, much less expect others to believe. His tailor, who lived in Peascod Street, Windsor, had failed to send home some clothes on Saturday night. On Sunday morning my master sent me between breakfast and chapel to inquire at the shop the reason of this failure. Every Etonian knows that you took your life in your hand when you went to Peascod Street at all—anyhow, I went and failed to get admission. After morning chapel he sent me again with the same result. After four I had to go a third time on a fruitless errand. He was actually purposing to send me once more after six, but a colleague in Sixth Form intervened.

For the same master I had to look after a candle lamp with a very strong spring. Just when I had, with a great effort, almost forced the candle down, the spring used to get the better of me, and the candle would fly against the ceiling. Naturally it broke in half, and when I had cut off the lower half and put it in the fire, the remainder went into its place easily enough. But my master could not make out why his candle burnt so quickly and I took care not to inform him. I am afraid he did not think me a good fag—anyhow, the next half I fell into other hands, and found a most agreeable contrast.

The chief thing I can recall about my second master was that he allowed me to sit in his room—at the top of the tower in New Buildings—in the evening. I must have been horribly in the way of himself and his friends—but he bore it with unwearied patience, helped me with my work, especially verses, and was a kind friend both at school and afterwards.

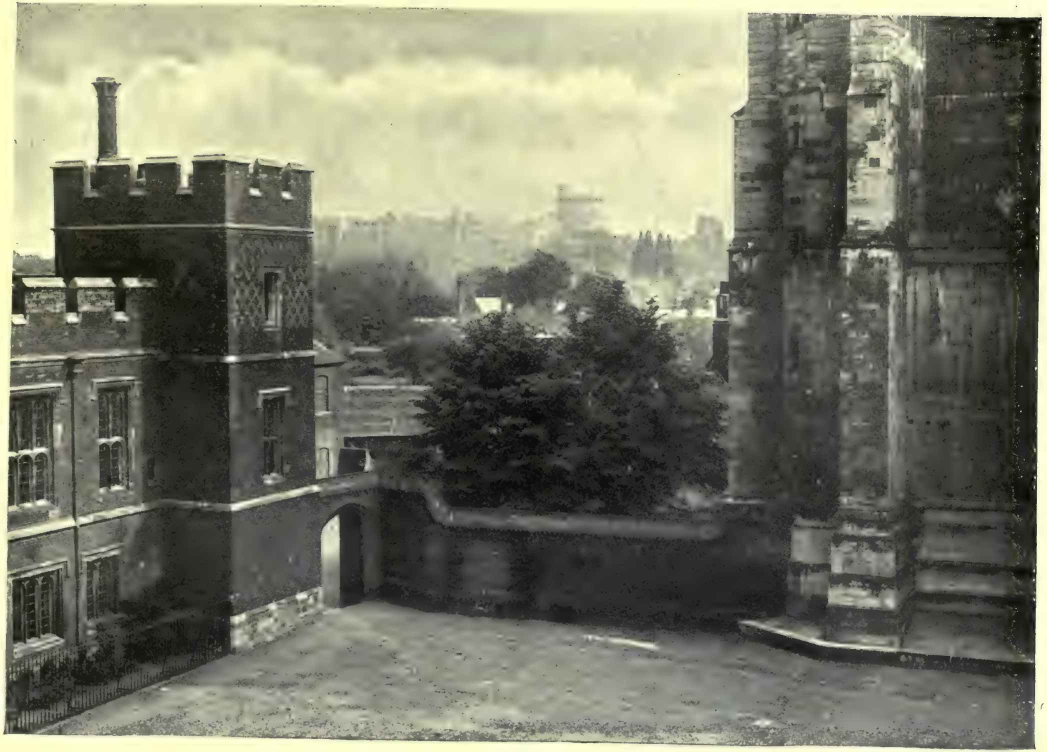
One other bit of fagging could hardly happen nowadays, and is worth recording on that account. I was not the only one who was sent, by a distinguished member of the Eleven, to fetch him bottled beer from the Christopher. Apart from the doom impending if I met a master, going or still more returning, the pocket of a Colleger's gown was not a convenient receptacle for quart bottles knocking against each other. But we had no choice in the matter.

One other form of College fagging, long since abolished, may be mentioned. Three lower boys, in rotation, had to stand at the end of the sixth-form table in Hall and to wait upon its occupants. They were called "Servitors." They did not forfeit their own dinner altogether, but dined after the others in company with a member of "Liberty" called the Upper Servitor, whose duty it was to record certain daily details of the *menu* in Latin, for the inspection of the Master in College. This was a pleasant meal for the small boys, though eaten under the eyes of the almswomen, a company of aged, virtuous, and hungry Harpies who were entitled to all the broken meats.

The provision made for Collegers when "staying out" was not the least remarkable of the ordinances under which we lived. Every Colleger had a "Dame," one of the numerous Dames who then kept boarding-houses for Oppidans. For an adequate fee the Dame was bound to look after him in different ways—to hand him his weekly allowance of money as well as his tea and sugar, and to give him "orders" for clothes, etc. But, if he fell ill, the relations between them became much closer.

After passing the night in College as usual, the patient would, after breakfast, proceed to his Dame's house. There he would spend the day, sometimes writing out his lessons, unless he was "excused lessons," sometimes reading books or playing games. At "lock up" he would return to College to sleep—and this life would continue until convalescence enabled him to go into school again. If seriously ill, he would go to bed at his Dame's, and be nursed there till recovery. A Dame would have clients of every age and in every part of the school. Sometimes ten or a dozen would be "staying out" at once, and would be herded together in one room. As a rule they were not very unwell—often the illness was purely diplomatic. I can remember one occasion when the invalids were so numerous and so influential that my Dame asked them to choose their own dinner. I was much too small then to have a voice in the matter, but there was a general vote in favour of pork chops—an indication of robust appetite if not of health. The sixth form were allowed to remain in College when "staying out," and, unless seriously ill, went into Hall as usual.

With the necessity for, and the consequent increase of, Preparatory Schools, the length of a boy's stay at Eton was in the fifties showing a tendency to decrease. The days of the heroes of old were past, when the years of a Colleger's career might run into double figures. It used



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM SCHOOLYARD: VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF COLLEGE.

to be said that in those times the only necessary qualification for admission to the school was, not learning, but trousers—and there was a hardly credible legend to the effect that when Mr. Frank Tarver (1834–48) first came to Eton he was able to walk under the "bar" in front of Upper School with his hat on. In our time boys did not leave earlier, but they came later, and the average stay would not be more than seven years. Of these probably about two would be passed in "Long Chamber" before one obtained a room in the New Buildings. These rooms are much about the same size as the rooms in an Oppidan house, and could, like them, be made very comfortable and home-like with pictures and cushions and an easy-chair. Breakfast and tea still took place in the Tea Rooms, Lower and Upper—the privilege of messing in one's own room was reserved for sixth form and "Liberty."

Except for this, life in College ran on much the same lines as that of an Oppidan, but there was and is one great difference. In an Oppidan House even one Sixth Form is rare, two very rare—a natural consequence of there being twenty-five houses and only ten Sixth Form—but in College ten Sixth Form was a permanent institution. Sixth Form could set punishments to their juniors for small offences, such as coming late into Hall, etc. These punishments generally consisted of "epigrams" in Greek, Latin, or English, which gave much trouble with generally a poor result. Corporal chastisement was rare, and unceremonious, usually smacks on the face. On the whole, the ten tyrants exercised a merciful tyranny and ruled contented subjects. The result was much more independence and self-government. The Master in College had by no means a sinecure, but he most wisely left much of the administration in the hands of the Captain of the School and his associates, and as a rule with complete success.

There were not many old customs—such as one reads about in almost all school books—in College during our time, and such as there were could not claim much importance. I cannot recall any theatricals, any singing for new boys, any noteworthy ceremonies of initiation, or connected with St. Andrew's Day. J. K. S., whom many of the present day seem to regard as the founder of the Wall Game, was hardly born, and his canonisation dates from the eighties. A few old customs connected with the examinations for King's College survived—such as the Posers' Children and Cloister Speech—but they have long since passed away.

The Posers were two Fellows of King's appointed to examine the candidates for scholarships at King's or Eton. Their "children" were small Collegers chosen by them to act as pages or errand-boys, or to attend at, which usually meant to share, their meals. They were remunerated with a guinea each—so the office was a very desirable one. The Posers, in company with the Provost of King's, used to drive in a yellow chariot with four horses from Slough to Eton and to enter College in state. Under Lupton's Tower they were welcomed by the Captain of the School in a Latin oration called "Cloister Speech," and the two Provosts are said to have greeted each other, in royal fashion, with a kiss.

Many details of a Colleger's, or rather of an Eton boy's, life will be found in the following pages, but that life on the whole was uneventful, marked only by a gradual increase of liberty, responsibility, and enjoyment, filled with games, the appetite for which did not need to be stimulated by the craving for "colours," and filled with work, which, if not so varied as now, was perhaps, as far as it went, more thorough and quite as good a preparation for the life of manhood.

LIFE IN A DAME'S HOUSE

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN A DAME'S HOUSE (BY N. G. L.)

LIFE at Eton in College having been described, it is proposed to deal similarly with an Oppidan House, as in some respects there were differences between the two.

Up to the fifties a good many Collegers were drawn from a lower stratum of society than has been the case since, and this inferiority was not redressed by any marked superiority in intellect. Take the Newcastle select lists of the forties, and we find in them 59 Oppidans and 46 Collegers. But in the fifties we find 34 Oppidans against 81 Collegers, and in more recent days the proportion in favour of College has largely increased. In the nineties, the latest lists which I have at hand, there were 107 Collegers and only 14 Oppidans. But in the fifties it certainly was the case that the Oppidans looked down upon the Collegers and considered themselves to be of a higher caste, and this feeling did not sensibly abate till later.

Life in the boarding-houses was far more free than in College, especially in the Dames' houses. No special authority was entrusted to the Captain of the House as such; unless he had other claims, physical strength and skill in games or special social qualities, he was little looked up to, and his only responsibility was calling the names at prayers and lock-up. I am not certain, but I think N. G. Lyttelton was the first Captain of a House with real authority in circumstances which are more fully dealt with in Parry's *Annals of an Eton House.* Of course, Dames have disappeared and Tutors have not the same need of an efficient captain as the ladies in old days.

Oppidans had more scope for mischief than Collegers in that their rooms looked out on open streets, and passers-by often had unpleasant experiences in consequence, especially of pea-shooting. Peas were not the only or the most effective missile—what we called " squg," bread and milk rolled into a doughy sort of ball, was much more in vogue. There was no " windage," consequently their range was much longer and more accurate. I remember catching a fat-faced man on the top of a hay-cart a stinger on the cheek and greatly enjoying the strongly expressed remonstrances the smart elicited. Wise's stable-yard was at the back of Evans's house, and the stablemen there came in for a good deal of sniping, and so did the horses while they were being groomed. One dark night a stableman was carrying a truss of straw across the yard, and a sniper called Burnell let drive, more at the rustling of the straw than at the man, and the pithy remark—" Dom your eyes, slap in the face," showed that the shot had gone home. Charlie Wise himself was quite a character, with a fund of racy humour. One of Evans's boys (this was after my time) fired at one of his men with a catapult, a far more dangerous weapon than a pea-shooter, and the bullet flattened on the wall close by his head. Charlie brought it to the then Captain of the house and said, "If it 'ad 'it 'im on the 'ead it would 'ave killed 'im, and that would have been an everlasting thing—a d—d expense too," an admirably terse summing up of what might have happened.

I am not sure that it was confined to Evans's, but a rather dangerous practice existed of "corking" with fives balls. We usually had Joynes's boys as our enemies, from the house at the bottom of the lane. I only mention it as bringing in an instance of about the promptest "countercheck quarrelsome" I ever saw. One Smith, nicknamed Scipio, a left-handed champion of Joynes's, hurled a ball at C. G. Lyttelton, whose dignity as a rule kept him from such encounters. The ball flew high and C. G. caught it in full flight and returned it with unerring precision, even as Deerslayer in Fenimore Cooper's book of that name returned the

Indian's tomahawk. Scipio turned to fly, his coat-tails flew up, and the ball caught him on the unprotected part of his person, and must have left every stitch imprinted there. Nothing could have been more neatly done.

We used to play primitive cricket, and still more primitive fives, in the back yard, and very concentrated football in the narrow passages indoors. For a short time boxing was the fashion—John Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of Melanesia, being the most skilful exponent with the gloves. For a short time also Evans's boys took to playing prisoner's base in South Meadow, and we were frequently joined by boys from other houses; but the game never took root, and soon disappeared.

The boys in the Dames' houses had a good deal of going out after lock-up. The passport was a ticket on which was inscribed the exact time you left the house and the place you went to, signed by some one in authority, a system which led to abuse, involving, I regret to say, some petty form of forgery such as altering a 3 into an 8, a 1 into a 4, and suchlike. Being a fast runner who could go to "tap" and back very rapidly, I was occasionally employed by the bigger boys to fetch bottles of beer—rather a dangerous errand if a master met you. I remember having a great fright when I nearly ran into the clutches of somebody whom I took for "Badger Hale," but, as he was inside "tap," no doubt I was mistaken; however, I turned and fled, *re infecta*. Discipline was very imperfectly maintained in certain houses, not all of them kept by Dames, and a bad house at Eton was very demoralising to the boys in it. It not unfrequently happened that fine scholars and instructors, though the two terms were not always synonymous, were utterly unable to keep a house in order.

In 1858, when I went to Evans's, I should say the house was undoubtedly of a rather rough type. Mr. Evans himself, better known as "Beeves," did not take an active part in ruling it—not long before he had had a bad fall in the Highlands from which he suffered a good deal, and from which he never really recovered. Mr. Day was nominally responsible for our discipline, but he never took any means whatever to enforce it, and my belief is that, if he had, "Beeves" would have warmly resented it. Nor did either Miss Anne or Miss Jane Evans have anything to do with the house till three or four years later. We were not too well fed, and, though there was no bullying to speak of, a rather brutal practice prevailed in the football field, where small boys were freely shinned in the mistaken belief that it was a good training for the game. In fact, an ordinary house game was often as hotly contested as a house match. It was a big house, and it was the custom to put two boys in a room together who were not brothers, which, I believe, was not the practice in any of the other houses. I had so many brothers that it did not affect me. There was always an abundant supply of lower boys to do the fagging ; my recollection is that I had two fags as soon as I got into Middle Division, so that their duties did not press heavily on individuals.

There were in those days, just as now, several unwritten laws which had no formal authority, but which were never infringed. The leading boys, known as "swells," were accustomed to assemble just before Chapel, or absence, at the top of Keate's Lane, as many as there was room for sitting on an iron rail at the corner, and going into Chapel together just before the Sixth Form. To them also was reserved the right of using the inner rooms at Barnes's and Webber's, the "sock" shops then existing. There was no formal admission into these privileges, nor any precise standard of eligibility ; the boys seemed to know by instinct when they became eligible, and I have no recollection of anybody asserting his right and proving unable to maintain it.

The close companionship which usually exists in these days between masters and boys was almost entirely absent in the fifties, and is one of the most satisfactory changes that have taken place. It would be too strong to say that the old feeling was one of hostility on the part of the boys, though there was an element of that in it too; perhaps it would be more correct to call it aloofness due in large measure to shyness. It must be remembered that the boys of that generation were far more kept in the background, and what was called "their place," than their successors have been. I remember the breakfasts to which Provost Hawtrey used to invite boys. These repasts were sumptuous and thoroughly appreciated; as social gatherings they were gloomy failures, compared with which a Quakers' meeting would have been a noisy beanfeast. No boy ever originated a remark, and the old Provost was singularly deficient in the art of drawing boys out.

Boys, of course, were on terms good or bad with their tutors, and to a lesser degree with masters whom they had been "up to," but not with others, who had only been masters in Lower School, or to whom they had never been up. I am not sure that the foolish practice of "shirking" had not something to do with the hostile feeling. Up town a boy was apt to feel himself almost in an enemy's country, with an enemy about seeking whom he might devour. In 1878 I came back from a lengthy stay in India, and paid a visit to Eton, and realised then how different the boys were in their manners towards their elders. I went into "Pop" and got into conversation with two of the leading boys, and soon discovered that, so far from being shy with me, they were on terms of equality and almost patronising. I admit in quite a nice way, but still patronising. In these days, too, in my visits to Eton I often meet boys at breakfast or dinner, and very pleasant companions I usually find them. To a change of feeling like this the most hardened conservative cannot object, and in my opinion it is all for the good for masters, boys, and the school.

LIFE IN A TUTOR'S HOUSE

CHAPTER IV

LIFE IN A TUTOR'S HOUSE (BY J. M.)

[THE following account of life in a Tutor's house at Eton belongs, by strict chronology, to the sixties, but it is equally well suited to the preceding decade.]

I never was at a private school, and at the age of eleven I began my life at Eton at the Rev. J. W. Hawtrey's, sometimes known as the Babyhouse, and, as it was an institution unique in Eton, and now unknown to many generations of Etonians, a few words of description may not be amiss.

In 1863 "Jack" Hawtrey had just migrated from one of the red-brick houses facing Upper School to a new house built by himself, opposite the Gas-works. Being the newest, it was also in many respects the best house in College. It boasted two big baths, in which all we small boys were hot-tubbed once a week by the maids. These were then probably the only big baths in the school.

It had, moreover, two fives courts, a cricket ground, and a gymnasium. We slept in cubicles and had no studies of our own, but lived a common life in the Library, the "Box" Room, and the Play-room—as they were called. As there were no upper boys, there was no fagging. We all fed together, and were well fed.

The inmates were, with one or two exceptions, a very good set of fellows, and, amongst many Eton friendships of to-day, I find that a great many more date from my short stay at Jack Hawtrey's than from my five years at Mr. Wolley Dod's.

The chief drawback of the house was that it was farther away from school than any other, and in winter we had a cold and long run there and back. Great-coats were then, and for several years afterwards, an unheard-of thing at Eton, though I think Ringwood gloves were beginning to be permissible in very cold weather.

All Lower School boys were compelled to undergo writing and dictation lessons until they were formally excused. I remember one boy who could not write when he came at the age of eight years, and he was taught by one of Stephen Hawtrey's assistants. It so happened that he acquired a very clear and well-formed hand, and, as the Royal Commission on the Public Schools was then sitting, this boy was made to write a letter to the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, who, as is well known, was a very great stickler for good penmanship.

Lord Palmerston's reply, complimenting Eton on the way in which writing was taught there, was triumphantly read out in school to us all by Stephen Hawtrey.

Dear old "Stephanos"; with all his faults, we were very fond of him. When we were beginning to learn vulgar fractions, he adopted a new method of teaching us. One day he brought a large rectangular slab of gingerbread into school, and, with the aid of Mr. Peach, his assistant, he divided it into halves, quarters, sixths and so forth, by narrow strips of paper. When the lesson was over he said, "And now, boys, I am going to divide the cake among you." A knife was accordingly brought, but it made no impression on the solid surface. Finally Mr. Peach had to go for a saw, and the partition was carried out. I do not think we enjoyed the cake, but I can honestly say that the experiment impressed the rudiments of vulgar fractions on my mind in a way which no book would have done.

The road leading to John Hawtrey's was overshadowed by chestnut trees, and one of the favourite winter games was fighting chestnuts—attached to pieces of string; knuckle-bones were also very prevalent and popular. Another of the minor pastimes was to make arrowheads out of folded paper, and with skill these could be made to fly a considerable distance. Some boys were fond of breaking off the two nibs of a magnum bonum pen, leaving two very sharp points about $\frac{1}{8}$-inch apart ; a dart tipped with this became a rather dangerous weapon. One of these was thrown in the mathematical school over the dividing curtains, and lodged upright on Stephen Hawtrey's head and stuck there. It must have been very painful, and he was naturally very angry, and came through the curtains with the paper decoration sticking to his bald head. What happened to the culprit I do not remember, but the episode had a comic side for the spectators.

After one year at Hawtrey's I passed into Upper School, and was destined for the Rev. W. Carter's house ; but, as he became a Fellow about that time, his house was dispersed, and at the last moment the only available vacancy was at the Rev. Charles Wolley's (who subsequently added "Dod" to his surname), so thither I went.

The change was like emerging from a quiet backwater into the full stream of Eton life, a stream which we had touched but not entered upon before.

On looking up the old Eton lists, I find that there were about twenty-six boys in the house, and at the head of them was the Captain of the Boats, who was also in Sixth Form.

He was a person apart, a sort of demi-god ; he had, I believe, no intimate friend in the house : his companions were of a higher grade, and we small boys regarded him (I have never met him since, and I suppose I should now regard him, if I saw him) with unmixed awe and admiration.

There were some daring spirits among the lower boys in the house who might conceivably have presumed to "cheek" my tutor; but not one, I am quite sure, who would have had the hardihood to take such a liberty with this dignitary. On his leaving, the leader in the house was Edward Wormald, who played in the Eleven in 1867, and whose influence was strong and much respected, and when he went we passed through a period of obscurity and lack of leadership till "Sam" Butler rose from aquatics to become a shining light in the cricketing world, and under him my tutor's began to rise again and to take a part in most of the school contests.

The cricketing career of Sam Butler was sufficiently remarkable to call for a fuller description. He was originally a wet-bob, and found his way into the Monarch, which meant that he was "out of the running" so far as any prospect of getting into the Eight was concerned. In 1867 there was a sad lack of good fast bowlers in Upper Club, and at the end of the season the Captain, C. R. Alexander, was advised by Edward Wormald to give a trial to "a fellow at my tutor's" who had been very successful in getting wickets in aquatics.

The trial was accordingly made, and although Butler did not play against Winchester in 1868, he found a place at Lord's, but got only two wickets.

In 1869 he took part in the single innings defeats of both Winchester and Harrow, the first victory of Eton at Lord's since 1862. In 1870–71–72–73 Butler played for Oxford against Cambridge, and in 1871 he performed the remarkable feat of getting all the Cambridge wickets in the first innings and five in the second. Those in the first innings included W. B. Money, F. Tobin, F. E. R. Fryer, A. T. Scott, W. Yardley, and C. I. Thornton; they were obtained at a cost of 38 runs, and 8 were clean bowled. Butler played for Gentlemen *v.* Players twice, the same year, but met with no success.

Private schools were very different fifty or sixty years ago from what they are now: there was in them but little of the strong moral and physical guidance and influence which are now so conspicuous among them, and some boys brought from them a strong taint of mischief and worse evil. I am afraid that more than the average share of this taint prevailed at my tutor's, though some of us only knew the full extent of it later on, after we had left.

The number of fag-masters was small in proportion to the number of lower boys, and I cannot recall any irksome fagging, except when one was *praepostor* and had many excuses to get after morning school. *Praepostor's* books were unknown then, and for every school the *praepostor* had to prepare a slip of paper about one inch wide and six or eight inches long. This was divided into equal parts headed respectively, "*Ab horâ*" (*i.e.* not present in school), "staying out," "leave," and "in afresh." In winter, sickness and laziness in getting up combined to make the number of names under "*Ab horâ*" very large, and the *praepostor* had to obtain excuses for all these. Some tutors gave excuses in school, but in most cases one had to go to the houses to get them and we were often kept waiting a long time and subjected to all sorts of vexatious regulations; and often a *praepostor*, when this work was done and his fagmaster's breakfast was prepared, had very little time for his own breakfast.

The only food supplied to us for breakfast, besides the weekly "order" of tea and sugar, was three dome-shaped rolls and a pat of butter; and for tea a quarter of a quartern loaf and a pat of butter; anything else had to be supplied by hampers from home or from the sock-shop.

Our leisure or play-hours were known as "after ten," "after twelve," "short" or "long" "after four," to which was added, in summer, "after six," but of these a considerable part—especially in the case of lower boys or delinquents, was absorbed by "pupil room." As a boy got high up in the school the normal amount of pupil room was considerably diminished.

We used to play football with Day's house in the field beyond the Railway Arches, the farthest of all from College—and running there and back, in addition to the game, afforded a good day's exercise. The lower boys had to carry the goal-posts there and back; there were no cross-bars then. Later on we played football in Upper Club with Dupuis' and Stevens's. I have played as many as three games in one day, on a "*non dies*." Flannels were worn by the Eleven and the Eight only. There were no knickerbockers or "shorts," and we used to wear an old pair of trousers with a button taken in at the top and the ends tucked into our socks. These trousers were rarely cleaned and got well caked with mud by the end of the half. House Athletic Sports had not then been introduced.

One very severe winter, the strip of pavement in front of the New Schools was converted into an enormous and very slippery slide, which we used to nurse with hot water before lock-up. It was edged with a rough margin of frozen snow and gravel, and to touch this with a foot meant a bad spill not only for oneself, but for a whole string of followers—for the pot was kept "boiling" all day. I have never seen another slide to equal that one.

There was great difficulty in finding games to play in the spring half. The few fives courts near the Cemetery and the Racket-courts, which were built towards the end of my time, were fully occupied at every available hour, and we only secured an "off chance" now and then, and "going out jumping" as a pastime *per se* does not afford any long-sustained attraction. Rounders were introduced at one time, and, as some of the bigger boys at my tutor's were noted for the force and accuracy of their throwing, the experiences of the small boys somewhat resembled those of our soldiers at the front who have to pass from one trench to another.

About 1866 the Volunteers were reconstituted. Hitherto we had been a Cadet Corps "armed" with old smooth-bore muskets which were used *) by the Army before the Crimean War. We were now enrolled as a branch of the Bucks Volunteers, and muzzle-loading Enfield rifles (short pattern) were served out to us. A shooting-range was made on the banks of Chalvey, and a drum-and-bugle band was formed.

Mr. Warre was Colonel, and was, I believe, the only man in the Army List who bore that title as well as Reverend, as he had just taken Orders.

I was the first drummer in the Corps, and had an electro-plated drum which I afterwards presented to the Corps: perhaps it is still in existence.

*) Not muskets but artillery carbines

In another chapter of this book the writer notices the decadence of saying-lessons. I used to take pains with these and can honestly say that I have often found the benefit of them in after-life. One summer half I was in Day's division, and he occupied an upstairs room in the New Schools. It was a saying-lesson day, and I was standing outside my tutor's with my book in my hand, when Day passed towards his room. Without turning his head he said to me, "Friend, canst thou say thy lesson?" I replied, "Yes, sir, I think I can." "Then begin at so and so." By the time he had put his key in his door my lesson was said, and I was off for a delicious early bathe at Athens. This often occurred afterwards.

After lock-up, if work was done (to our own satisfaction), we used to amuse ourselves with fretsaw cutting, or carving, or sometimes in singing rather noisy choruses in the rooms of one or two boys who had pianos. In one of the top rooms we often had a small game at the wall, but this was strictly forbidden, and was only possible in that remote corner.

There was one boy at my tutor's who had a passion for animals. He was rarely without some living creatures in his room: dormice, tortoises, snakes (these were a terror to the boys' maids), and at one time he had a rook, or a raven, I forget which, for nearly a whole half. On looking back, I should imagine that these were not pleasant companions, night and day, in a small Eton room ; but they afforded him immense amusement and interest.

Boys as a rule did not associate very closely with friends in other houses, unless they were in " Pop " or in the higher stages of the school. Occasionally a friend was asked to breakfast, and, if a new-comer was commended to the care of an upper boy, he was generally entertained thus in a more or less patronising way.

At the time when that very amusing extravaganza, *The Field of the Cloth of Gold,* was at the height of its success in London, a company came down to act it at the Windsor Theatre. There was an afternoon performance, and, so far as I can recollect, the greater part of the school was there. While the performance was going on, the authorities got wind of what was passing, and when the play was over the doors were guarded by a group of masters, and nearly all the delinquents were caught in a regular trap. It so happened, that amongst us was a boy who had considerable skill and experience in evil-doing, and he got hold of a few of us, and said, "Let us wait here until all this has blown over." We accordingly lurked in the dark passages until the very last moment, and by that time the masters had cleared away from the entrance. All those who were caught had to write out the "Choephorae," which was a pretty severe punishment, though perhaps not more than was deserved.

It is sad to find that of the boys who were at Wolley Dod's with me at least twenty-eight are now dead, and those that remain are so scattered that it is a rare event for three of us to meet together now.

Some tutors even fifty years ago had adopted the practice of being photographed in a group with all their pupils, and these photographs form a most interesting reminiscence of school-days and companions: but my tutor never adopted this custom.

Before I was eighteen I received a notice that there was a vacancy at Magdalen College, Oxford, and that if I passed an entrance examination the following week I could be taken in. My father wished me to go, and accordingly I left Eton a year before my contemporaries, and much to my regret I missed what are generally the most enjoyable days of school-life.

So much for the house. To a generation which did not know Mr. Wolley, I may now endeavour to describe him. He was unusually tall and thin, with refined features and narrow, reddish whiskers. As a boy at Eton he was president of "Pop"; played at "the wall" for Collegers against Oppidans, and was Newcastle Medallist in 1844. He was essentially a scholar and an English gentleman; an accomplished botanist, horticulturist, and naturalist. Flowers and birds claimed his especial attention, and after his retirement to Edge Hall, his place in Cheshire, his garden became famous among experts. He was also a keen fisherman, and I believe at one time a "shot" too, for I remember his saying to us once, "Never have buttons on a shooting-jacket. Once when I was out shooting, a trigger of my gun caught on a button and the gun went off, so I took out my knife and cut off all my buttons." He went out fishing very early one morning of a "*non dies*" in the summer half, and came back with a fine Thames trout. This incident is impressed on my memory because it was followed by several days of marked good-humour and geniality. He drew us a picture of the fish in pupil-room, and described how a Thames trout differed from other species.

On one occasion a very large dog wandered into the dining-room while we were at dinner, and, naturally enough, we all set to work to feed it with anything we could lay our hands upon. "What sort of dog is that?" said my tutor. "Please, sir," said one boy, "I believe it is a Russian boarhound." "Ah," replied my tutor, "now I should have supposed it was a hungry (Hungary) dog."

His ordinary mode of addressing the youngsters was "small boy." "What are you doing there, small boy?" "Small boy, where are your derries?" (derivations), slowly, and with an emphasis on each word. "Please, sir, I thought" so-and-so was once said to him, and called forth the reply, "Lower Boys have no right to think."

I wonder if derivations still exist!

He was a very active man, and this, combined with his keen eyesight, made him a terror at the time of Windsor fair, or for any one who had gone up Chalvey with a catapult.

On one occasion he left his house for a walk, wearing a new "topper," from which he had forgotten to remove the silver paper. This, of course, aroused much merriment as he walked through College, and when he found out what had happened he was very indignant. I think he imagined that a practical joke had been played upon him.

I once saw him very angry. Some of us in the house had made a most ingenious billiard-table—in my room as it happened. We had stretched a piece of green cloth over the centre part of the two-flap table, which was exactly of the right proportions. The cushions were six fillets of wood, to which were attached pieces of india-rubber tubing. These cushions were fixed to the table, when required, with pegs; three small ivory balls and two miniature cues completed the outfit. We derived a very great deal of harmless amusement out of our games; but one evening the boys' maid "sneaked," and up came my tutor in the middle of a game.

We were fairly "nailed," and he was very angry. If it had not been that Stafford (the late Duke of Sutherland) was a member of the party, we should certainly all have been swished; but he was a great favourite, and got us off with a Georgic apiece.

One summer half he had in his division a well-known K.S., who was one of the rising heroes of the Eleven. There was a saying lesson at three o'clock school, and O—— had counted on getting away at once and going to practice in Upper Club. He was, however, "turned," and as he retired from the desk he murmured "Beast." My tutor overheard this and called out, "What is that, O——? Did I hear you call me a beast?" No answer. Immediately a "bill" was made out: "O—— for calling me a beast," and O—— was swished the next day.

I imagine that my tutor was an accomplished writer of Latin verses, and the rapid way in which he used to lick our attempts into shape was very surprising to us. This allusion recalls two incidents. At the end of one summer half the subject for verse was "The Harrow Match," and one boy wound up with:

Et laetae turbae "Rastra" "Sagitta" vocant.

I must explain that "Rastra" "Sagitta" were supposed to represent "Harrow" ('Arrow).

There was a tradition that a boy at my tutor's, having to write a copy of verses on the

Eton Floods, in which, as it happened, Stephen Hawtrey had run some risk, included the following pentameter,

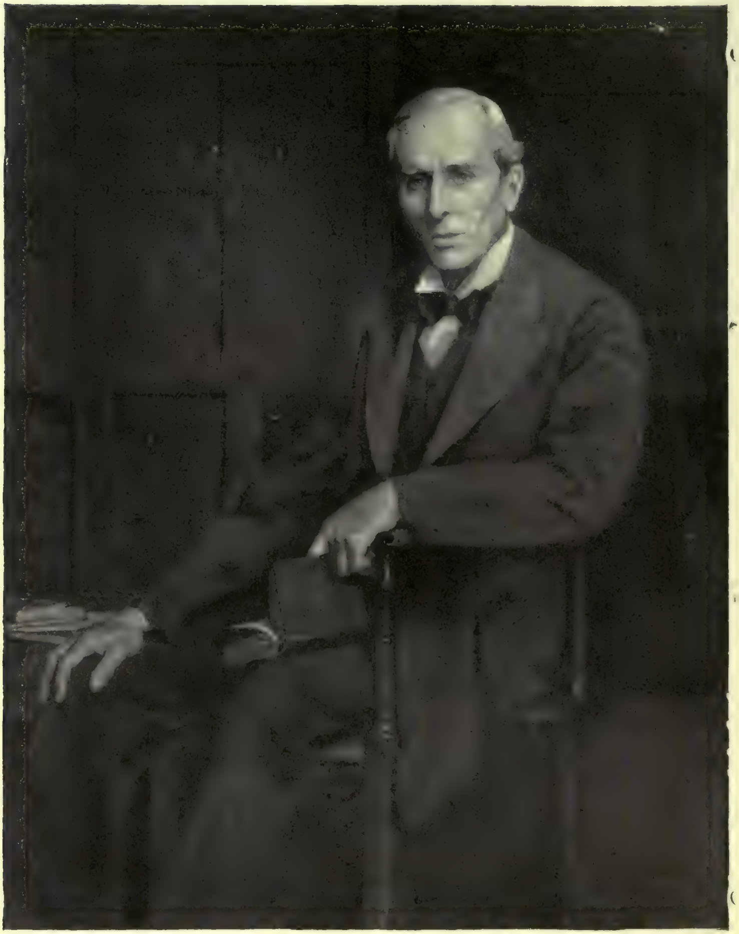
O utinam Stephanos ipse perîsset eâ.

My tutor was credited with scant respect for the mathematical masters, and although he complained of the boy and had him swished, he was careful to state that this was done for the false quantity and bad Latinity, and not for the sentiment.

A schoolmaster—like a poet—*nascitur, non fit.* To attain to the ideal, he must not only be a strict disciplinarian, and very just, but he must also have a sincere sympathy with a boy's point of view; with his pursuits and tastes; with his games and recreations, as well as with his work.

I think my tutor lacked this supreme quality. I respected him and liked him as a boy, but it was not till many years after I left, when I knew him as a man, that I realised that I loved him. His varied information and his companionship were of the kind that appealed to a man rather than to a boy.

Having maintained a fairly intimate acquaintance with Eton—as a boy, a friend, and a parent—I have been much struck by the great change in the mutual attitudes of boys and tutors which has occurred in the last half-century. The relations were then mainly



[*Frontispiece*

A. C. AINGER.

From the portrait by Mark Milbank in School Hall.

official; they are now personal. The tutor is the boy's confidant and friend; he makes a practice of visiting all the boys in their rooms and entering into their pursuits; he takes a keen and sympathetic interest in the welfare and reputation of the house, and there is an *esprit de corps* which was lacking at my tutor's, but was, I think, beginning to show itself in my last year.

I do not altogether blame my tutor for this: it was the system, rather than the man, which was at fault.

The visits of relations—"my people," as they were called, were few and far between then, as compared with to-day, and on such occasions there was always a certain amount of shyness and *gêne*: moreover, we always expected them to entertain us and our friends at the White Hart, or Layton's, or some other "sock-shop." I have been much impressed by the change which has occurred in this respect and by the admirable and easy way in which boys entertain their own people—and other people's people too—in their rooms. This is a true mark of advancing civilisation.

Wolley was a strict disciplinarian in the house, and such practices as football in the passages after lock-up, or calling for "Lower Boy" which prevailed elsewhere, were rigidly excluded.

I do not think it ever occurred to us to go to him for advice and help in personal matters, outside the formal routine, and a certain refined shyness on his part prevented his cultivating the intimate confidence of his boys.

Nor did he seem to take much interest in our games. I played in house matches at football for the last three or four years of my life at Eton, and twice we reached the semi-final tie, but I do not remember his coming to see the matches.

In those days games were not taught as they are now, and the advantage of being in a house where they were keenly pursued and encouraged, and where there were a few "swells" to watch the progress of the small fry, was enormous. Small boys in such houses got chances which we never had. I remember one old Etonian (some years after my time) saying to me shortly before his much-lamented death, "I was in a house where we had no chances, and I have sat on the benches in Upper Club and positively cried at feeling that I could not get in there." He afterwards became a well-known Rambler, Harlequin, and Zingaro; and there were several boys at my tutor's who would have come near the front rank if they had had the opportunity.

It was literally the case that not one of us had a word of instruction or advice in regard to playing cricket while we were at Eton. After I left Oxford I used to play frequent matches at that most charming of suburban cricket-grounds, Chislehurst, the home of the West Kent Cricket Club, and shall never forget the day when Alfred Lubbock—the beau-ideal of cricketers in the sixties and seventies, to my surprise and delight, came up to me and said, "You may get your Rambler Colours."

To return to my tutor; he had not the wonderful inspiring intellectual power of "Billy" Johnson (what a revelation it was to be up to him!) or the personal, dominating influence of Dr. Warre; what I may be permitted to call his "driving power." I had the good fortune to be in Dr.—then Mr.—Warre's division for two terms. One of these was in the very hot summer of, I think, 1866. If we behaved well he used to hold afternoon school in his garden, and it was there and then that I first learned to love Horace. For years I have scarcely ever travelled without a copy in my bag, and I never open it without thinking of Dr. Warre and his garden.

This, however, is a digression. My tutor's favourite form of joke was what might be called by some "drawing the long bow." "You boys talk about the difficulties of your verses; why, when I was a boy at Eton, I used to dream a copy of verses and found them written on my pillow in the morning." "In my day we used to see who could hit the ball most often into the rooks' nests in the Playing-fields."

Once, when I was bathing at Athens, and

taking headers off Acropolis, my tutor came up and said, " Do you boys ever catch cray fish ? In my time we used to dive down and catch them under water."

I think he knew Virgil and Horace by heart, and could have taken any lesson in them without a book.

I can recall but two boys at my tutor's, of my time, who have risen to eminence on their own merits, the Hon. John Collier, whose fag I was, and Lord Justice Bankes, who was a fag of mine.

I tried to work, but a small boy " sap " often had a bad time of it at my tutor's. I am by no means singular, I presume, in bitterly regretting many lost opportunities of using my time and my chances of learning of my tutor and from him ; but if we had brought the experience of maturer years to our school-days, what prigs we should all have been !

Peace to his ashes ! I shall always cherish an affection for my tutor, and shall never forget the last time I saw him, when he came to luncheon with me in London, and I was able to appreciate his kindly, genial character, and his store of information.

HYMN FOR FOUNDER'S DAY

AD DEI GLORIAM ET IN PIAM MEMORIAM HENRICI SEXTI FUNDATORIS NOSTRI

Fiat pax in virtute tua et abundantia in turribus tuis.
Propter fratres meos et proximos meos loquebar pacem de te.
Ps. cxxii. 7, 8.

1. *Praise the Lord! to-day we sing,*
Birthday of our Founder King!
Day of memories! linking fast
With the present all the past!
For the royal care that planned
God's own house, wherein we stand,
Lift your hearts with one accord!
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

2. *For the souls of high intent*
Forth from this, our Mother, sent,
Fearless, faithful, loving, true,
Strong to suffer, strong to do,
All their powers, with all their might,
Freely spending for the right,
Lift your hearts with one accord!
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

3. *Ours to tread the path they trod,*
Warriors in the host of God ;
Ours the Christian's arms to wield,
Ours to bear unstained the shield.
For our heritage of fame,
For our Mother's glorious name,
Lift your hearts with one accord !
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord !

4. *Once again the waning year*
Brings our day of memories here,
So recalling ages gone,
So uniting all in one !
For our tale of lives sublime,
For our hopes of coming time,
Lift your hearts with one accord !
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord !
Amen.

1891.

CHAPEL

6

CHAPTER V

CHAPEL

On Sunday morning the bell for Morning Service at Eton begins to sound at 10.30 and the Service itself begins at 10.40, probably a unique time unparalleled elsewhere. It is the only Chapel Service at Eton the time of which has not been altered within the memory of the oldest among us. The others have fluctuated considerably. Morning Chapel on week-days used to be at 10, and now varies between 9.15 and 9.25. Afternoon Chapel is now always at 5 on Sundays, but in the fifties it was at 3, and that was and is the hour for it on week-days in the summer. At the present time the school attends a daily Morning Service on week-days and a Morning and Afternoon Service on Sundays. Formerly the boys did not attend in the morning except on Sundays, Saints' days, and other whole holidays; but they had to be present at afternoon Chapel on the three half-holidays of the week, and on Saints' days as well. The claim of the Saints to the celebration of their days is now frequently set at naught—formerly they were strictly observed, but the practice was apt to cause great confusion in the calendar of the week. Two principles were laid down by the authorities—first, that there should be three whole school-days in every week; secondly, that there should be afternoon Chapel, and consequently a half-holiday for the boys, on the vigil preceding each Saint's day. Thus a Saint's day on a Thursday would make it a whole holiday and the preceding Wednesday a half-holiday, upon which Wednesday's natural whole school-day would be shifted to Tuesday. It is obvious that this would throw a lot of pupil-room arrangements out of gear, and the same sort of thing would happen nearly every week for one reason or another. These variations were duly noted in the Eton Almanack, but they were a source of much trouble to all alike, and their abolition was a blessing. A few survive, such as the whole school-day preceding the Friday of the Harrow match—for a reason unconnected with the Saints; otherwise there is regularity, and work has in consequence a better chance of being done punctually and completely.

The appearance of Chapel in our days was slightly different from the present, chiefly as regards the position of the organ. In 1844 (as Maxwell Lyte says) "the pretentious classical organ-loft which had hitherto blocked up the west window of the Choir was pulled down and a new organ was purchased at the cost of

800 guineas, and after some experiments placed half-way up the Choir on the south side." There it remained throughout the fifties—since then it has shifted its position more than once, till now, rebuilt, enlarged, and, as some think, decorated, it stands once more at the west end over the arch which commemorates Etonians who fell in the Afghan Wars.

As with the organ, so with those who sang to its accompaniment. Eton had its choristers then as now, but borrowed its lay-clerks, as well as its organist, from St. George's Chapel. It was needful, therefore, that the hours of service at the two Chapels should not conflict, and, as the afternoon service at St. George's was always at 5 p.m., the Eton service was at 3. Eton has now lay-clerks of her own and can regulate the time of service without reference to her neighbour across the river. The Choir had to attend on Sundays, Saints' days, and vigils, *i.e.* at all the times when members of the College wore surplices. On ordinary half-holidays the service was read, not intoned, and there was no music of any kind. This made a difference of at least a quarter of an hour in its duration, welcome at all times, but very important in winter, when there was not much daylight left for football at a quarter to four. There was no question in those days of abbreviated services, or omissions of any kind.

The sermons on Sundays were preached, as a rule, by the Fellow in residence. The Fellows, who had all previously been masters, were men of ability, but their discourses, when audible—and that is no easy matter in Chapel—were dull with very few exceptions, and foreign preachers were rarely introduced. An addition to the afternoon service on four Sundays in Lent was universally disliked. After the Anthem the bulk of the congregation remained seated, but six Collegers, taken in rotation from the top of Fifth Form, stood facing the Head Master from the back row of the Collegers' seats. It had been ascertained beforehand that they knew their Catechism, for they were then called upon to repeat it without a prompter in response to the Head Master's questions. As a rule they got through the ordeal fairly well, but the "Duty to one's neighbour" and the explanation of the Lord's Prayer were a trial to short memories. After this recitation they also sat down, and the Head Master proceeded to deliver from his stall a short discourse explanatory of some portion of the Catechism. The actual catechising was abolished not long after our time, but the sermon, transferred to the pulpit, survived till quite a recent date, and was not always preached by the Head Master himself, but by an eloquent Assistant in Orders.

The numbers of the school were even then enough to crowd the College Chapel unduly, to the extent sometimes of filling Lupton's Chapel with boys, and the time came when first the Lower School, and then the Fourth Form as well, were transferred to another building—one of the school-rooms, or the Cemetery Chapel, or the Music Room—and finally found a permanent home in the new Lower Chapel built during the Head-mastership of Dr. Warre. One result of this is that the Lower Master, engaged in looking after his particular flock, can seldom occupy his rightful stall facing that of the Head in College Chapel.

The brass plates in the stalls, nearly all of which commemorate the donors of the stalls, or in some cases (*e.g.* Robert Boyle) eminent Etonians whom the donor wished to record, were in 1850 almost the only memorials in Chapel, except some few old brasses and the gorgeous monument of Provost Murray at the East End. Great additions have been made since—nearly the whole of the west wall is covered with brass tablets of varying size and design, but none earlier than 1860, while the Crimean, Afghan, and South African Wars have left their mark on the building from end to end. This is no doubt the greatest of the changes since our time which it is the object of this book to point out to our successors.

RELATIONS BETWEEN COLLEGERS AND OPPIDANS

CHAPTER VI

RELATIONS BETWEEN COLLEGERS AND OPPIDANS

A DISTINCTION must be drawn between relations—friendly or otherwise—existing between two classes, and those arising between individuals from the daily intercourse of school life. In the case of the vast majority—the rank and file of the school—anything like the latter is, as regards Collegers and Oppidans, out of the question. The same may be said of Oppidans in different houses. The average boy between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, whether he is a member of a society of seventy, as in College, or of a house of thirty-six or forty, does not look or need to look beyond his own roof for friends and companions. A house-master would think it unusual—to say the least—if he found a boy of his habitually associating with members of another house. As regards games it would be impossible for him to do so, except sometimes in the case of fives. Football, cricket, boating must for the most part be confined either to the house itself or to the groups of houses associated with it. A parent, in choosing a house for his son, is, in the majority of cases, choosing his companions at school and his friends for life. Only those who win a place among the leaders of the school really get to know boys at other houses well—and these must needs be a small minority.

If this is so as regards Oppidan houses, it will naturally show itself even more clearly between Collegers and Oppidans. Collegers in the fifties had their own football fields and cricket grounds. When the beagles were first instituted, there were two packs, and the country was divided between them. A fives court, when there were only eight of them, was a rare acquisition, not lightly to be shared with an outsider. The typical fives courts in the school-yard were practically for Collegers only. There was comparatively little "wet bobbing" of any kind in College, chiefly on the ground of expense. From all this it follows that from the bottom of the school to (say) Upper Fifth there was no intercourse in games between the two classes, and apart from games nothing beyond a speaking acquaintance with members of the same pupil-room or the same division, and here and there a friendly intimacy between boys who "knew each other at home."

It was undoubtedly the case, therefore, that in the fifties the attitude of the average Colleger towards the average Oppidan was rather that of strange dogs meeting in the street. Every small Colleger was, in the eyes of a small Oppidan, "a dirty tug"—the epithet implying neither physical nor moral turpitude, but merely a lower social position. It is needless to say that a Colleger did not accept this estimate, and had his own opinion about the "town-boys." But matters did not always stop at mutual contempt. Oppidans as a rule in the Remove and Lower Fifth were older and bigger than Collegers in the same divisions, and were quite ready for little or no reason to take advantage of their superior strength. Their position was that of the gardener who said to the toad, before proceeding to summary execution, "I'll larn ye to be a twoad." For no other reason, than that I stood in need of such a lesson, can I understand why one of my tutor's pupils, who afterwards was one of the most famous oars of his time, should have rarely lost an opportunity of kicking my shins in pupil-room.

The lot of a small Colleger also in time of snow was far from a happy one. The regular snowballing contests between Oppidans and Collegers were right enough, though the latter, for numerical reasons, had a poor chance. Even an ample supply of munitions in the shape of ready-made snowballs brought by small fags in "tosh-pans" from the roof of College could not equalise matters. But there was a certain lack of chivalry in a dozen or two of Oppidans from the tall houses opposite pelting with one accord a small "tug" on his way to his tutor's—silhouetted against the wall and so providing an excellent mark, unable to retaliate, sheltering himself as well as he could with his gown, his arms full of books, and his hat falling off at intervals. There was no shame in the most barefaced shamming if by "staying out" such an ordeal could be avoided. But snow did not come often, though fives balls were, so to speak, in season all the year round. I don't want to leave the impression that open hostilities were always raging—only that there was a very marked contrast between the relations of Collegers and Oppidans in the lower parts of the School and those prevailing higher up.

I can well remember—what Etonian in his own case is ever likely to forget it ?—the time of my election into the "Eton Society." I had no particular athletic or other distinctions—anything I attained to in that line came later. Up to that period I had known a certain number of Oppidans to speak to, but little more than that. I never addressed one, who has been among my closest friends for sixty years, until by chance we found ourselves side by side awaiting the stroke of 12.30 on St. Andrew's Day, when I ventured to congratulate him on having won the toss, being at the moment much annoyed that he had done so. Such was my social standing when I first became a member of "Pop," and the change following thereon was like nothing else in life. It was in no sense a change in outward appearance. There was no alteration in shirt, collar, tie, waistcoat, socks or shoes. It was not marked by a button-hole bouquet, or folded umbrella, or even a blob of sealing-wax inside or outside the hat. It led to no increase whatever in the tailor's or hosier's bill. But in other ways it made all the difference in the world. Without losing old friends, one gained in a moment a score of new ones and could gain as many more as one wished. Every trace of want of harmony or want of sympathy, of indifference or unfriendliness passed away absolutely. From that time forward one fully realised what Eton life was. This, of course, was the experience of many others, and in the case of distinguished cricketers and football players it sometimes came at an earlier period in their career. No doubt it was more marked in the case of a Colleger previously comparatively unknown than in that of an Oppidan of distinction. No doubt also friendly relations often existed in the upper part of the school between boys who never had the luck to attain to the Eton Society, and those who had. There was a good deal of luck in the matter, by the way. And the general conclusion is that, as far as regards the last two years or so of one's time at Eton, the attitude of Collegers and Oppidans towards each other left little to be desired either in the fifties or in the earlier or later decades of the nineteenth century, any more than at the present day. Further than this, the general softening of manners and the growth of kindly feeling on both sides, which has been the result of all the changes of the last fifty years, has brought about a great improvement lower down in the school, and the kind of thing related in the early part of this chapter would be exceedingly unlikely to be repeated nowadays for any reason whatever.

The annual match "At the Wall" on November 30 between Collegers and Oppidans still goes on and creates much interest, especially among old Etonians. Collegers learn the game from the time of their coming to Eton, and so can usually hold their own and something more. But the cricket match between the two has long since been abandoned. It used to take place early in the Summer Half, actual members of the Eleven being excluded from either side. Collegers won the match in 1858, but it was an expiring effort and no match has been played since the early sixties.

RHYMES FROM THE "ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE"

THE SHIRKER

1. *Morning dark and foggy and raw ;*
Not half finished my Extra work :
Be it a frost or be it a thaw,
Early school is a thing to shirk.

2. *Aches in body or aches in head,*
Aches mysterious lacking a name ;
Any excuse to remain in bed,
Any excuse will do for my dame.

3. *Let's turn over and sleep again,*
Sleep and dream till Chapel-bell stops ;
Dress and breakfast at half-past ten ;
Bacon and eggs or a couple of chops.

4. *Tutor will storm, as he often does ;*
Lose his temper and call one names ;
Hurts no more than a buzz-fly's buzz ;
Very soon over ;—and then what games !

5. *Pears, bananas, oranges, grapes,*
Fresh lemonade with straws in the jug ;
Biscuits of different sizes and shapes ;
Blazer and slippers and armchair snug.

6. *Unregarded the old clock chimes,*
While, as the fancy may take, one roams
From "Strand" and "Graphic" and "Sporting Times"
To "Prisoner of Zenda" and "Sherlock Holmes."

7. *Swiftly we slip through the winter day,*
With much of its honey and none of its gall;
Half in idleness, half in play,
Altogether in nothing at all.

1897.

DISCIPLINE

CHAPTER VII

DISCIPLINE

NOT many years ago there used to exist a class of foolish old Etonians, grandfathers and uncles for the most part, with vivid reminiscences of their time under Keate, whose pastime it was to ask their youthful successors, after a half or two at Eton, whether they had been swished yet. "What? not swished! Why, no one is a real Etonian till he has been swished!" And so on.

For many years past Eton has been full of these unreal Etonians, and probably the same was the case even in the ensanguined days of old. Anyhow, one great difference has come into being. Keate inherited a system—he did not originate it. The credit for that should probably be given to Solomon at the latest. Some form of corporal punishment was looked upon as the only method of ensuring industry and good discipline. There was no question of moral guilt in the vast majority of cases—it was merely idleness or breach of rules. The punishment itself was not serious, and no boy or parent took it much to heart; "the squires," as W. Cory said, "wished, no doubt, to have their beefy brats coerced sharply." No malice was borne on either side, and the endless anecdotes connected with flogging must not be held to imply that it formed more than one part of the Head Master's daily duties, to which neither he nor the boys attached the importance which tradition assigns to it.

On Keate's retirement he was presented by the boys with a silver reproduction of the Warwick vase—"as a testimony of the high sense they entertain . . . of the firm yet parental exercise of his authority, which has conciliated the affection, while it has commanded the respect, of his scholars." This is the verdict by which he ought to be estimated, not by old legends about Confirmation candidates or by Kinglake's caricature.

Still, even in the fifties the system of Keate's time had not altogether become obsolete. Any one "complained of" and bidden "to stay" after school was destined to find that any plea he advanced would be met by the Head with the retort, "If your excuse did not satisfy Mr. Blank it is not likely to satisfy me"; and so in those days a peppery master, annoyed by idleness or inattention, had only to say to the *praepostor*, "Put Smith in the bill," and the consequences followed automatically.

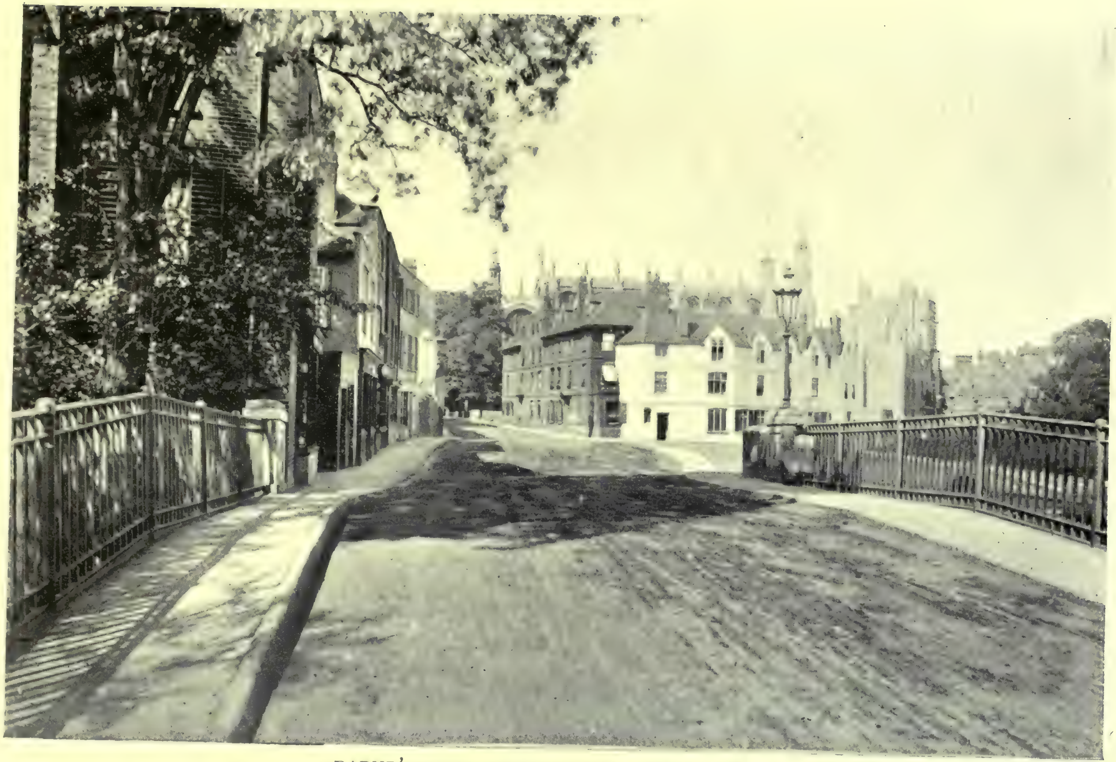
But in the next decade a fatal blow to this system was struck by the Head Master's edict that every "complaint," before it reached him, was to receive the approval and the signature of the boy's tutor. Time was given for second thoughts, for the consideration of modifying circumstances, for excuses on the ground of health, sometimes for Mr. Blank to recover his temper. And the permanent result has been that "complaints" are much rarer and that the Head Master knows, when they do come, that they are well founded. Perhaps, however, in the fifties there was some excuse for a rough-and-ready system of administering justice, not only as regards the supreme penalty, but in the case of minor punishments, in the fact that the number of masters responsible for discipline was very much smaller in proportion to the number of boys than it has been in more recent times.

In the year 1853 the number of boys was between six and seven hundred, while the number of masters who "called absence" and "took desk"—who were endowed, that is to say, with full powers—was not more than seventeen. Mathematical masters were only a recent institution and had hardly taken root. Science as yet had no representatives—Modern Language masters had no authority. At the present time there are pretty nearly sixty masters all ranking alike as regards their disciplinary powers. But formerly, with so few officers to so many privates, it was needful that discipline should be stricter if it was to be maintained at all—there was more necessity for buckram and red tape, and for countless petty prohibitions and regulations, useless in themselves, but keeping boys perpetually on their guard lest they should offend against the laws. Nothing else could account for the retention of the ridiculous rules about "shirking." To walk up town was a harmless proceeding; to be seen by a master walking up town was an offence, and a serious one—you had to bolt into the nearest shop while authority was passing by. To go on the river was lawful; to walk across the fields for the purpose of reaching the river was unlawful. King George III had stipulated that the precincts of the Castle should be a sanctuary; but you had to break rules to get there.

At the time of Windsor Fair—in October—breaches of rules involved heavier penalties than at other times, though perhaps with a little more reason. Strictly forbidden to visit the fair, every boy made it a point of honour to go there several times. Masters were told off to catch offenders. The booths of the fair extended from the Hundred Steps to the top of Sheet Street, along the pavement, on both sides of the way. The wares exposed for sale were not of a kind to interest Eton boys—the vendors were an unsavoury crew—the attraction lay in the illegality and consequent danger. There might be seen the undignified sight of reverend gentlemen in tall hats and white ties trying to catch boys as they bolted between the booths into the street, the sympathies of the public being entirely on the side of the culprits. Besides the booths in Thames Street, there was an annexe of the fair in Bachelor's Acre, a scene of deeper iniquity, for it chiefly consisted of roulette-tables and other engines of gambling. To reach it one had to go down Peascod Street, aggravating one's guilt thereby, and so through a narrow passage into Hell itself. To be caught there was a desperate matter, but a good look-out was kept by all concerned, and pursuers were tripped up or otherwise impeded in every way. Members of the Sixth Form, who were not obliged to "shirk," were supposed to assist authority on these occasions by sending their juniors back to College. Sometimes they did so, as a matter of form, but generally they amused themselves by sauntering leisurely through the crowd and watching the unavailing exertions of their preceptors. The whole affair was unseemly, and more calculated to impair discipline than to inspire it, and it was a good thing when, at a later date, the fair, except for the Acre, was licensed for boys, and a better thing still when it was abolished altogether, as there was always a risk of its starting an epidemic, in addition to all its other drawbacks.

But, to return to "shirking," the necessity was not confined to the streets of Eton and Windsor. A harmless walk in the country on the Bucks side was nominally a crime, except on Sunday, and there were even masters who, mounted on horseback, would take a mean advantage thereof and ride down offenders against the law. And even within the bounds of College itself one had to walk warily. For instance, in the case of Collegers it was alike a crime to be seen in College without a gown, or out of bounds with a gown. Every Colleger going up town would therefore leave his gown in a shop near Barne's Pool Bridge and retrieve it on his return. Going to see a match in Upper Club, he must take his gown with him—it served as a useful rug for his friends to lie on ; going to play football, even on St. Andrew's Day, he must wear his gown and hat over his football clothes, and the long nails in the wall, long enough to hang a hat on, are still there "to witness if I lie."

On Sundays a Colleger who wished to take a country walk had to wear his uniform through the Playing-fields, and, when he reached the Datchet Lane, to hang his gown on the palings and leave it there till he returned, exposed to outrage or theft on the part of every passer-by, but, as far as I remember, never molested. In 1860 the College Sixth Form asked the Head Master, on behalf of themselves and their fellows,



BARNE'S POOL BRIDGE BEFORE REBUILDING.

that they might be allowed, on Sundays only, to leave their gowns in College when starting for a walk. The petition was referred to the Provost and was refused.

Many more instances of vexatious and useless regulations might be quoted, but enough has been said to show that in the fifties it was considered needful to cultivate in boys' minds the feeling that authority was always just round the corner and that they must be very careful not to offend it. But a change was very near at hand. In the succeeding decade Dr. Balston abolished "shirking," and rational rules about many other things began to prevail. And a more striking sign of the times was that a new generation of assistant masters began to doff their armour of buckram, to associate with boys out of school, to coach cricketers and oarsmen, and to play football and fives with boys as a matter of course. It did not give satisfaction to all. A very well known master was walking to morning chapel and encountered his uncle, a Fellow of the College. The master was limping slightly. On inquiry it proved that he had come to grief while playing football the day before. "It serves you right," said the representative of the old school; "masters should not play with boys." But this was an ineffectual protest. Mrs. Partington could not mop up the Atlantic. Nowadays the two classes are so constantly united in every form of outdoor exercise that the words of the *Carmen,* though in the form of a wish, are really a plain statement of fact:

> *Jungat unus filios*
> *Amor erga matrem,*
> *Cum magistris pueros,*
> *Ut cum fratre fratrem.*

RHYMES FROM THE "ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE"

THE SLACKER

1. *I well remember, since the day*
I put my sailor suit away,
And donned an Eton jacket,
I felt it was no use to try
To fight against my destiny :—
And that was just to " slack it."

2. *Let others toil at oar or bat,*
Or strive a little ball to pat,
With fingers or with racket ;
Let others face the rain and storm
In a tight-fitting uniform :—
I'll stay at home and slack it.

3. *For aught I care, the hare may run*
From dawn of day to set of sun :
I do not wish to track it :
I very much prefer to stop
Indoors, or else in ——'s shop,
In sock forget to slack it.

4. *A couch, a cushion for one's head,*
At night two candles shaded red,
Above one on a bracket :
A tin of biscuits, and a book
At which, with intervals, to look :—
That *is the way to slack it.*

5. *If in an author, prose or verse,*
A somewhat tougher nut occurs,
I do not try to crack it ;
Other Etonians, I believe,
Come here instruction to receive :—
I only came to slack it.

6. *My Tutor says, if I don't mend*
My lazy habits, in the end
He'll take my head and smack it ;
Though what he says he mostly does,
I'm sure that no amount of blows
Would make me cease to slack it.

7. *So, Mr. Editor, I send*
To you, a sympathetic friend,
This unassuming packet :
Let other poets change their rhymes :
I make one serve a dozen times,
And that's the way to slack it.
1897.

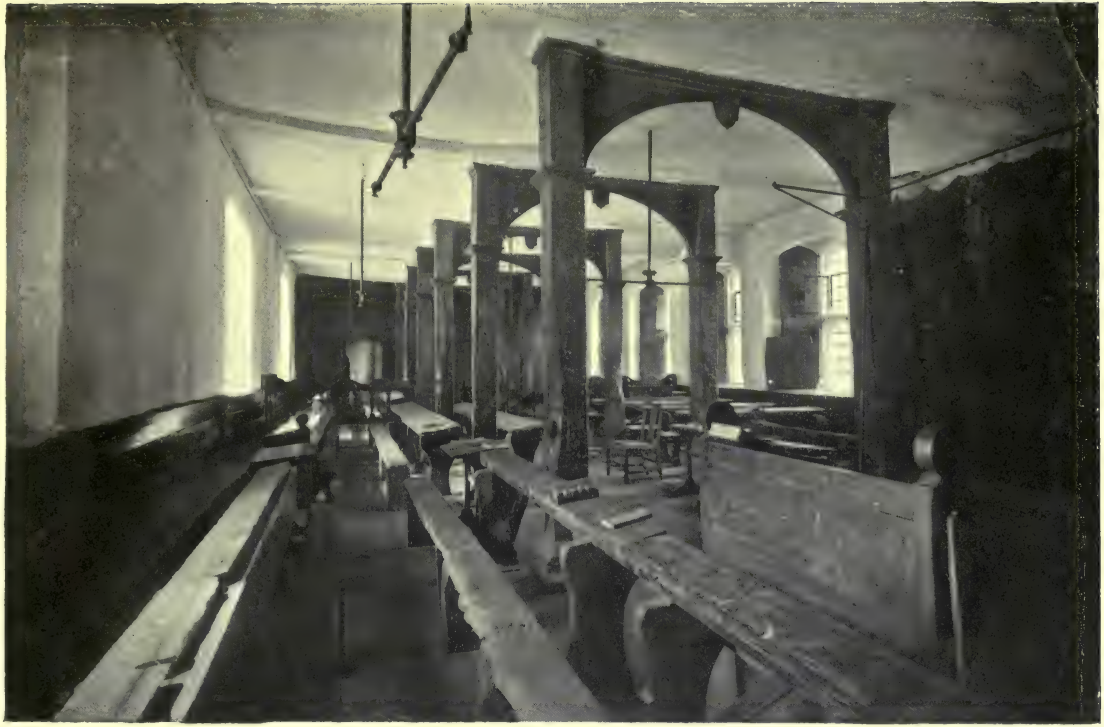
WORK IN SCHOOL AND PUPIL-ROOM

CHAPTER VIII

WORK IN SCHOOL AND PUPIL-ROOM

BEFORE the end of the twentieth century a boy who, coming to Eton, finds by demerit his way to the lowest form of all, will be inclined to ask why it should be called the Third Form, and what has become of the first and second. It is highly probable, moreover, that his teachers will not be able to tell him—so a brief explanation may not be out of place. But perhaps it will seem only natural in a school where compulsory presence is called "absence," and "staying out" means being confined to the house.

If we trace the history of Eton far enough into the past we shall doubtless come upon a time when there were six forms, three in the Upper and three in the Lower School, and when the numbers of the Upper and of the Lower School were fairly equal. But as the school grew larger it would become necessary to subdivide the forms, and thus in the Upper School we get, beside the Sixth Form, the Upper, Middle, and Lower Divisions of the Fifth—we find the Upper and Lower Removes introduced—which a Harrovian would call "Shell"—and further down we come upon Upper Fourth, Upper Middle Fourth, Lower Middle Fourth, and Lower Fourth—thus distributing the original three forms into ten divisions. A similar process of subdivision took place in the Lower School, but with different names. Beginning at the top, we find Third Form, subdivided into Upper Greek, Lower Greek, Sense, Nonsense—then Second Form and First Form, lastly "Unplaced," and these names were still existing in the fifties. Upper and Lower Greek, of course, imply a greater or less ignorance of the elements of that language. "Sense" demanded a capacity for turning English words into Latin, marking the quantities thereof, and forming out of them a Latin verse. "Nonsense" only required skill enough to make a verse that would scan out of Latin words supplied by the master. There came a time when it was proposed to sweep away the Lower School altogether, in the hope that the elementary work done therein would be done at the preparatory schools and that all boys coming to Eton would be at least capable of reaching the standard of the Lower Fourth. But it was found that this was a counsel of perfection, and that there would always be boys who, if no softer option were provided, would be unable to find a place at all. So a fraction of the Lower School was retained,



LOWER SCHOOL, BEFORE THE PARTITIONS WERE ERECTED.

with the old title of Third Form, and the rest, with all its time-honoured associations, was summarily abolished. Lower School, with its complement of some five or six masters headed by the Lower Master, was still flourishing in 1850, and no great change took place till the departure of the Rev. John Hawtrey in 1869. The work done there was, however, of a very elementary kind and need not detain us.

The standard aimed at for entrance at Eton in those days was that a boy of twelve should be able to take a place in the Lower Remove. Boys could enter the School up to fourteen, and though many Oppidans came as well prepared, and took as good a place, as Collegers of the same age, there were plenty left to fill the ranks of the Fourth Form. These were for the most part taught all together in the Upper School, though not of course under one master—an arrangement which had every drawback both for teachers and learners. The five masters' desks still standing in the Upper School show that it had the sanction of antiquity. The curriculum for all alike was Scripture, Greek, Latin, and (a modern innovation) Mathematics.

The Greek books were *Æsop* and *Farnaby*. The first needs no explanation. *Farnaby* (which took its name from its compiler) was a collection of Greek epigrams and short lyric poems, of excessive difficulty for beginners. Some copies of the book were furnished with the aid of a

Latin version, which however was often torn out of it by a ruthless master, as partaking of the nature of a crib. One lately among us could recall the piteous cry of a father in a letter to his son's tutor—"Leave the poor fellow his Latin *Farnaby*. God knows he needs it."

Each Greek lesson had to be accompanied by a set of "Derivations," viz. the detailed parsing of ten or a dozen of the words in the lesson, written on a specially ruled form of paper. Each lesson, before being brought into school, had been first learnt by the boy and then construed, perhaps twice over, in Pupil-room. This process was repeated twice more in school, so that it was strange if some traces of it did not remain even in the most unreceptive minds.

One point in the work of the Fourth Form, common to all the other forms, was that, except in the case of Mathematics, no *written* work of any kind was done in school—there were no facilities for it in the way of desks or ink, the benches were close together, and the books were on the reader's knees. The divisions varied in size, but were, all alike, much too large. Discipline was not easy, even to the most efficient masters, and, as a natural consequence, there was sheer chaos in some quarters.

What has been said about the Fourth Form applies in great measure to the Remove, but of course the work was harder here both in quality and quantity. Homer, Xenophon, Horace, and

Virgil took the places of Æsop and Ovid. Otherwise the process of preparation, etc., was the same. But the standard to be attained in Latin composition, whether prose or verse, would be thought a very high one nowadays. A weekly Latin Theme was exacted on a subject set by the division master—"virtue and vice," "the invasion of Xerxes," "the character of Julius Cæsar," or the like, and, with a few headings given, it was left to the writer's discretion. Much the same was the case with "verses." Sometimes a compassionate master would arrange the subject proposed in couplets, more often he would discourse vaguely upon it for a few minutes, and his division would take down as much as they could on the fly-leaf of their books. Much more rarely a piece of English poetry was given to be turned into Latin verse. A veracious contemporary and friend has asserted in my hearing that the Rev. Russell Day once propounded to his division in the Lower Remove "To be or not to be," etc., to be reproduced in Elegiacs.

"*Esse vel haud esse—hæc nobis est quæstio magna.*"

That is about the Remove style—it scans more or less, and it construes easily, and any one that likes may finish the couplet or the copy. Themes and verses alike passed through one's tutor's hands, and, after sufficient correction, often after "tearing over" more than once, returned accompanied by a "fair copy" to the division master and found a grave in his waste-paper basket.

Once in every three or four weeks the "theme" was omitted, and a copy of *Lyrics* substituted for it, by no means a relief to the boys or their tutors. They were not "full sense" lyrics, and they proved an almost impossible task to beginners who could hardly scan an Alcaic stanza.

Another weekly exercise in this part of the school was known as "Map and Description." Each boy was handed an outline map, on good paper, of Greece, Italy, Asia Minor, or some other classical country. He had to paint the outline of the coast and provinces, to insert all the principal names, and, in the margin, the modern names of important towns. "Description" consisted of the answers to a series of questions on the geography of the same country, drawn from a work by Arrowsmith, brimful of classical quotations, and known as "Description Book." They were written on special paper—thence called "description paper," the name of which survives, though it is now only used for "Sunday Questions." This was a form of exercise which did not make so much demand on the brain as on the fingers, and some boys took great pride in their maps. It also occupied—and that, no doubt, was its chief object—a good deal of time, and thereby in many cases prevented occupation being found for "idle hands" by another tutor.

It is unnecessary to go in detail through the work of each classical division, as a boy gradually rose from Lower Fifth to the top of the school, but some points call for notice. Almost every lesson had to be "construed" in Pupil-room before it was gone through a second time in school. This system would have broken down for want of enough hours in the day, if the different divisions in the Fifth Form had been engaged on different books. Consequently it was necessary that all alike, older and younger, should for the most part study the same classical authors. This was not a good plan for the younger ones. For, every Friday morning, some sixty lines of the *Satires* or *Epistles* of Horace had to be prepared. "Long" Horace it was rightly named. Pupil-room was crammed with all Fifth Form pupils. The lesson was first "construed" by the elder boys and then they departed, and their juniors went through it again. And so at last it was ready to be served up to the master in school. The task was even worse on Saturday. Then all alike, from the Captain of the School to the lag of Fifth Form, had to prepare some thirty to thirty-five lines of Theocritus. The same process in Pupil-room ensued. The Greek of Theocritus is, for a boy of thirteen, what the poems of Barnes in the Dorsetshire dialect would be for a boy of six—

not difficult, but impossible. Notes might have helped a little, and a "crib" much, but we had neither. And so my first recollections of that delightful poet are among my gloomiest memories. I can never forget—or indeed forgive—the fact that my tutor forced me to part with my "first fault" in the Head Master's room, by "complaining of" me when in the Lower Fifth for inability to translate lines on which I had spent hours, so to speak, with a Lexicon which threw no light on the peculiarities of the Doric dialect. Nowadays "construing" in Pupil-room is the exception rather than the rule, and, whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the change, at all events it allows of the work in each part of the Fifth Form being adapted to the capacity of the learners.

Brief mention may be made of one lesson peculiar to the first division of the school. It was called "Play," which did not imply recreation in any form, but denoted that the subject of the lesson was a Greek play. It was additional to school work and to school hours, and took place at 8 a.m. on Saturday mornings. The object was that the upper boys should imbibe a small tincture of "Attic" Greek poetry, which, except with their tutors or by themselves in their rooms, formed no part of their study at other times. It has long since been abolished, but, while it existed, it had its use.

The subject of school work in the fifties must include a few more branches thereof. For instance, "Sunday Questions," an exercise invented, not by the Evil One as some suppose, but by Dr. Goodford, when he became Head Master in 1853. It is an exercise of undoubted value, and certainly enabled Etonians, when they went to the University, to know somewhat more than those from other schools about the Bible, the Greek Testament, and Church History. S.Q.s were, and still are, written on "description" paper, and, from the time of their invention to the present day, no piece of work which an Eton boy does is regarded with more general dislike both by those who produce it and those who have to look it over. The lives of tutors are made a burden to them on Sundays by constant appeals for the solution of theological problems—the School Librarian becomes an unerring oracle on countless details of the Old Testament or the Early Heretics. The virtuous few who solve their difficulties for themselves are expected to hand on the result of their labours to the other members of the division. High-minded scholars, who would scorn to seek the help of their fellows in any other study, were not above craving assistance in this. On one occasion in the First Division the same mistake recurred in copy after copy, and Dr. Goodford grew more and more impatient. At length he began to inspect the work of one who bore a name honoured in theological circles, the nephew of a Cardinal and a future Newcastle scholar. But there, too, was the fatal error. With the words *hoc fonte derivata clades,* the Head Master abandoned the hope of meeting with the right answer. There have been many changes between the fifties and the present day, but no change in "Sunday Questions."

On the other hand, there has been a very great change indeed in the matter of "Saying Lessons." Formerly they occurred nearly every day of the week all through the school. Now they have been so often forced to give way to other studies—History, Science, Modern Languages and the like—that the few remaining "Repetition" Schools have lost nearly all their value. Assiduous practice really does strengthen the memory, and becomes a valuable aid to scholarship and especially to composition. But those who only have two or three short "saying lessons" in a week, and these generally combined with other work, might almost as well have none at all. If a veteran of the fifties talks to his youthful guests about the days when the Sixth Form thought little of 80 lines of Homer or 120 of Horace to say by heart, they depart incredulous and say, "The old dear," or words to that effect, "has been gassing away as usual." But in those days it was not a feat to boast of, but merely an ordinary event in the school routine, demanding a quarter of an hour or so for preparation on the previous evening. And this was, of course, due to constant practice through the preceding years.

It remains to say a few words about the teaching of Mathematics in the fifties, and in this matter the changes which have taken place are indeed fundamental. Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, who came to Eton as a master in 1836, occupied up to the year 1851 the position of an Extra Master, *i.e.* he could take mathematical pupils in any part of the school; but they were merely private pupils, and the study was on a level with fencing or dancing.

In 1851 Mathematics were for the first time incorporated into the regular work of the school, and Mr. Stephen Hawtrey was made Mathematical Assistant Master, which placed him on the same level as the Classical Assistants. His own Assistants, however, did not share his elevation; they were only "Assistants in the Mathematical School" appointed by him and paid by him. They did not "go into desk" or call "Absence" or take any share in maintaining discipline out of school. The wit of man could hardly have devised a worse arrangement. It was the interest of Mr. Stephen Hawtrey to get them as cheap as he could, and it is a wonder, this being so, that they were as good as some of them were. The boys, of course, realised that they had not full authority, and conducted themselves accordingly. The rooms in which they taught were a row of mean brick buildings, of the quality of a third-class waiting room at a country station, standing on the site now occupied by the Queen's Schools and the Natural History Museum, and far removed from any of the classical rooms, which did not render discipline any easier. There they were expected to teach mathematics to every classical division, sub-divided for the purpose, three times a week, and to exact from them on each visit an exercise, which received and still retains the infelicitous title of "Extra Work." Any work which can be called "extra" is in the nature of an outrage.

There are endless stories, of course, connected with those days. One reverend gentleman, remonstrating with his division for their bad conduct, complained that they forgot he was "a man of God." They never forgot it again. A Colleger, professing to reason from his classical books, asked his teacher whether a certain proposition of Euclid was always omitted because "it contained something not quite proper." One who is now a Devonshire magistrate took into school with him a large broad-sheet, depicting in the vilest drawing every round in the contest between Tom Sayers and Heenan. A pleasant hour was spent in going through it, and the master then took it away with him. One of the masters of that time was named Crump. He wrote M.A. after his name, but his personal appearance was not attractive and the profession of a billiard-marker was quite the most respectable he was supposed (falsely no doubt) to have followed, before he came to teach Mathematics at Eton. But he received a testimonial of handsomely bound books one summer half from one of his divisions which contained the Captain of the Boats and the Captain of the Eleven, who were leaving, because he had been so considerate in letting them do as much or as little as they pleased. His colleagues were said to have been green with envy. It was not a satisfactory state of things, but it lasted till 1868, when all mathematical masters became Assistants, not to Stephen Hawtrey, but, like their classical brethren, to the Head Master, and the study of Mathematics was at last placed on its proper footing.

Science teaching in any form did not come into the curriculum at Eton during the fifties, but Etonians of that date can recall some excellent lectures on Physics or on Chemistry delivered in the "Rotunda," as Stephen Hawtrey's big room, long since demolished, was called, to such boys as liked to attend them. Professor Tyndall was one of the lecturers, and another was Professor Pepper, of the London Polytechnic, both admirably competent to deal with a subject in a lucid and interesting manner.

In the eyes of a teacher of Science in the present day such popular methods of instruction would probably be reckoned of very little value, but there is no question that for boys whose main educational training lay elsewhere they had a most absorbing and stimulating effect, and it seems a pity that a method which can do no harm but may do much good should now be reckoned totally beneath the dignity of the subject.

Very considerable alterations have taken place since our time in the method of promotion in the school. Every school-time was then brought to a close by an examination in the work done during the preceding weeks, conducted by the master of the division. It was called "Collections"—a name which occurs at the Universities and elsewhere. It consisted for the most part of *viva voce* construing and of "saying lessons" longer than usual. As the ordinary schoolroom contained no facilities for writing, there could be no paper work. Its stringency depended for the most part upon the capacity of the division master, but it had not many terrors for the idle either during its progress or in its consequences. One well-known master at the end of each half used to announce his intention of subjecting his division to an examination "both searching and severe"—a proclamation which always provoked a smile. A list in order of merit was produced at the end, with a prize for the best performer, and perhaps—but I am uncertain on the point—some punishment for the grosser sluggards—this, however, was the conclusion of the whole matter, and promotion in the school was entirely unaffected thereby.

Such promotion took place as the result of " Trials," an examination which occurred once a year for every boy in the school. Each block in the school—Fourth Form, Lower Remove, Upper Remove, Lower Fifth, Middle Fifth—was subdivided into three divisions. The first division from each block " went into Trials " in each half. The examination was entirely conducted by written papers in Classics, Divinity, History, and Mathematics. All the papers, except those on Mathematics, were set and looked over by the Head Master, and formed no trifling addition to his work every school-time, as he had to examine and place in order of merit boys from five different blocks in the school.

He must have proceeded on a somewhat rough-and-ready system, and boys did not change places in their divisions to any great extent, unless the difference in the merit of their performances was very conspicuous—the order in my own division was, as I remember, practically unchanged for years together—no doubt it merely indicated that we had reached a standard which sufficed for promotion to the next block. When a boy had passed from Middle to Upper

Division in the Fifth Form, "Trials" for him were at an end, and from that time forward he rose in the school simply by seniority up to Sixth Form.

This system lasted with little modification up to the year 1884, when Dr. Warre, on becoming Head Master, introduced "Trials" every half for nearly all the school. All masters thenceforward have had to take part in both setting and looking over the papers, and places on each occasion are determined by an accurate and elaborate method of allotting marks. Every schoolroom is, of course, nowadays permanently fitted for writing, not only the two or three rooms and the Upper School which used to be furnished wih temporary desks for the old "Trials," which only involved a fraction of the school. "Collections" have passed away, except at Christmas for the boys at the top of the school. Some minor details have been omitted, but, so far as it goes, the above is an accurate account of the system now prevailing.

A word may be said as to the prizes which were open to the meritorious student. In our times these were prizes for the first in "Collections," given by the division master, and in some cases a book from one's tutor for consistent virtue throughout the school-time. But the commonest reward of good work was being "sent up for good," which in our time meant for good verses. Three "sendings up" earned a book from the Head Master. But worth, if not accompanied by the knack of verse-writing, went unacknowledged. It is perhaps worth while to insert here an explanation of a phrase in the school-list which has puzzled many.

At the head of the list is a note referring to boys in the first division " sent up for good *or for play*." What does the latter mean? It is a somewhat complicated web to unravel. In old days a " regular week " meant a week absolutely normal, in which neither a Saint's Day nor any other holiday occurred. In such a week Monday, Wednesday, and Friday would be " whole schooldays," Tuesday a " half-holiday," and Thursday and Saturday "play at four." But in every such week Saturday was converted into a half-holiday by the following process. A member of the Head Master's division would be " sent up for good," not in the usual fashion at the end of the half, but in the course of the regular week. He would be directed to write out his copy of verses on " sent up " paper, and to take them to the Provost, with a prayer that his merit should be rewarded by the remission of the afternoon school on Saturday. This was called being " sent up for play." The slightest irregularity in the week (*e.g.* a Saint's Day on the Tuesday or any other day) converted Saturday *ipso facto* into a half-holiday—an illogical proceeding very characteristic of Eton, by which a holiday at one end of the week involved a further holiday at the other. The practice of "sending up for play" still survives as a kind of special honour in the Head Master's division, but it does not affect the Saturday half-holiday, and has ceased to have any connection with the regularity or irregularity of the week in which it occurs.

A few words may be added about "Holiday Task." In our days it consisted of a copy of Latin verses, sixty lines long or thereabouts, upon a subject almost invariably drawn from the Bible, *e.g.* David and the Philistines, Belshazzar's Feast, Sennacherib's Invasion, etc. It clouded for some of us the latter part of the holidays, as many of those who had to do it were quite unaccustomed to produce Latin verses without considerable help from friends. Some legendary lines which stick in my memory are not much of a caricature of some of the stuff turned out:

Tum dixit David, "Cupio pugnare Goliath";
Tum dixit Saulus, "Non potes vincere monstrum";
Tum dixit David, "Tentabo vincere monstrum."

Which, after all, is not an unfair report of the conversation which took place between Saul and David reduced to its simplest elements. Those whose capacities for Latin verse were superior to the above specimen usually did a large portion of their task in the train on the way to Eton, and so allowed it to interfere as little as possible with the enjoyment of the holidays. The exercises, without any tutorial revision, were handed to the division master, and, if they passed muster, no more was heard of the matter. It was a wholly useless form of annoyance to all concerned.

At a later date a different system was introduced. It was ordained that a poem of Scott's, or one of the Waverley Novels, or a play of Shakespeare's, or one of Macaulay's Essays should be studied in the holidays, and a paper of questions thereon answered at the beginning of the ensuing half. The questions were chiefly connected with the dry bones of the book prescribed ; for instance, the plays of Shakespeare were school editions, copiously annotated, and any one who wanted merely to scrape through might easily do so by studying the notes and ignoring the text.

In any case it may reasonably be doubted whether the process was calculated to promote a love of English literature, or was a fair way of introducing the student to its masterpieces. The only boys who spent much time or zeal upon it were the diligent ones who, having worked hard all the school-time, would better have been lying fallow in the holidays. From the masters' point of view it had one obvious drawback, namely, that each half had to begin with the task of looking over a long paper and the necessity of quarrelling with a dozen boys or so in a new division who had to do punishments for neglecting to read the book at all. The writer is not alone in thinking that the gain would, on the whole, outweigh the loss if it were to be abolished altogether, or at least converted into a *voluntary* competition for a prize.

Let us turn now to some further details of the work in pupil-room. In the year 1864 an O.E. parent said to a master in his novitiate, to whom he was entrusting his son, "Of course I wish him to be a private pupil." The young tutor had not the least idea what he meant. It turned out to be a survival of old times. In former days the tutor's fee used to be ten guineas per annum. But when it appeared that the school curriculum was somewhat limited, and that it required to be enlarged for the purpose of turning out efficient scholars, the method adopted was to engage the tutor, for an additional ten guineas, to supplement the school teaching by private tuition. After this the boys were divided into two classes—pupils and private pupils. Theoretically only the latter were entitled to receive the additional instruction—practically all were taught alike—the only difference was to the pockets of the parents and tutor respectively. This system was formally abolished by the Public School Commission, and its only trace survives in the familiar name of "Private Business" or more usually "Private." The exact form which this takes is left to the judgment of each tutor and admits of much variety—formerly it meant some forty lines of a Greek play, or some Greek or Latin prose author, twice a week for all Sixth and Fifth Form, and on Sunday theological instruction of some kind for all parts of the school. It was and is a very serious addition to a tutor's work, especially on the day which is called—he must think ironically—the Day of Rest.

In the fifties, and for some years after, a tutor had absolute command over all his pupil's time, except during the actual hours of school. He now has to share his claims with the Gymnasium and the Carpenter's Shop. But then he could get his boys at any hour that he named. And in those days, with the exception of quite the upper forms, and not always of them, every lesson had to be construed in pupil-room before it went into school. The evenings were generally taken up with looking over verses or with "Private." But almost every day from 9 to 11, from 12 to 2, from 2.30 to 3, sometimes also from 4 to 5, "construing" of some sort would be going on in every pupil-room. It was a wasteful arrangement for obvious reasons, but, in those days of bloated school divisions, it ensured at all events another chance for the detection of those who had neglected to learn their lessons. From the pupils' point of view, it was exactly the same as division work in school, with similar means of coercion in the background to ensure attention and industry. The introduction of more school hours and of many more school subjects has for years nibbled away the time available for "construing," and, except in the lowest parts of the school, it has now virtually disappeared. This is clearly an advantage to boys of ability, who naturally grew sick of the lines of Homer or Virgil which, between "construing" and school, they would have to go through some four times; but the old system had its use for the dunces.

Looking over Theme or Verses was in old days a formidable ordeal for tutors and boys alike. Each master set a different subject to his own division—so a tutor with a full complement of pupils had to tackle perhaps seventy copies on ten or twelve different subjects and to produce passable corrections for each. No wonder if he waxed impatient as the task went on, and if the unhappy poet standing by his desk suffered in consequence, when his verses were "torn over" or "ripped" and he had to sit down and produce a second edition. In every way things are much mitigated now—whole blocks of the school are engaged on the same copy, the copy is much shorter and—may we say it?—much easier, and many of the feebler scholars are excused altogether. Second editions, however, are still not infrequently demanded.

It is no part of the object of this book to discuss the advantages or drawbacks of the

"Tutorial system at Eton," but it is clear from the foregoing sketch, that if the advantages were to any extent derived from the influence of tutor on pupil resulting from almost daily association and instruction, then the facilities for that purpose were much greater in former days than they are now. The influence is perhaps as strong as ever, but it has to find other opportunities for its growth and development.

RHYMES FROM THE "ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE"

THE SOLDIER

1. *Perhaps I was ambitious, or*
Perhaps I was an ass;
But I was happy once;—before
I joined the Army Class.

2. *Of Eton boys full many scores*
Claim leisure for themselves
On "after sixes," "after fours,"
And (mostly) "after twelves."

3. *Their shoes but very seldom pinch:*
My lot is always hard;
Their work is measured by the inch,
But mine is by the yard.

4. *I hear the busy boysmaid's call*
Before the early lark,
The sun may shine, the rain may fall;
I grind away till dark;

5. *I grind away till dark, and when*
They come and clear the teas,
I set to work, and grind again,
While others take their ease.

6. *French, German, and Geometry*
I learn as best I can ;
The dates in Chinese history,
The towns in Yucatan.

7. *And when exhausted nature craves*
A moment of repose,
My Tutor interferes, and raves
About my Latin Prose.

8. *Now from my unpretentious rhyme*
This moral you may glean :—
They have to work, who hope in time
To serve our gracious Queen.

1897.

ETON SONGS

THE SILVER THAMES

1. *Down he plunges, King of waters, foaming over Boveney Weir,*
Dear to swimmer, dear to rower, dear in spring, in summer dear:
Other streams for other oarsmen—all our homage this one claims,
Gliding through the grassy meadows, broad and bright, the silver Thames.

CHORUS

Up and down the river—all the summer long,
Skim the river reaches—sing the river song.

2. *First of March, with snow and tempest, bids the eight-oars strip and row,*
First of March to first of August sees the eight-oars come and go;
Eight-oars, four-oars, gigs and cedars—many boats with many names—
Flying, racing, lounging, floating—up and down the silver Thames.

CHORUS

Up and down the river—all the summer long,
Skim the river reaches—sing the river song.

3. *Fourth of June—the old King's Birthday—keep it ever, heart and soul,*
Gay procession—flags and flowers—row to Surly—flowing bowl—

Bands contending—bells resounding—blue and red and yellow flames
Mock the moon, illuminating all thy ripples, silver Thames.

CHORUS

Up and down the river—all the summer long,
Skim the river reaches—sing the river song.

4. *Brocas Clump and Hester's Shed, boys! hark the signal —off they go—*
Sandbank—Upper Hope and Athens—Rushes—Rypeck —on they row—
On they row, while voices, shouting for "My Tutor's" or "My Dame's,"
Cheer the contest, wake the echoes on the banks of silver Thames.

CHORUS

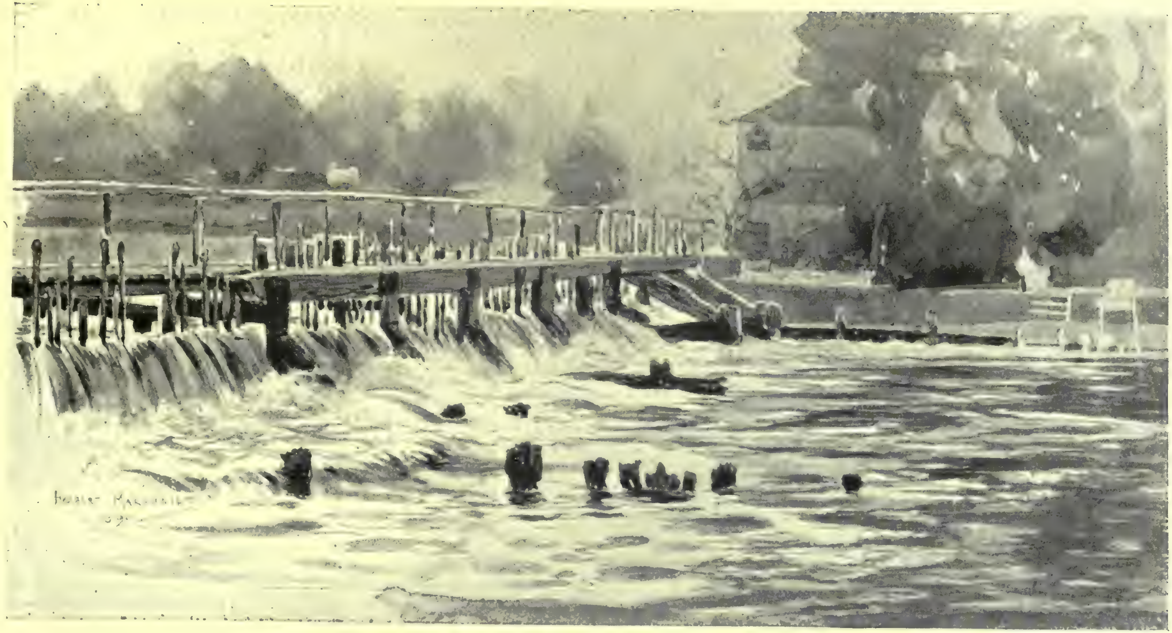
Up and down the river—all the summer long,
Skim the river reaches—sing the river song.

5. *Yes, we learn to love our river ever dearer day by day,*
Be the spring serene or stormy, be the summer blue or grey.
Leave the student all his learning, leave the dry-bob all his games,
Leave the wet-bob all he asks for, leave him but the silver Thames.

CHORUS

Up and down the river—all the summer long,
Skim the river reaches—sing the river song.

1891.



BOVENEY WEIR BEFORE THE REBUILDING IN 1914.

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THE RIVER

CHAPTER IX

THE RIVER

No one of those who heard it is likely to have forgotten a sermon preached in the College Chapel by an old Etonian of the fifties—the Rev. Walter Marsham Hoare, Rector of Colkirk in Norfolk. It was a good sermon throughout, but they will specially remember one passage. Dwelling on the fact that he had once been a boy himself and so could feel sympathy with boys, "I had," he said, "the same hopes as you, the same ambitions as you—the Eight and the Eleven and all that sort of thing." A shudder, a sound such as one represents by "Whew" ran through the Chapel. How could a man—to all outward appearance a respectable clergyman—get into the pulpit and make such an outrageous statement in such a light and airy fashion! One of these objects of ambition is quite enough to engage the best efforts of the best athletes, and then is but rarely attained. But the claim made on this occasion was almost literally true, and those who will turn to the next name to the preacher's in the Eton Register will find it recorded that in 1859 Montagu Lubbock actually was in the Eton Eight and also in the Eton Eleven. The preacher himself was in the Eton Eleven for two years, and proved himself a fairly competent oar by reaching the position of President of the O.U.B.C. and stroking the Oxford University Eight for three years in a style the memory of which will not soon be forgotten.

The fact that such feats should in these days be absolutely out of the question brings into prominence the great changes that have taken place in all matters connected with rowing and the river between the fifties and the present time. The date when the change became plainly visible is 1861, when for the first time the Eton Eight made its appearance at Henley Regatta in the regular races. For many years before this the old race with Westminster had been losing its importance. It could no longer be rowed on the crowded London waters; but the Westminster crew used—intermittently—to visit Eton on June 4th or on Election Saturday, and then there would be a short burst between the two Eights on the way down from Boveney, which could not be taken seriously.

In the fifties Eton rowing had entered upon a very dull and uninteresting phase so far as outside competition was concerned. A few races were rowed against University and College crews, but they evoked little or no interest, as the adversaries were usually more or less scratch crews who were not even in training, though in this respect it is doubtful whether Eton was better off. In 1858, however, there was a welcome change for the better, as Radley challenged Eton and a race came off at Henley on June 26th, not in the Regatta itself. This created plenty of interest, a certain amount of trouble was taken with the Eight, and some discrimination, not too much, was shown in the selection of the crew. Not too much, because six out of the seven captains of boats were selected, Denison, captain of the *Prince of Wales* or Third Upper, as it was usually called, standing out for medical reasons. The other two were Trench from the *Victory* and Ricardo from the *Britannia*, this last choice from a lower boat being regarded as unusual, not to say eccentric. However that may be, after a very close contest, the boats never being clear at any point in the race, Eton won by about a third of a length. There was a very large attendance from Eton, who greeted their champions' victory with uproarious enthusiasm. The result was mainly attributed to the stroke, V. Lawless, now Lord Cloncurry, and No. 7, H. H. Collings, both afterwards in their respective University Eights.

Then, in 1860, Westminster challenged Eton to row a race over about half the University course at Putney, to come off in the holidays, and this was gladly accepted. Blake-Humfrey was Captain of the Boats, and in a moment of inspiration he asked the Rev. E. Warre, who had just come as Assistant Master, to coach the crew. The steps which the new coach took were startling: he threw seniority to the winds; the second Captain of the Boats was discarded with other senior choices, and others were selected who were never thought of as having a shadow of a chance. The result fully justified his judgment. Blake-Humfrey was an excellent stroke, and the crew, though light, was worthy of him. An easy victory fell to Eton, who repeated their triumph with the same stroke and over the same course in 1861.

Apart from the performances of the Eight, there were only two really important races—the Pulling and the Sculling—which everybody went to see as great events in the Summer Half. But, except these, a "wet bob" had not many "professional engagements," so to speak, and the river was looked on as a place for easy-going recreation rather than strenuous exertion. From the year 1860, however, a great change in every "wet bob's" life may rightly be dated. It would be outside the scope of this book to write a full account of the development of Eton rowing, which has taken place during the time that Dr. Warre and his successors have been in charge thereof; but they have left a mark which cannot be effaced. Every one who nowadays looks forward to winning a place in the boats resembles the French recruit who is said to carry a Marshal's bâton in his knapsack. He cherishes the hope, if not of the Eight itself, at all events of many contests to take part in, and of laurels to win for himself, his house, or his school. This is in every way a good change, and perhaps it would be wrong to complain that it has done away with the old, pleasant, dreamy, romantic life of the river, with its long, leisurely hours, its friendships formed and spent among books and talk and bathing and "socking."

The freedom of old days has bound itself by new laws of its own, and it is doubtful whether such a cruise as I once took, shortly after having "passed," would ever be repeated now. In company with three other malefactors I went upstream in a "tub," as those broad, unwieldy, but eminently safe boats were called. We broke the laws of our school and our country—the first by going up Clewer Creek to the mill, where we landed, and essayed to drag our boat to the other side of the mill and then to launch it on the mill-stream. To do this we had to trespass on the private grounds of Clewer Manor, and as four small boys were laboriously tugging their ponderous craft along the gravel path, the first person they met was the owner of the estate, an invalid, wheeled in a bath-chair by two of his gardeners. Instead of pointing out that we were liable to be prosecuted, etc., the dear man lent us his two attendants to help us on our way, and so we started again and rowed happily along the little stream overshadowed with hawthorn bushes until it joined the main river just below Surly, and so home by the legitimate route through Boveney Lock.

Or, again, it may be lawful for one, who can see that much has been gained by the changes which have made a "wet-bob's" life strenuous and self-denying, to regret the almost entire loss of a feature of the Summer Half which for those who knew it was the source of their most cherished memories. This was the old-fashioned "water party" with one's tutor, or sometimes with another master. It is very doubtful whether five per cent. of Etonians at the present day have the least idea of the beauty of the Thames. How many among them know the woods of Cliveden, or the cliffs of Hurley, or the historical surroundings of Ankerwyck or Runnymede? How many have bathed at Cookham Weir, or dined at "The Complete Angler" or "Skindles," or driven home by moonlight from Marlow, or even enjoyed a humble tea with eggs and jam at the Bells of Ouzeley? There are many middle-aged breasts in which this mere recital of names will awaken remembrances of the happiest days of their lives, far outweighing the garish delights of Lord's and Henley. And, as regards Henley itself, one may be allowed to regret the old days before it became so fashionable—and in consequence so crowded—the days when one changed into old clothes and drove over in a brake with one's tutor, and his wife if he had one, and found a place to halt on Henley bridge. And then there would be luncheon in the brake, and running on the bank with the Eton race and half a dozen others, and the drive back to supper through "leafy" Bucks, all simple and unceremonious. It may be questioned whether there is more joy nowadays in a new suit of flannels and an excruciating straw hat, and a special train on the Great Western, and a formal luncheon in a sultry tent, and in being dragooned, if on the river, by the Thames Conservancy officials, if on land, by the Berks Constabulary—and all to catch a passing glimpse of a race of which one would like to watch every stroke from start to finish. But, after all, one cannot have everything, and doubtless a good case can be made out for the present day.

When Montem was abolished in 1844 there must have been many who wondered how it had come to survive so long. Many of the customs connected with it seem, to a later age, to need much explanation both as to their origin and their object. Unfortunately, there is much obscurity about the whole matter, and even an exhaustive history like Maxwell Lyte's suggests many more difficulties than it solves. What Head Master of Eton can have been the first to sanction the form of highway robbery called "salt"? What possible amusement was there in dressing up elaborately and marching in procession along a dull road to an obscure mole-hill on the way to Bath? How came the authorities to license a profane parody of a religious service on the top of the mole-hill? Why should the Captain of the School every third year have been endowed with a large sum towards his University expenses? Is it possible that Eton boys ever enjoyed hacking off the heads of cabbages with toy swords? One might multiply these questions indefinitely. But the whole celebration must have been a dolefully dull affair, and when the advent of the Great Western Railway and the consequent crowds brought it all to an end, it was not only Provost Hodgson and Dr. Hawtrey who were glad of its disappearance. Only fancy a Summer Half which contained three such festivals as "Montem," the 4th of June, and Election Saturday! "Since the abolition of the old triennial festival," says Maxwell Lyte, "with all its interesting associations and all its notorious evils, the 4th of June has greatly risen in importance as a gathering-day of old Etonians." This is quite true, and in the fifties became truer every year. But one is tempted to ask whether the 4th of June was so wholly enjoyable and profitable a day, that it was worth while to repeat it all—speeches and boats and Surly and fireworks—down to the smallest detail, on Election Saturday. Coming as it did at the end of the Half, when nearly all the chief performers would be leaving Eton in the following week, it was not surprising that Election Saturday often led to the "bacchanal jubilation" which *Bailey's Magazine* professed to find wanting on the 4th of June.

From the Provost down to the last boy "unplaced" in the Lower School, there must have been very few who regretted the abolition of "Election Saturday" in 1871. There are some details in the evening celebration of the "fourth," when, as in the fifties and for the next thirty years, it took place above Windsor Bridge, which may fairly be regretted even by those who approve most warmly of the change which was made in 1891. For instance, there is nothing, as seen nowadays from the Fellows' Eyot, quite so picturesque and thrilling as the concentrated effect of the crowd on the bridge, the boats, and the fireworks, the music, the moon, and the bells, and, towering in the background, the Castle, all making up the scene which was witnessed from the boathouses or the rafts or the Brocas in the old days.

But even in the fifties it was clear enough, to those who could look forward, that the festival contained already the seeds of the same evils which had caused the suppression of Montem. A small boy, with no relations to look after him, did not find the Brocas after dark, crowded as it was with vehicles of every kind and with spectators also of every kind, a very safe or comfortable place from which to view the fireworks—and he had no other place to go to. And when the fireworks were over, the whole crowd on the Brocas, with very few exceptions, carriages and Eton boys and roughs together, seethed up the narrow lane towards the High Street and joined forces with the crowds there on their way back to College. Nor was it only during the fireworks, but all through the evening, along the river-bank and up to Surly itself, that what was meant to be a School Anniversary was more and more being turned into a "Saturnalia" for the public at large.

With natural and praiseworthy conservatism the old 4th of June was persisted in and made the best of as long as possible, until in the year 1891 an event occurred which brought about a change. This was the death of Mrs. Hornby, the Provost's wife, on June 3rd. The Festival of the following day was immediately cancelled. But, of course, all the preparations for it had been made, including the fireworks. Some weeks later, with the consent of Dr. Hornby but in his absence from Eton, it was determined at all events to have the boat procession and to let off the fireworks, and the happy idea occurred of trying the experiment of a change to the weir stream on the lower river. There both banks were under the control of the College, so the spectators in boats could be limited in numbers, and while there was more ample space on both sides for the crowds assembled, the Fellows' Eyot itself provided accommodation, which could be kept entirely private, for Eton boys and Eton visitors. It solved all the difficulties which had arisen, and when permission was graciously given for the boat supper to be held in the Home Park close to Albert Bridge, there could no longer be any hesitation in abandoning the old for the new. In the following year the embarkation took place as usual on the Brocas, and the procession as usual went some way upstream, but then passed downstream through Romney Lock and onward to Albert Bridge. On the return journey there were no locks to be negotiated, all the due rites were carried out in front of the College, and the crews landed on a raft at the Eyot, almost, so to speak, at the doors of their respective houses. The system thus inaugurated has been repeated ever since, and may well prevail for centuries to come.

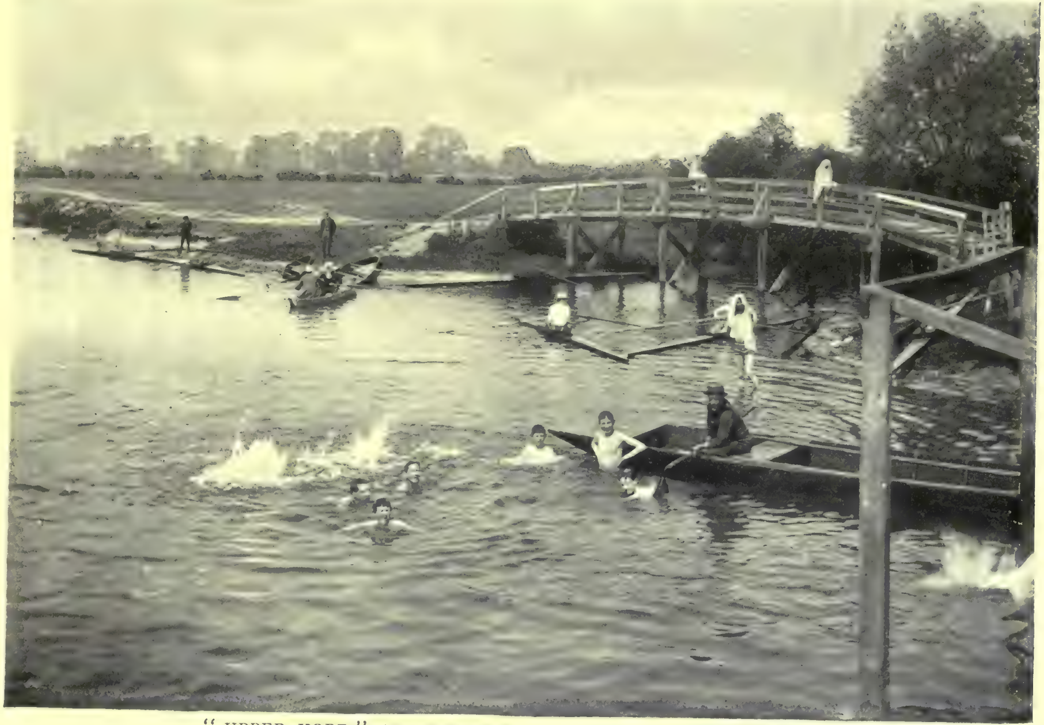
One or two points remain to be noticed in connection with the old times. Those who have read the full accounts of Montem given in Maxwell Lyte and elsewhere cannot have failed to observe how much of the festival consisted of what Nelson's Lady Hamilton called "guttling." Of the £1,000 or so extorted from the public, by far the greater part went down the throats of the performers. The 4th of June in particular and the Summer Half generally, inherited much of these traditions—one wonders how they came to survive as long as they did. On the 4th, and on Election Saturday, not only did "the boats" have supper at Surly, but there was a "Sixth Form" tent and "Fifth Form" tables for the same purpose. The waste was the least objectionable feature of the proceeding. Besides this there was, for the boats, an institution called "Check night," which consisted of a feast of ducks and green peas and champagne at Surly. "Check night" was so called because all ordinary boating was prohibited on that evening. Lastly, there was a disorderly orgy called "Oppidan dinner." It took place at the White Hart Hotel in Windsor, where, once a year, the *élite* in the athletic world gathered together for a banquet at which too much drink was consumed, and the songs which followed were often far from edifying. Dr. Goodford, then Head Master, was quite aware of these undesirable proceedings, and in 1860 or 1861 he opened negotiations with Blake-Humfrey, the Captain of the Boats, and a treaty was arranged. If these two feasts were given up Dr. Goodford promised that he would allow a "boating bill" under which boys in the upper boats were to be excused six o'clock absence, and so enabled to row to Maidenhead and back.

A similar privilege had been enjoyed for some time by the boys playing in Upper Club. Their names went in to the Head Master, they were excused absence, and had tea in Poet's Walk. It was a stipulation with the wet-bobs that they should row up to Maidenhead, as there was no intention of encouraging loafing on the river a mile or two from the rafts. Another and even more important article in the treaty was that allowing the Eight to compete at Henley Regatta, which gave our champions splendid opportunities for measuring their strength with other schools and College Eights, and one can well remember the elation in 1863 at our unexpected victory over Brasenose, the first over a good College Eight in full training that we ever won, to be followed by many other similar triumphs.

An account of the river in the fifties is not complete without a few words about bathing. In this there is but little change to report, but a good deal of improvement. Besides Boveney, "Athens," and Cuckoo Weir, there used to be a fourth bathing-place at "Upper Hope." It was not a good place either as regards the depth of the water or the force of the stream or the general surroundings. It was assigned to the Lower Fifth. "Upper Hope" was given up as a bathing-place in 1892 and for some years it was not replaced by another. But when the College became the owners of both sides of Cuckoo Weir, not only was that bathing-place greatly improved, but it was extended upstream, so as nearly to double its accommodation. The new bathing-place is called "Warde's Mead," and is in every way a success. In consequence of the great increase in public boating, steamers, etc., Etonians when bathing have been obliged to exchange the garb of Paradise before the Fall for that adopted soon after—a change regrettable, perhaps, but unavoidable.

The foregoing pages have contained a brief summary of the chief differences between the river-life of Eton formerly and that of the present day, and the verdict of the reader will probably be that there has been both loss and gain—loss of much that is charming and full of innocent enjoyment, gain of much that is strenuous and manly and useful. Perhaps a future generation will find a way of reconciling the two—a renewal of the old without impairing the efficacy of the new.

Here, for the convenience of my readers, I venture to insert some stanzas of the "Eton Boating Song" by William Cory. They will probably be glad to have the famous words in an accessible form, though for the music they must go elsewhere.



" UPPER HOPE," ABANDONED AS A BATHING-PLACE IN 1892.

THE ETON BOATING SONG

1. *Jolly boating weather*
And a hay harvest breeze,
Blade on the feather,
Shade off the trees,
Swing, swing together,
With your backs between your knees;

CHORUS—*Swing, swing together,*
With your backs between your knees.

2. *Skirting past the rushes,*
Ruffling o'er the weeds,
Where the lock stream gushes,
Where the cygnet feeds.
Let us see how the wine-glass flushes
At supper on Boveney meads.

CHORUS—*Let us see how the wine-glass flushes*
At supper on Boveney meads.

3. *Harrow may be more clever,*
Rugby may make more row,
But we'll row, row for ever,
Steady from stroke to bow,
And nothing in life shall sever
The chain that is round us now.

CHORUS—*And nothing in life shall sever*
The chain that is round us now.

4. *Others will fill our places,*
Dressed in the old light blue ;
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag be true,
And youth will be still in our faces,
When we cheer for an Eton crew.

CHORUS—*And youth will be still in our faces,*
When we cheer for an Eton crew.

5. *Twenty years hence this weather*
May tempt us from office stools,
We may be slow on the feather,
And seem to the boys old fools,
But we'll still swing together
And swear by the best of schools.

CHORUS—*But we'll still swing together*
And swear by the best of schools.

RHYMES FROM THE "ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE."

THE CANDIDATE

1. *In last year's Novice Eight*
My back was very straight,
And I never once was late
all the time ;
But now I feel amiss,
And I'll tell you why it is,
Though 'tis hard to stick to this
triple rhyme.

2. *I began to see my way*
To greater things one day ;
I began to dream of gay-
coloured coats :
And I fancied, more and more
Than I ever had before,
Being asked to take an oar
in the Boats.

3. *And in dreams by day and night*
I beheld myself bedight
In Eton blue, and white
flannel shorts :
And my collars seemed to rise,
And I took to broader ties,
A mark for envious eyes,
in my thoughts.

4. *But January's past,*
And the Boats are filling fast,
And they've nearly reached the last
of them all ;
And I wear a gloomy face,
Now that Blank has got a place,
Though he never won a race
great or small.

5. *So if day succeeds to day,*
And still unasked I stay,
If there's any more delay,
that's enough :
At once from bow to stern
I'll cut the whole concern,
And to a dry-bob turn
in a huff.

1897

CRICKET IS KING

1. *Though the Muses be silent, and History's pages*
Disclose not his name or his date—what of that?
We'll hand on his fame to the uttermost ages,
Who first brought together the ball and the bat.

CHORUS—

You may talk of your tennis, your rackets, and fives,
The skill they demand, and the pleasure they bring;
Yet you're bound to admit in the course of your lives,
They all have their merits, but Cricket is King.

2. *A few sticks of willow, a handful of leather,*
A score of good fellows, a bit of good ground,
Just bring them together, in fine summer weather,
And where can more perfect enjoyment be found?

CHORUS—*You may talk, etc.*

3. *The highlands of Harrow, the lowlands of Eton,*
The meads of old Winchester—level and gay,
Have witnessed whole days that can never be beaten,
When two smart Elevens have met in the fray.

CHORUS—*You may talk, etc.*

4. *There's pleasure in scoring a hundred, and pleasure*
In holding left-handed a slippery catch ;
There's many a record, for memory to treasure,
Of marvellous overs, which just saved the match.

CHORUS—*You may talk, etc.*

5. *There's pleasure in playing—there's pleasure in watching,*
When cricketing eyesight and muscles are gone,
In sitting and watching the other boys notching,
When they're hitting freely, and you're looking on.

CHORUS—*You may talk, etc.*

6. *And here is a moral with which you won't quarrel,*
When in far other fields you seek far other strife,
Just open your shoulders and charm the beholders,
But keep a straight bat to the troubles of life.

CHORUS—

You may talk of your tennis, your rackets, and fives,
The skill they demand, and the pleasure they bring ;
Yet you're bound to admit in the course of your lives,
They all have their merits, but Cricket is King.
1891

CRICKET

CHAPTER X

CRICKET (BY N. G. L.)

THE years between 1850 and 1860 witnessed a very great change in Public School cricket generally, and especially in the matches between Eton, Harrow, and Winchester. Up to 1854 the matches between the three schools were played at Lord's in the first week of the summer holidays. This arrangement was considered unsatisfactory by the Head Masters of the three schools, and after that season Winchester ceased to play in London. The following year (1855) the last match with Harrow at Lord's under the old conditions was played. The new system of home and home matches between Eton and Winchester began in that year and has continued ever since; but until the present year (1916) no match has been played between Winchester and Harrow. There was no match between Eton and Harrow in 1856, and that which was played in 1857 is not reckoned in the series of matches, because the two Elevens were not really the representative teams of the two schools for that year, but contained old members on either side. In 1858 the Head Masters of Eton and Harrow agreed upon the time and place for the matches, which are still observed.

These preparatory remarks will enable the reader to appreciate the somewhat gloomy record of Eton Cricket in the fifties which here follows. It is written by old warriors, each of whom has every right to "shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were," for the most part, "lost" in their time.

The history of Eton cricket, so far as it can be gathered from the records of the public school matches in the '50—'60 decade is exceptionally dismal reading. Though Eton won both matches in 1850 fairly easily, they did not beat Harrow again till 1862, though they drew the '60 and '61 matches. There was no Harrow Match in 1856, and that in 1857 can only be regarded as a scratch one. They were more successful with Winchester, as they won four out of ten matches, but lost the other six. They lost both matches four years running, from 1851 to 1854. One who played in '51,'52, and '53 has kindly supplied some interesting details as to how this happened.

"Cricket at Eton in 1851 was superintended by James Lillywhite, and in 1852 and '53 by Martingell, who bowled to and coached the Eleven. Our first year, 1851, was spoilt by the no-balling of the Captain, Thackeray, who had practically won, with bat and ball, both matches in 1850. Bayley, the chief Umpire at Lord's, had umpired at Eton in the Marylebone Match, and said nothing then against Thackeray's bowling; but at Lord's he no-balled him from the first ball. This unexpected catastrophe was naturally ascribed by Etonians to the Machiavellian subtlety of Bob Grimston, but, equally naturally, there was no evidence to establish his guilt in the matter. Under the strict letter of the law, as then existing, there is reason to think that the umpire's decision was right. Through this, however, we lost both Thackeray's bowling and batting, since he was so angry at what he considered a trick, that he would not try, and stood out of his ground to be stumped as Bennett, the Winchester Captain, told me. We also lost by having a special longstop for his bowling, Younger, who was of no other use.

"But we ran the winning Eleven, Winchester, to 26 runs.

"In 1852–3 G. R. Dupuis lost us three matches. In 1852 Tremlett, the Captain, and I got 70 runs with only one wicket down, the field (Winchester) was wild, the bowling beaten, and Reay, who was "not out" in the match and getting large scores, to follow. Dupuis at once got 0, and we lost by 30, not having enough bats to support Reay. Again in 1853, when Dupuis was thought the crack bat, he got at Lord's 0, 0, 0, and 5, losing us both matches.

"This was the more annoying as Harrow was admitted by the Captain, Digby, to be a very poor team, who only scored 53 in their first innings. Dupuis, in the Oxford and Cambridge match of 1857, got 23 and 35 not out. Personally I cannot blame myself, as I had an average of over 12, and double figures in 8 out of 11 innings."

It is noteworthy that in 1851 there were no less than six Collegers in the Eleven, thus recalling the days of 1840, when there were five, as was also the case in 1885.

The narrative is here continued by another hand.

"The discontinuance of the regular Eton *v.* Harrow match in 1856–7, and the final disappearance of Winchester from Lord's after 1854, lessened public interest in Eton cricket during the period 1854–7, and made it comparatively uneventful. In 1854–5 Harrow beat Eton easily, and maintained a supremacy which was largely due to the different conditions prevailing in the two schools. Harrow not only had the advantage of the services of a first-class professional bowler for part of every Summer Half, but the school cricket was controlled and developed under the constant and skilled supervision of the two famous old Harrovians, Frederick Ponsonby and Robert Grimston. At Eton, Martingell, the old Surrey and Kent professional, still remembered by many old Etonians with affection and respect, put in occasional appearances, but the selection and management of the Elevens were left to the unassisted discretion of the Captains for the time being. Their experience, of course, was limited and their capacities varied greatly. Whether, from the educational point of view, the Harrow system of outside control was preferable to the freedom and independence of the Eton practice, or whether boys with a genius for cricket benefited by it, may perhaps be questioned, but there can be no doubt that it turned out Elevens of much more uniform quality, playing better together, and with far less marked "tails" than the Eton teams. Then, also, Lord's differed far less from the Harrow ground in slope and quickness than from the old Eton playing-fields pitches. To Etonians, playing at Lord's was like a new game, just as playing with india-rubber cushions would be to a billiard-player accustomed to the old list cushions. To some extent this disadvantage was qualified by the re-laying of Upper Club about 1858, and much more so by the migration to Agar's Plough some twenty years ago.

"Eton beat Winchester in 1855–6 in the first two home and home matches under the new régime, and the great majority of victories have ever since fallen to them. It must be remembered, however, that Winchester is considerably handicapped by the fact that to them the Eton match is the one great event in their calendar, while with the Eton cricketer the more conspicuous contest at Lord's necessarily takes the first place. We may be pretty sure, then, that Winchester is more affected than Eton by "nerves," a potent factor in boy cricket.

"The Eton Elevens were not very strong in 1854–5–6, although they had an average number of good cricketers in Northey, Fane, Mordaunt, Morton, Norman, Waud, Pepys, Bagge, and J. B. Dyne. The last-mentioned was, in his early days, a really good bowler. He came in the same half with C. G. Lyttelton, who recollects practising with him in "Twopenny," and being bowled out by him three balls running at a single stump—an incident which, he says, nearly led to his becoming a 'wet-bob.' The 1857 Eleven was a good one, under the competent captaincy of F. H. Norman, and it was a pity that, owing to Dr. Goodford's veto, it was not allowed to meet Harrow."

In 1858–9 Eton cricket was at a very low ebb, and the defeats the Eleven met with were not unexpected, though Winchester only won by narrow margins, and were a little lucky on both occasions. Yet in those two Eton Elevens there were two boys of exceptional merit with the bat, R. A. H. Mitchell and C. G. Lyttelton, now Lord Cobham, though the former's powers were not really developed till 1860. I doubt if there has ever been so fine a school bat as he became in his last two years. No contemporary bat at either University was his equal, his hitting as a boy was more brilliant perhaps than later, his style was commanding, his defence very sound, and his power of playing shooters, a very valuable quality at Lord's in those days, especially strong. I believe he was asked to play in Gentlemen and Players in 1862, but was not allowed to accept the invitation. C. G. Lyttelton, on wickets which suited him, was little behind him; as a back player he was perhaps superior. If he had stayed the usual time at Eton—he left at seventeen—he would have cut all records by being in the Eleven five years and three years Captain. Moreover, he had a chance of getting in a year earlier, as he was to have been tried in 1856, but was prevented by an attack of mumps.

But there was a terribly long tail to both Elevens, and in 1859 there was a large leaven of wet-bobs, one of whom, Montagu Lubbock, made the best show of any at Lord's. Walter Hoare, already alluded to, was, I think, "Nine of the Ten," M. Lubbock, second Captain of the Boats, William Young, stroke of the College Four. Hoare was a poor bat, but a fine field, though I can see him dropping an easy catch which lost us the Winchester match. In 1860 D. Pocklington played, who, though a genuine dry-bob, stroked Oxford to victory in 1864. C. R. Hornby, who played in 1860–1, was the smallest boy I ever saw in an Eton Eleven, though his namesake, A. N. Hornby, at Harrow in 1864, and Eden and Kelly at Winchester about 1861, were little, if at all, bigger.

In my opinion, in 1859 Eton was at its lowest watermark, and 1860 revealed a most refreshing improvement, due to several causes. Eton was seriously handicapped by having to play on the fiery turnpike-road grounds at Lord's after being accustomed to the soft, lawn-like pitches of Upper Club, and in 1859 steps were taken to remedy this drawback. Our ground was relaid on a foundation of concrete, and a slight artificial slope, which I believe has now disappeared, was made in imitation of the natural slope at Lord's. This did some good, while systematic professional coaching given by F. Bell, who was permanently engaged in 1860, did more. Though by no means first-rate either as a bat or bowler, he could teach, and the boys got used to professional bowling, Bell and two assistants, Dawes and Tubb, playing in games and scratch matches. There were no such instructors in the two previous years, and, failing these, I well remember Mitchell utilising two lower boys from his own house, Trelawny and MacCall, to bowl to him in Upper Club.

In 1860 Eton, I should say, had a better Eleven than Harrow, but nevertheless Harrow had rather the best of a drawn game. Eton had to go in to get 259, a very heavy task for those days, and got 221 for eight wickets, one of the pluckiest up-hill games I ever saw, every batsman but one getting a double figure, Pocklington the highest, 41 not out. He and H. W. Hoare were well in, runs were coming pretty fast, the opposing bowlers and fieldsmen utterly baked, and it is quite possible that if there had been time to finish the match that evening the runs would have been got. However that may be, that innings was the turning-point in Eton cricket, and I well remember the enthusiasm it evoked. Since then Eton has held its own at Lord's, and for the last few years has displayed a distinct superiority over Harrow, which has been much more marked as regards Winchester.

House matches, so far as I know, were absolutely unknown until the institution of the house cricket competition for a challenge cup presented by the well-known tutor, Mr. Johnson, in 1860, under certain conditions. Below Upper Club cricket was played in very slipshod fashion. There were hardly any cricket shoes, pads, or gloves, the boys merely taking off their coats or jackets. Mr. Johnson stipulated that cricket shoes should be invariably worn in these matches, and, further, that professional umpires should be employed, but as this included Picky Powell, Joby, and Jack Joel, none of whom had any qualifications for the post, their decisions imparted an element of chance into the matches which was far from desirable. In the final match in 1860 between Evans's and Marriott's, both C. G. Lyttelton and Mitchell were given out lbw. by Picky, and I don't know which was the most wroth. It was an exceedingly close match—Marriott's had only about 50 to get to win, and of these Mitchell, who had got 96 in the first innings, had got 25 when Picky dismissed him, leaving seven wickets to get less than 30 runs. This they failed to do against Pocklington and C. G. Lyttelton, and lost by 6 runs. Evans's had distinctly the better Eleven in spite of this narrow victory, as, in addition to their two cracks, they had several other useful bats; and Marriotts's had nobody but Mitchell to bat and Teape to bowl, who was much above the average of school bowlers the following year, though not in the Eleven till 1862.

To this day I remember, with pardonable pride, that in the four house matches of 1860 I got many more runs than my distinguished eldest brother. Nowadays, cricket is taken much more seriously than it was then, perhaps too seriously. The modern institution, the cricket-master, no doubt ensures good practical coaching, but (I am not speaking of Eton only) there is often a tendency on his part to encroach upon the functions of the captain, not only in the selection of the team, but in the captaincy in the field. Now the captain's independence should not be interfered with, his position gives him opportunities of acquiring habits of command and a knowledge of how to deal with his fellow creatures which should be very valuable to him in after-life. There is another drawback to over-coaching—I have known of boys who have imbibed an absolute distaste for cricket from the excessive pressure they have undergone for three or four months on end.

Nevertheless, after all is said and done, there is a vast amount of pleasure to be derived from seeing a good Eton Eleven play and win their matches at Lord's, and one must not be too critical of the methods adopted to attain that very desirable result.

A few stanzas may be added here from a "doggerel" rhyme by W. Cory. They are quoted from memory, and internal evidence assigns them to 1862. They serve as a kind of summary of, or epitaph on, Eton cricket in the fifties.

We come from playgrounds smooth and true
  And chalk above the gravel;
We gird our waists with belts of blue,
  And off to Slough we travel.

We pass by Hanwell with a grin,
  We scarcely smile at Ealing,
For each one thinks, "When I go in,
  How queer I shall be feeling!"

Messieurs Dupuis and Austen-Leigh
  Are far more wise than Grimston;
They gave advice as good and nice
  As treacle mixed with brimstone.

The reverend Drake, for our sweet sake,
  Bowled slows, with hand in pocket;
Them we kept low, but Money's go
  As upward as a rocket.

Ten years it took to conquer Priam;
  Ten years to raise one Cleasby;
Boys won't be always, if we try 'em,
  So hard to beat as these be.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY

1. *Of glory won 'neath summer sun*
Let other poets sing ;
There's many a tune for the Fourth of June,
The birthday of the King ;
But though November's turf be wet,
November's sky be grey,
There's something worth recording yet
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

CHORUS—
Upon St. Andrew's Day,
Upon St. Andrew's Day,
There's something worth recording yet
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

2. *With rival fears and rival hopes*
We come to see the sight,
And press against the stakes and ropes,
And mark the sawdust white,
Till, coats cast off and sleeves uprolled,
They come in colours gay,
Our two-and-twenty champions bold,
Upon St. Andrew's Day.
CHORUS—

3. *The half-hour strikes—the fight begins—*
The shouts rise stern and high,
And sometimes this or that side wins,
And sometimes it's a tie ;
And worth whole weeks of summer sun
Is that one hour of play,
From half-past twelve to half-past one
Upon St. Andrew's Day.
CHORUS—

4. *See where the match he[1] stands to watch,*
Who many a match has seen,
Cheerful and fat, with high-crowned hat,
And suit of velveteen ;
He blew the ball, he knows them all,
The Homer of the fray,
He sings the heroes of " the wall "
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

CHORUS—

5. *What if they jeer and scoff at it,*
The folk from other schools,
And say the game is only fit
For lunatics and fools,
Come frost or snow, come fog or rain,
So may they meet alway,
With might and main to lose or gain
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

CHORUS—

Upon St. Andrew's Day,
Upon St. Andrew's Day,
With might and main to lose or gain
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

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[1] Edward Powell, for more than forty years a faithful servant of Eton, and friend of Etonians, old and young (*vide* p. 253).

1891.

FOOTBALL

CHAPTER XI

FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL in the Autumn Schooltime was quite as absorbing and universal a pursuit in the fifties as it is now—perhaps even more so; but those of the present day will be surprised to learn how much of what they think of most importance in connection with it had no existence at all at that remote time.

To begin with, there were no "house matches," as at the present day, and no "house colours." There were no colours for the Field or the Wall Elevens. The Field Eleven did not represent the school, but only the Oppidans. There is no mention of it at all before the year 1847, and there were very few matches against outside Elevens from the Universities or the Barracks during our period. The O.E.F.C. did not exist. The game is barely mentioned in Maxwell Lyte's book on Eton.

The provision of grounds, however, was on the whole not inadequate to the wants of the school—not nearly so inadequate as in the case of cricket. The Collegers had two grounds of their own, as well as a considerable share of the "Wall." One of these grounds still remains—the other has long since been given up. It lay across the road which leads to Sheep's Bridge and on it was played a game called "Lower College." This was football reduced to its simplest elements. There were two goals marked on trees—the traces of one goal can yet be seen, the other tree has fallen long since. A "bully" was formed, as usual, and one had either to kick the ball against the goal or to run it behind the line and touch it. It was not necessary to be "bullied" on the line in any way. For touching it one claimed a "shy," and was entitled to "boss" the ball at the goal, in front of which the opposing Eleven stood, so a goal was rarely obtained. The game was abandoned in the year 1865.

In College Field the ordinary "Field" game was played, but in a much more rough-and-ready fashion than now. The goal-sticks had no crossbar; there were sticks at the four corners of the ground, but no lines were cut in the turf or otherwise marked either at the base or on the sides. Consequently the player very often did not know when he was near the line or over it—the umpire, when there was one, judged the point by looking along from the goal-post to the post at the corner and deciding as best he could. It followed that little or no attempt was made at the slow and elaborate progress along the line which is now in fashion—one went at once either for the goal or for a "rouge" off one of the opposite players—one failed probably much more often than not, but less time was wasted. It is only our object here to record matters, not to decide which system is the best.

The Oppidan Grounds were "The Field"—the Racket Court Field, not then so called—"South Meadow" with room for about five games—the "Slads" on either side of the Eton Wick Road, and the ground beyond the railway arches, providing together four or five more fields. This sounds little enough to a generation which has added two grounds in "Leigh's field" and two in "Mesopotamia" and one in "Jordan" and eighteen or so in Agar's Plough—but there was no question at that time of increasing the number. In these fields the game was played by the Oppidans much as it was by the Collegers, as already described above.

The only game shared by the two classes was that still known as the "Mixed Wall." As already stated, there were few outside matches, but there were a great many ways in which Elevens could be chosen so as to provide the excitement and keenness of a match among ourselves. Such were matches between "Dames and Tutors," "Two sides of College" (Keate's Lane being the dividing line), "Pop and No Pop," Sixth and Fifth form, Tall and Short, Dissyllabic names against the rest, Seven and Eleven, etc., many of which will be found recorded in the "Wall" books.

The most important alteration in the rules of the game, both in the Field and at the Wall, has been the curtailment of the privileges of the "behinds." Formerly they might catch the ball, deposit it on the ground, and so kick it. An adroit behind would catch the ball on his left hand and deposit it on his right, or *vice versa*, to the confusion of his adversaries. This has been stopped altogether in the Field, and to a great extent at the Wall. All other alterations in both games have tended to increase their complications and technicalities, a natural consequence, in the case of the Field, of the boundary lines being cut in the turf. The rules of the Wall game have always been unintelligible except to a limited number of its professors.

"House matches" at football are mentioned for the first time in the Eton Register in 1860, when the Rev. J. L. Joynes's house produced the winners, but no further details are given. However, I learn from a correspondent that they had a hard match for the final against the Rev. W. B. Marriott's and that one of the players broke his leg, and the Captain of the winning team broke the rules by bringing out a substitute in the place of the disabled one.

Before the institution of house matches for the Cup, a system prevailed which is described in a letter from the same correspondent, and seems to have been rather a happy-go-lucky arrangement.

"When I came to Eton," he says, "in the football half of 1855, the established system was that there was an existing order of houses from the 'Cocks of College' downwards like that of the boats of the different Colleges at the Universities, and any house could challenge the one next above it, and take its place if the challenger won. The evil was that there was no rule nor authority to force any house to play within a reasonable time, and if a weak house came just above a strong one, every possible subterfuge would be used to put off the match as long as possible, and no one seemed to mind—indeed if a house was rather low down, as there was no chance of its rising to the top it did not seem worth while to begin the attempt; and besides the best players in a good house would naturally be playing in the Field games and matches, of which there were a good many, and so would not take much interest in their house games."

Here is a description from the same source of a "final" match for the position of "Cocks of College."

"In 1858 Joynes's had somehow got to be 'Cocks of College,' and I remember a match between them and Carter's. Joynes's were rather small and weak, but they had M. Lubbock, who was by far the best ' bully ' player in the school. Carter's were a strong, rude, rough lot and shinned dreadfully. Joynes's fellows could hardly walk home after it was over, but they won. Towards the end Carter's were one ' rouge ' ahead, but Lubbock got the ball very near goals and claimed a ' rouge.' The Umpire said the ball had never gone behind—it probably had, but just then Joynes's, for a wonder, were not very popular in the school, and the Umpire very likely cheated against them. However, Lubbock was very quick, and kicked the ball backwards a step or two, and then kicked it through goals, and said, ' Well, if it is not a ' rouge ' it's a goal anyhow '—and I believe this decided the match. There is a simplicity about the whole affair which has a certain charm in our more sophisticated age."

A few words may be said as to football dress. For those who " take the Wall " there were " Wall sacks " and " Cords " then as now. Knickerbockers had not been invented, much less " shorts," nor the method of putting bars on the soles of the boots. Consequently there were no special football boots—any old pair without heavy nails would do—and trousers, after serving their time in the ordinary life of school, could look forward to a useful old age in the football field. There is a legend that, a member of a well-known family having mislaid his own football trousers, proceeded to search his relatives' wardrobes for a substitute. In an elder brother's bureau he discovered a pair of evening blacks which served his purpose admirably, but perhaps were not so well suited afterwards for their proper use. Beer after football was of course nominally forbidden, but always provided, and winked at. At a later date, when masters began to share the game, a decent interval was allowed for them to leave the ground, before the coats, etc., which covered the tin can and the pewter pots were removed. At a later date still all concealment was abandoned and the masters were offered the first drink. The beer itself was such as one could only drink after a hard game, and scarcely even then.

The number of times one played in the week was greater then than now. For example, a Colleger would, as a matter of course, play nearly if not quite every "after twelve" in the week and quite every "after four" on half-holidays. In addition to this there would be "kick about" on the whole schooldays after four—a practice which, especially for "behinds," is as important for football as "nets," etc., are for cricket. Probably many Oppidans played or kicked about quite as often, and there was no need in those days of providing pains and penalties for those who did not play the requisite number of times in the week. The reason in both cases was the same, namely, that if you did not play football there was nothing else to do—a state of things which has since been somewhat modified by the abundant provision made for the game we have next to consider, and for other games like it.

ETON SONGS

A SONG OF FIVES

1. *Smooth and square and dry the wall ;*
White, elastic, round, the ball ;
Two on that side, two on this ;
Two hands each to hit or miss—
What more need we to possess
Two good hours of happiness ?
Chorus—*What more need, etc.*

2. *Send the " service " slow and high ;*
Hold your tongue, and mind your eye ;
Turn and twist, and duck and dance ;
Volley, when you see your chance—
Hit them hard, and hit them low ;
Thus your score will upwards go !
Chorus—*Hit them hard, etc.*

3. *Aces after aces get ;*
Shun the unprogressive " let " ;
Slowly, surely, onward crawl ;
Set the game at " fourteen all "—
Blackguards gain not honour, but
Gain it, thou, by " blackguard cut " !
Chorus—*Blackguards gain, etc.*

4. *From the moment you begin*
Do your level best to win ;
Cheer your partner ; wipe your shoes ;
Keep your temper, win or lose—
If you miss it, don't be vexed :
Badly this time—better next !
Chorus—*If you miss it, etc.*

5. *Oft you'll think, in after lives,*
What is life ?—a game at Fives :
Partners to their partners true ;
Courteous to their rivals, too—
Here and there alike the aim
In the end to win the game !
CHORUS—*Here and there, etc.*

6. *Oft in life you'll meet with knocks*
'Gainst a harder " pepper-box" ;
Fingers scraped and fingers bruised ;
Ball and player roughly used—
Till " cut down," or slow or fast,
Into " dead man's hole " at last !
CHORUS—*Till " cut down," etc.*

7. *So let Fives its lessons teach ;*
Hit all balls within your reach ;
If you fail for want of pluck,
Don't abuse your rival's luck—
Every one can win who tries,
For the struggle is the prize.
CHORUS—*Every one can win, etc.*

1891.

FIVES—BEAGLES

CHAPTER XII

FIVES—BEAGLES

FIVES

THE "unpretending" game of fives, as Maxwell Lyte calls it, took its origin, as every Etonian knows, in the School-yard. It does our predecessors of the year 1840 the greatest credit to have realised the fact that the somewhat makeshift game played on the Chapel steps needed only a little development to become the very best game for boys that has ever been invented. It is almost entirely free from danger; it exercises every muscle of the body, so that no fives player stands in need of Swedish gymnastics; it is sociable and friendly, but at the same time demands the utmost keenness and activity; the buttress and its surroundings complicate it sufficiently to necessitate a good deal of skill as well as hard hitting; it is played in the open air; and it is the cheapest of all ball games. In these respects no change has taken place up to the present time. But in some minor points there has been progress and development which deserve attention.

In the fifties the rules of the game were almost the same as now, but they existed solely in oral tradition. They were not codified till about the year 1870, when the first eight courts in the Timbralls were built, and by that time the game had acquired a jargon of its own (" good 'uns" and " blackguard cuts" and " holes innings," etc.), all of which had to be religiously preserved and embodied in the new rules—a matter of no small difficulty.

The next point of difference between old times and the present is that it was the rare exception in those days to " change " for playing fives. No one in the school possessed a pair of fives shoes—one played in ordinary boots, and the courts were none the worse for it. We saw with mild surprise a stoutish " Conduct," who sometimes played with us, put on a pair of slippers for fear of accidents. Gloves, of course, were worn, or a bruised hand might have stopped one's playing for weeks. The Lent half was even then known as the " Fives " half, but the number of courts on the Eton Wick Road was not more than eight in the fifties, and when only 32 boys in all out of 700 could play, the competition for them was very great.

In those days the court belonged temporarily to him who arrived there first, and in token of possession threw his book upon it. This led to frantic races from school or Chapel and to a certain amount of deceit and disorder. Noses had a tendency to begin bleeding at five minutes to twelve, and it was necessary to ask leave to go out of school. As the door closed an instantaneous cure ensued, and the patient bolted down the Lower Master's passage. "After four" on half-holidays was preceded by Chapel at three, and here the Collegers, who walked out first, got an advantage which they used for their own benefit or that of an Oppidan acquaintance. They would dash down the south stairs, flinging gown or surplice to a bystander, and race along Keate's Lane, not unfrequently to find, on reaching the courts, that they had all been secured already by old Etonians for friends in the school. This unseemly race had to be checked by authority, and the "desk" in Chapel opposite the Head Master's stall was instituted for the purpose, and known as the "Fives Walls desk." "After four" was seldom long enough to allow of "second courts," so, at the best, only a very few could get a game. The courts between the Chapel buttresses were eagerly sought after, chiefly by Collegers, and there was a court to be hired at "Cotton Hall," long since disused but of which traces are still visible.

In these rather unpropitious circumstances the game gradually took root in the school, and produced a large number of skilful players—for the first time in 1857 the names of the winners of School Fives are recorded; keepers do not appear till 1867, and "House Fives" began in 1869. The Courts built in 1870 have been succeeded by many others, and at the present day upwards of 200 can play at one time, and no Etonian has any excuse for ignorance of the game. "Eton" courts also have been built at many of the Preparatory Schools, and at many other public schools, with some of which it is possible to arrange matches. There are also "Eton" courts at Oxford and Cambridge, and at some Athletic Clubs, as well as at country houses, so there is every prospect that the knowledge and popularity of the game will continue to increase.

There used to be some carelessness formerly in the construction of the courts, and it will be found that there is some variation in the height of the "line," etc., in many of the older ones, but all the measurements have long since been "standardised," and may be found in the account of the game in the *Badminton* series or elsewhere. It is most important for those who build courts to be accurate in these matters, as an error of a few inches in the height of a line or a trifling variation in the slope of a bevelled edge will be found enough to make a considerable difference in the playing of the game.

BEAGLES

With cricket, football, and fives, the list of games, properly so-called, played at Eton in the fifties practically comes to an end. The late Provost Hornby, when a boy under Hawtrey, used to play hockey, which, says Maxwell Lyte, "though forbidden, was often played in a field near the new Sanatorium." But it had died out in the fifties, and, though Dr. Hornby tried to resuscitate it when he was Head Master, the revival did not come to much. There were no racket courts and no "squash" courts, and lawn-tennis had not been invented. The five-and-twenty games the list of which is quoted by Maxwell Lyte had all either become obsolete, or, as in the case of hoops, marbles, and tops, had been abandoned by their professors at an earlier time of life. The consequence was that in the Lent half, up to the first of March and the opening of the boating season, those who did not play Fives or could not get courts found themselves hard up for any occupation. There were "paper-chases" it is true, and here, in the record of changes, it must be mentioned that we used to tear up our own paper and not purchase it already torn and many-hued, as is the custom of late years. No doubt we may be reproached with the fact that this often necessitated the unlawful destruction of school-books and other forms of literature, but it was good for Pote Williams and the other booksellers.

Paper-chases, as is their wont, involved a good many wettings and often led to subsequent "staying out," and in those unsophisticated days the ditches in the neighbourhood were often ripe with the deposits of the villages of Bucks, and undesirable not only because of the depth of water. The ditch which runs along the road from Agar's Plough to Upton was known as the "Black ditch," and was enriched with the drainage of Slough, as was evident both to the eye and the nose. This did not prevent it forming part of the "course" for the College steeple-chase. The "School mile" and the "School steeple-chase" both existed in our time, the former dating from 1851 and the latter from 1846—at least the records do not go further back; but the training for these races did not give employment to many. Consequently there was considerable need for fresh occupation and amusement when in 1857 the College Beagles were started, closely followed by the Oppidan beagles in 1858.

With regard to the latter a friend writes:

"The Oppidan Beagles were started by V. Van de Weyer and E. W. Hussey as a profound secret, and put under the charge of Polly Green, a cad of doubtful character and minus some of his fingers. C. C. James, hearing of it, was very much shocked. He went out one day, met them, duly took down their names and reported to Goodford, who stroked his chin and said, 'I really don't see any harm in it.' From that day the Beagles were an established institution."

Eton is not very well adapted for a hunting country, as the available territory lies entirely on the Bucks side, for obvious reasons, and that hardly furnishes room for two packs. At first it was divided by the Slough road, Oppidans to the west, and Collegers to the east; but it was not a good arrangement at any time, and in 1867 the two packs were amalgamated. The kennels originally were, for the Collegers, the Playing-fields lodge in the Datchet Lane, for the Oppidans, the yard of a house in the High Street, and everything was on a small and simple scale, though the actual huntsmen and whips were no doubt as competent as they are now. There was, of course, no question of any particular dress, and probably the Beagles themselves were a very scratch lot—but neither of these deficiencies prevented the hunt from being a very flourishing institution from the first and providing an immense amount of wholesome exercise and enjoyment.

NOTE.—A full account of the rise and growth of the Beagles will be found in the *E.C.C.* No. 842 (June 24, 1899), with some further particulars in No. 873 (March 30, 1900).

RHYMES FROM THE "ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE"

THE ATHLETE

1. *Let others seek renown or sport*
On river, or in field ;
Far different is my aim :—in short,
I want to wear a shield ;

2. *A shield, to hang before my waist,*
Is what my fancy charms,
Of silver-gilt, and neatly chased
With just the Eton Arms.

3. *And that is why, full lightly drest*
In running shoes and shorts,
Without a cap, a coat, a vest,
I practise for the Sports.

4. *I start full speed from Dorney gate*
With toes and fingers numb,
I reach, though hot and rather late,
The Sanatorium.

5. *I tear my arms, and draw the blood*
In scores of farmers' hedges ;
I plumb the bottom of the mud
Beneath Colenorton's sedges.

6. *Over the hurdles then I fly,*
Still dripping from the water ;
Practise the Long Jump and the High,
The Hundred and the Quarter.

7. *My food is plentiful, but light ;*
My nightshirt Jaeger wool is ;
I use the dumb-bells morn and night ;
I pull at Whiteley pulleys.

8. *My weight I reckon twice a day,*
Both in my clothes and peeled ;
And if you ask me why,—I say
I want to wear a shield.

1897.

RHYMES FROM THE "ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE"

THE FINE YOUNG ETON OPPIDAN

1. *I'll sing you now a modern song, which was made by a modern pate*
Of a fine young Eton Oppidan, who lived at a fine old rate,
Who, like his fathers, cared a lot for what he drank and ate,
But in all other things resolved he must be up to date,
Like a fine young Eton Oppidan, one of the modern time!

2. *For them a seat outside the coach;—for him the Pullman Car;*
For them the queerest clothes; but his the latest fashion are;
His collars stand up round his ears;—all collars they would bar;
His hands are white as snow;—their hands were mostly black as tar;—
What a fine young Eton Oppidan,—one of the modern time!

3. *When they took any exercise, they wore the selfsame dress*
At football, fives, or steeplechase;—and all in a filthy mess;
But he, to whatsoever sport himself he would address,
Has different costumes for each;—and don't the tailors bless
This fine young Eton Oppidan,—one of the modern time!

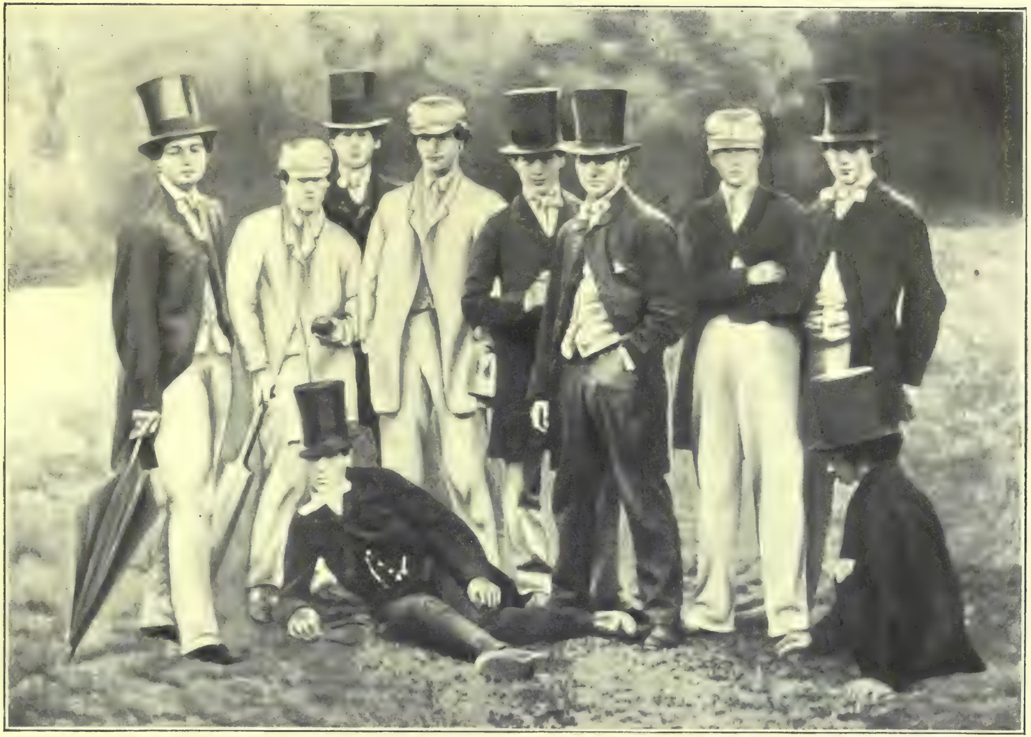
4. *They shirked, like rabbits, into shops, of Masters sore*
afraid ;
Past every Master in the School he saunters undismayed :
He buys the evening papers, too, before lock-up parade,
And arm-in-arm from off the path he sweeps both man
and maid,
Like a fine young Eton Oppidan,—one of the modern
time !

5. *But is he changed in spirit, as he's changed in all the*
rest,
With his orchid in his buttonhole, and silk-embroidered
vest ?
I don't believe a word of it ;—just put him to the test,—
At Bisley, Lord's, or Henley Reach, he'll do his level
best,
Like a fine young Eton Oppidan,—one of the modern
time !

6. *The kindly critics come in shoals to make him out a fool,*
A self-indulgent idler, and a spendthrift as a rule,
But North and South and East and West you'll find
him, quick and cool,
Upholding still the glorious name of the well-beloved old
School,
Like a fine young Eton Oppidan,—one of the modern
time !

1897.

DRESS


C. G. Lyttelton.
W. M. Hoare.
B. M. Davies.
C. L. Sutherland.
Dyne.
R. A. H. Mitchell.
W. H. Stone.
G. F. Dawson.
J. H. Gibbs.
F. N. Langham.

THE ETON ELEVEN OF 1858, SHOWING THE COSTUME OF THE PERIOD.

The eleventh member, who does not appear in the group above, was A. Austen-Leigh.

CHAPTER XIII

DRESS

If it were possible to put before the eyes of present Etonians actual portraits of their predecessors as they appeared in the fifties, not only would a good deal of this chapter be rendered superfluous, but much amusement, coupled possibly with good-natured contempt, would be the result. Unfortunately, the art of photography was then in its infancy—the elaborate daguerreotype portraits existed, but in them no Etonian would appear in his workaday clothes, and his every-day dress could no more be judged from them than the ordinary look of a still earlier generation from the Romney portraits in the Provost's Lodge. But some idea may be obtained from a reproduction of a photograph of the Eton Eleven of 1858, borrowed here from Alfred Lubbock's book, in which the dimensions of the hats then worn will provoke a smile, and a fair notion may be gained of the outward appearance of a "swell" in the fifties.

The fact is that the whole evolution of Eton costume during the past sixty years has to a great extent taken its rise from the alterations which have been made in the size and height of collars. When I came to Eton in 1853 there were still one or two survivors of a past generation who wore "swallow-tail" coats, even as Harrovians do at the present day, and in the case of the Sixth Form collars of the type which may be loosely defined as "Gladstone" collars. It is a token of the independence which then existed that such freaks were possible at a time when the rest of the school had adopted "cutaway" coats and no collars at all. That was the state of affairs which lasted till about the year 1860, and, as I have already said, no social or athletic promotion was accompanied by any change of dress. The white tie was secured by a pin to the band of the shirt behind, and in the front it looked after itself. No doubt it was less elegant than the modern arrangement, but, such as it was, it was universal. It has been suggested that the tie sometimes went twice round the neck, in the fashion of a clerical stock, and a friend says that he seems to recollect having worn his tie thus. This would to some extent account for the total absence of a collar, which otherwise is hard to explain.

In or about the year 1860 there was introduced into the hosiers' shops what is commonly known as the "turndown" collar (for men as distinct from boys), and it was clear that this could be worn with the white tie, to the great increase of neatness and without the suggestion of a coffee-room waiter which the high collar coupled with the white tie always gave. Consequently, this was adopted by the whole school, and in many cases, including eminent statesmen, has never been changed for any other fashion in after-life. A few years later a collar was invented not so high as the " Gladstone " collar, and with the points on either side turned down. This, with trifling modifications, is almost the commonest form at the present day. At that time it provided a marked contrast to the " turndown " collar mentioned above. It therefore occurred to the " swells " of that day to take this collar for their own particular wear, and so to separate themselves from the common herd by a mark which would be visible to the world. This was the first outward distinction between the two classes. We may sadly borrow Doctor Goodford's quotation from Horace, already cited, and say, *hoc fonte derivata clades.* Since that time the craving for distinctive apparel has spread to nearly every garment—shirt, tie, socks, handkerchief, waistcoat (especially waistcoat), gloves, shoes, etc. At one period the school at large wore a heavy great-coat known as a " woolly bear." The upper classes adopted a smoother garment of a more elegant cut. It became a breach of etiquette for an ordinary mortal to roll up his umbrella—to do that was reserved for his betters. He must not wear snow-boots, however thick the snow. Only on the fourth of June might he blossom out into a copy of his superiors, complete even to the buttonhole in his coat.

Rules for behaviour multiplied themselves everywhere—one side of the road was open to all alike, the other was tabooed except to those who were above the law, etc. A great deal of all this might be silly, but was at all events harmless; on the other hand, some of the results have been, one might almost say, disastrous. These sartorial laws have led Etonians to think about their dress much more than they used to formerly, and, forgetful that the best-dressed man is he whose attire attracts the least attention, they have allowed a laudable desire for neatness to degenerate into foppery, and to lead to a very regrettable amount of extravagance. It has been rumoured that a member of the Eight has to take with him to Henley not only the clothes he will row in, shorts, sweater, and so on, but (1) a new suit of blue serge of a prescribed hue, (2) three new pairs of flannels, one for each day, wherein to promenade the bank, (3) one straw hat to wear therewith, (4) one Panama hat, not to be worn, all of which, with cap and blazer, etc., will bring his expenses up to about £30. It sounds more like a "Dollar Princess" paying her first visit to a Duchess than a school-boy going to a country town to row in a boat-race. We can only hope we have been misinformed, but it would be possible to quote samples of the same kind of thing in connection with other matters besides rowing.

In previous chapters we have approached our subject from the other end by describing what existed in the fifties before contrasting it with the state of things in the twentieth century. Having here adopted the reverse process, we must now return to the earlier period. A few of the differences may be briefly disposed of. We could none of us wear distinctive overcoats, because we wore no overcoats at all. We could not roll up our umbrellas, or leave them unrolled, because we did not often carry umbrellas. We could not wear snow-boots, because they had not been invented.

Our ordinary suits of clothes were very often what are known as " dittoes "—at a later date a black coat and waistcoat with grey trousers became general, and was a great improvement. I can still recall with some feeling of awkwardness a suit which my innocent parents had procured for me. All the component parts were alike in colour, and there was no denying that they were obviously brown—so much so that they were commented on rather unfavourably, and I believe the question was raised among the masters whether I could be allowed to wear them. I, no doubt, should have been ready enough to change them, but the tailor's bill had to be considered—at any rate, I did wear them as long as they held together. And there were others more or less similarly clad to keep one in countenance.

In one matter, however, we were more particular than Etonians are at present; it was a custom which almost had the force of a school regulation. A clean white shirt with the front duly starched was to be put on every morning. Except for football, we did not "change" in the course of the day, so there was more need for a rule of this sort.

Our hats varied in shape and size from time to time according to the whim of that unknown but omnipotent authority which regulates the fashions, but they were all, as now, of the type described as "tall" or "chimney pot" hats, and they lasted a shorter time as they had to do much more service. No boy, except after Lock-up, was ever seen in the streets without his hat, and Oppidans, if they went down in caps to play football, would take good care to keep out of any master's way. Old Etonians, when they visit us, invariably notice the hats of the boys, and invariably hold a very strong opinion one way or the other—either that they are much more untidy than formerly, or that they are obtrusively well brushed and polished. These critics almost always are judging from a very few instances—could it be otherwise?—and, as a matter of fact, no great difference either way is to be observed. Caps of course were all, with the exception of those worn by the Eight, the Eleven, and the boats, what we should now call "scug" caps, but I think the hues and patterns were a little more varied than now.

As I have said already, no football colours or "house" colours existed. To pass to the other end, the fashion in boots and shoes varied from time to time, but such ungainly horrors as "bluchers," or, again, elastic-sided boots, were far from uncommon. Trousers of what used to be called the "barn-door" type, with pockets at the top, were only just dying out; the side-pockets, now universal, were only just invented. We have all read of the attempts made by the authorities of Harrow to check this innovation—attempts which did not stop short of sewing up the pockets themselves; but, in the end, comfort and common sense gained the day.

Waistcoats were generally, I think, double-breasted, which naturally did not raise the question of the right course to pursue with regard to the lowest button. History does not record the name of him who first left it unfastened, in the case of a single-breasted waistcoat, but for years this fashion was believed to be a distinctive mark of an Eton education.

The old story should not be allowed to die of the small boy who ran away from Eton, and wished to escape recognition by disguising himself. He began by turning down the ends of his trousers and turning his collar inside his jacket—a sufficiently heroic proceeding. But he was not going to do things by halves. He buttoned the lowest button of his waistcoat. His disguise was now complete. The world might take him for what it would—it could no longer take him for an Etonian.

As regards evening clothes, my memory is that as a rule we left them at home for use in the holidays. Some of the dignitaries of the school might bring them to Eton, but the drawers of a bureau did not make a good wardrobe for them, and they were very rarely wanted in those barbarian days, when there was not so much as a School Concert, let alone banquets at the tables of magnates in the Cloisters or in College.

What remains to be set down in connection with this branch of the subject is for the most part a list of things we lacked which are now in daily use. And, whatever may be thought about the earlier part of this chapter, there can be no doubt that herein the twentieth century has much the best of it, though in consequence the bills are larger. As regards football, we had neither "knickerbockers" nor "shorts." These last were unknown on the river also. Fives-shoes, boating-shoes, running-shoes, special football-boots, were all to come. Cricket-shoes were by no means universal among dry-bobs. I never owned a pair, though I got so far as to play once or twice in Upper Club. A candidate for the Eleven wore white ducks, a class of raiment singularly ill adapted for its purpose. I can recall a friend, of a somewhat robust build, suddenly summoned to play in a school match, and splitting pair after pair of borrowed or stolen ducks before he could find one in which he had a reasonable chance of remaining during the afternoon. The grey flannels of the present day are a much more rational costume. Except fives-gloves we had no gloves of any kind, nor can I remember wearing a scarf of any sort, much less a spotted cravat for the beagles. In conclusion, while it may be doubtful whether our successors have not a little too much, it is quite certain that we had much too little.

LEAVE

CHAPTER XIV

LEAVE

THE average length of the school-time at Eton is about twelve weeks. It is uncertain at what date the authorities laid down the principle that this was too long a period for a boy to be absent from his home, and therefore it was necessary to arrange—so far as circumstances would allow—for a short home visit in the course of the Half. Circumstances, of course, were prohibitive before the days of railways in all except a very few cases—those boys, to wit, whose homes lay within (say) a twenty-mile radius of Eton. And even railways only extended the radius by a certain number of miles, and any homes which were north of the Trent or west of the Severn were practically inaccessible. Still, even in the fifties, there was an institution called "long leave." It was an absolute rule that no boy—except in case of illness—might be absent from more than one school in the Half. "Long leave," therefore, began after twelve on Saturday and ended at 11 a.m. on Monday, the only school missed being early school on Monday morning. (For the benefit of a later generation, it should be said that in those days there was no 10 o'clock school.) "Long leave" was strictly limited to parents and guardians—a grandmother was sometimes winked at, but an aunt never—and a boy might take his leave any week-end which suited his father and mother. Under this system comparatively few boys went away at all and anything like a general exodus was unheard of. For myself, I never had "long leave," and for years together no leave of any kind, and I don't suppose my case was at all singular.

It is worth while to consider a little more in detail the developments of "long leave" which have taken place, and the arguments which are used to justify its existence. To take the latter first, the arguments in favour of "long leave" in the mouth of a boy are quite simple and honest, and, from his point of view, quite convincing. He likes, most naturally, such a break in his ordinary school-life; he likes seeing his people, he likes a theatre or two, a good dinner, a "long lie," a day's hunting or shooting, or golf, or motoring, and so on; and, if the rules allow him to get all this, he has no wish that they should be altered.

The arguments used by the authorities take higher ground. One of them, which has nowadays almost entirely lost its weight, is that "long leave" is a powerful weapon in a tutor's hands, because, if a boy is sufficiently wicked, his "long leave" can be stopped, and the mere threat of this is enough in most cases to produce an immediate reform. This is a strong argument, but it is in direct conflict with an even stronger one which is really the main support of the system. It is an argument which I do not remember ever hearing from the mouth of a layman, but I am far from saying or thinking that those who use it are not sincerely convinced of its paramount importance. It is to the effect that the frequent renewal of home associations and of direct parental influence in the formation of character is so desirable that, for the purpose of ensuring it, there should be an opportunity of visiting home for a day or two during every school-time. This argument is in conflict with the preceding one, because it is clear that what is desirable for the virtuous is even more essential for the vicious. But it is a very modern argument, and if we go back far enough in the annals of Eton we shall come to a time when one long holiday in the year was considered sufficient, and there was no such thing as "leave" at any season.

Even in the fifties the great majority of the school never slept at home during the half, and I will risk having a familiar quotation from Horace thrown at my head by stating that in our time affection for home and parental influence were quite as active as they are now, even though we saw the one and felt the other at less frequent intervals. But "long leave" in the twentieth century is, at all events from the present Etonian's point of view, a great improvement on what it used to be. In the interests of jaded preceptors and hardworking households it is desirable that the interlude of repose should be as complete and universal as possible. For this purpose one week-end is selected and on that date Eton is evacuated. To attain this end the strict rule about parents and guardians has been of necessity abolished, and "long leave" is granted to a boy enabling him to visit any relation or even a friend, on condition that his parent's written consent is obtained. And there seems to be some unreality about the "parental influence," etc., when it is represented by a bachelor uncle's flat in London or the country house of one's particular pal. The period of "leave" has also been appreciably lengthened, and lasts till Monday evening, but as that Monday is always a whole holiday, it may still be said that absence from only one school is the rule. The boys return, some of them much better, and the great majority none the worse, for their experiences, but a good few are so much unsettled and demoralised that they do not get over it for the rest of the half. Added to this is the not improbable result of an epidemic of measles or mumps breaking out in the school, arising from railway carriages and tram-cars, and taxis, and theatres, and restaurants, and other sources, and the holidays next ensuing may possibly be spent in the cheerful precincts of the Sanatorium. And the upshot is that some are inclined to ask whether the game is worth the candle.

"Short," as distinct from "long," leave existed also in our time, and the present generation may be inclined at first to envy at hearing that the number of "short" leaves was in theory unlimited. But in practice it came to very little, probably one afternoon in the Half, when relations came down to Eton, or it might be a day on the river with one's tutor. In the succeeding decades, as the numbers of the school grew, and the means of locomotion increased, there arose a class of boys who either did not care about games or could not get "picked up"—there were very few cricket-grounds then—and such boys would induce their fond mothers to get leave for them again and again on half or whole holidays, in order that they might go to London or to some neighbouring country house to spend the afternoon. This abuse soon led to a curtailment of opportunities, and "short" leave was cut down to its present dimensions. It never enabled one to miss school—that would have converted it into "long" leave at once. Besides this there was leave to doctor or dentist, which the unscrupulous would make the most of, although nominally bound to return by the first train after the unpleasant visit.

Leave to be present at Ascot races was only granted to those boys whose parents came in person to take them and bring them back. Some adventurous spirits used to set the laws at defiance by shirking "absence" or getting a friend to answer for them, and then running, riding, or driving to and from the racecourse. This, though of course not coming under the head of "leave" at all, was clearly undesirable in the eyes of the authorities. So indeed was "Ascot leave" itself, but for many years after the fifties it was not considered politic to curtail a parent's privilege in the matter. At length the difficulty was ingeniously solved by converting each day of the races into a "play at four." Theoretically a parent may still get leave for his boy to go with him to Ascot, but if he does so the boy will be absent from a school and so will exhaust his "long leave," and no one would think this worth while.

"Lord's leave" as it is now called, can hardly be said to have existed in the fifties for reasons which have already been given in the chapter on cricket. While the matches were played in the first week of the summer holidays the question of leave to be present obviously could not arise, and for some years after the present arrangement began in 1858 the attendance was by no means as general as it has since become. Many wet-bobs did not care to go at all. Many others, not only wet-bobs, went one day only. And "Lord's" in those days did not in the least resemble the luncheon and garden party affair which it has since become. A bench to sit on, a packet of sandwiches, and a pot of beer are all indications of a very different state of things from the present. We are not here discussing the merits or demerits of the change, but only pointing out that there was no system of universal leave in those days for the purpose of seeing the match.

THE AUTHORITIES

CHAPTER XV

THE AUTHORITIES

It is hardly necessary to point out that whatever else may or may not have been changed at Eton in the period which has elapsed between the fifties and the present time, the persons of the Fellows of the College and of the Masters have been changed again and again. And although it is possible and reasonable to compare the rules and customs and work and games of one epoch with those of a later date, and to chronicle growth or decay, improvement or deterioration in such matters, the same method could not with advantage be used for the purpose of comparing the men of one time with their successors of another. As regards, therefore, the chief object of this book, the present chapter has no right to claim a place in it at all. On the other hand, no book which professes to draw a picture, however incomplete, of a time which has passed away can leave out all mention of those who administered the bygone system, and did what in them lay to mould the characters and develop the powers of that generation of Eton boys. There is no need to discuss here whether the system under which they worked was wise and broad and expansive, or foolish and narrow and cramped—anyhow, they tried to do their best with it, and there can be but few among them whose memories are not still recalled with gratitude and affection by some of those who came under their influence or reaped benefit from their teaching.

A few pages may, therefore, be devoted to a brief sketch of some of the more important of the College and School Authorities during the fifties, and if such a sketch should seem to be made up of the lights almost to the exclusion of the shadows, it is only carrying out the true meaning of the adage *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—if you cannot speak well of the dead, say nothing—and the faults which might be found in them, as in all of us, may well be passed over in silence after the lapse of nearly sixty years. At the same time the careers of many of them contain humorous incidents, which we need not scruple to relate or to laugh at, as we do not doubt they would themselves have laughed at them.

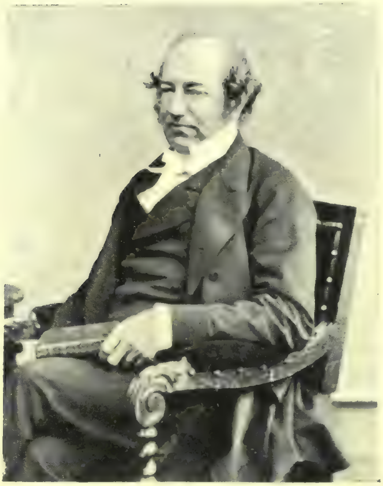
Provost Hawtrey's active career belongs to an earlier time than the fifties, and when the boys of that date knew him he had passed into the position of a dignified, courteous, and hospitable figure-head. There is no question that he had been in many respects a really great and courageous Head Master, and, though he was called a courtier, he was capable of carrying out such an essential reform as the abolition of Montem in the teeth of the Court and of a vast number of old Etonians. It is unnecessary, and it would be very difficult, to add anything to the eloquent and discriminating eulogy of his life and character (by William Cory) which may be found in the pages of Maxwell Lyte. We only saw him as a white-haired old gentleman, gracious and friendly to all Etonians, worthily representing the school to the world outside, and always kind and considerate to those boys whose acquaintance he made because he had known and taught their fathers before them.

Dr. Hawtrey, when Head Master, had a butler and a footman both deserving a word. The former was "Finmore," whose portrait may be seen in Mr. Arthur Coleridge's book. The latter was known as "faithful James." He is said to have derived his adjective thus. It was a customary penalty for delinquents, mostly for the unpunctual, to write their names at 1 p.m. in a book kept in the Head Master's pantry—a process which sadly marred their "after twelve." Finmore would allow one culprit to write down, along with his own name, as many of his friends' names as he liked, thereby rendering their presence unnecessary. "Faithful James" would not let them write more than four or five.

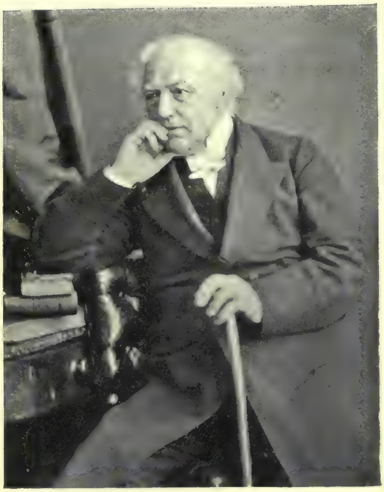
The Rev. George Bethell, Vice-Provost from 1851 to 1856, was even a more shadowy figure than the Provost to the Eton boys of that day. He had become a Fellow in the year 1818, having previously been Shelley's tutor. This fact has secured him immortality, but not of a very desirable kind, for he and his pupil were most uncongenial to each other. Beyond this he had the reputation of favouring reform, even in the days of Provost Goodall, and of being a somewhat indifferent scholar. Two lines, often quoted by Mr. Gladstone, are said to describe his preaching :

> " Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull,
> Big Bursar Bethell bellows like a bull."

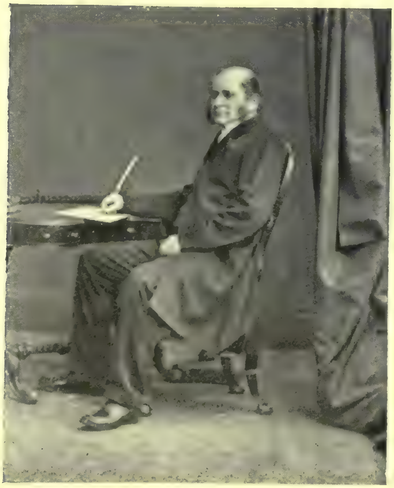
But his bull-like bellowing had ceased in our time. He was succeeded as Vice-Provost by the Rev. Thomas Carter, who had become a Fellow in 1829, and died at a great age in 1868. He was a fine specimen of the old school in appearance, in dress, and in manners. He was a magistrate, and for many years administered justice in a small room on the right at the entrance of Wise's Yard, now thrown into the adjoining house. There are some among us still who can recall kindnesses received from him, but he was already over eighty when we knew him.



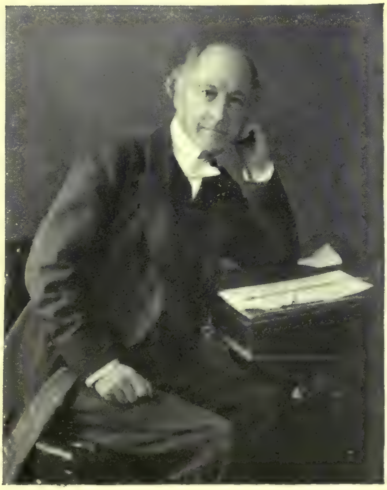
DR. GOODFORD.



REV. E. COLERIDGE.



REV. W. A. CARTER.



DR. BALSTON.

Resembling him in many ways was the Rev. John Francis Plumptre, who became a Fellow in 1822 and held his Fellowship till 1864. The post seems in many cases to have conduced to longevity. He had been a fine scholar and was full of humour, conscious and unconscious, and several amusing stories about him may be found in Coleridge's *Eton in the Forties*, mostly connected with his sermons in Chapel.

The three remaining Fellows were the Rev. G. R. Green, the Rev. G. J. Dupuis, and the Rev. John Wilder. The first of these was a kindly, deaf old gentleman, who has been already mentioned as Rector of Everdon. He died in 1860. The Rev. G. J. Dupuis held his Fellowship from 1838 to 1884, and as Bursar, and afterwards as Vice-Provost, was an important and influential member of the College. Mr. Wilder, who succeeded him as Vice-Provost, held his Fellowship for fifty-two years, and by his liberality has earned an honourable place among the "Benefactors" of the College, commemorated on Founder's Day.

It was not a bad thing for us in those days to have before our eyes specimens of peaceful and honoured old age in the persons of the Provost and Fellows of Eton. But we come now to another class whose smiles or frowns affected much more closely the daily life of an Eton boy in the fifties.

The Rev. Charles Old Goodford became an

Assistant Master in 1835, being among the earliest of those appointed by Dr. Hawtrey. He succeeded him as Head Master in 1853 and as Provost in 1861. He died in 1884. No Eton Head Master ever did his duty more conscientiously, or advertised himself less. He was an excellent scholar, and, though not an inspiring teacher in his division, was very far from being merely a grumpy and dusty pedant—an impression of his character which might easily be derived from some memoirs written by old Etonians, including some very recent ones. He had a good deal of humour, quite genuine, even if somewhat dry. He had two nicknames, "Goody" and "Cogger," derived, as is obvious, from his surname and his initials. He was of a homely appearance, which he could afford to laugh at. Asked one day by a friend about his chance of succeeding to the Provostship, "What," he said, "do you think me ugly enough?" His predecessor, as many portraits show, was no Adonis. He was a just and reasonable man, with perfect control of his temper, and he maintained good discipline among the boys, while, as a previous chapter shows, he knew how and when to enlarge the bounds of liberty. Such stories as are told about him generally put him in a kindly light, as one able to appreciate a jest. It was an occasional custom in the Head's division to set a subject for a Latin epigram. Once he gave, as a subject, *periturae parcere chartae.* A member of Sixth Form, who had been his pupil when he was an Assistant, procured a tiny scrap of paper, wrote rather impudently — *Parco equidem chartae — tu, Bone, parce mihi*, and showed it up the next morning. Goodford was ready for him, and replied, "*Parco equidem, quamquam stulta est clementia, parco,*" which showed at least that he knew his Juvenal familiarly.

It was a habit of the Head Master, armed with a glass-shaded candlestick, to visit College at any time in the evening and see the boys in their rooms. On one occasion he had finished his round and was walking slowly along the passage towards the door of exit. A small boy in noiseless slippers danced behind him, making time-honoured signs of derision with his fingers and his nose. Goodford took no notice till he reached the door. Then he turned round and said, "You must have forgotten the shadow on the wall"; but he took no further revenge.

On another occasion he came into College at an unusually early hour, and without pause walked straight to the end of the lower passage and opened the door of the last room of all. There, as he no doubt knew beforehand, but how is a mystery, he found four dignified Collegers enjoying a quiet rubber of whist. He contented himself with confiscating the cards, writing on one of them the names of the delinquents and pinning it up in his " Chambers." They were objects of ridicule to their tutors for some time afterwards.

College Prayers in the evening were held in the Lower School, and were generally conducted by the Head Master. One evening he noticed a stool in a somewhat groggy and broken condition. He demanded to know who had broken it. We all denied it. " It must have been one of you," he argued, " the room has been locked since school, and no one has a key except the Provost and myself. Do you suppose the Provost has done it ? " We admitted that it was improbable, but not more so than that any Colleger should be guilty in the face of their denial. The case was adjourned to the next evening, and then resumed after Prayers. A large sheet of paper was offered to the Head Master containing a protestation of innocence signed by every Colleger. The first signature was that of the late Provost of King's, then Captain of the School, but the largest autograph was that of the Head Master's own son. He was too wily to take it into his hand—which is the reason why it is still in my possession—but he was ready to compromise the matter on the understanding that we would pay for the repair of the damage. We held out. Why, if innocent, should we pay ? Then the Head, perhaps intentionally, gave himself away. " Well, then," he said, " I'll pay it—I'll save you your halfpenny each." A friend of mine, whose name ought to have been John Hampden, had the presence of mind to answer—" It's not the money, sir; it's the principle." "*Solvuntur risu tabulae.*"

These are trivial anecdotes, but they illustrate the point we are considering, and furnish good reasons why Etonians in the fifties liked and respected their Head Master. Though a sensible and not uninteresting preacher, he was no orator, either in or out of the pulpit, and I cannot recall any set harangues which he made to the school. It may perhaps be put down to his credit that there was no need for them in his time. He was very hospitable, and his breakfasts, if rather alarming, were evidence of a friendly spirit. The story is told of him—and probably of other Head Masters—that he has been known on St. Andrew's Day to " swish " a boy, for good and sufficient cause, at 8.30, and to welcome him to his table at 9, and receive from him the badge of Scotland, both parties mutually ignoring their previous meeting.

He was a good horseman, and in other ways had many of the tastes of a country gentleman which he could indulge in the holidays at his home near Yeovil. He became Provost at a time when changes were in the air, and he did not love changes. But such things, as is written on his tablet in Chapel, "*patienter tulit,*" and that was his general attitude towards much which he did not approve but could not resist. He left the school better than he found it, and so rendered the task of his successors easier, and their reforms more effective.

The Lower Master, during the first three years of Dr. Goodford's Headmastership, was the Rev. Edward Coleridge. He presided in the Lower School, and consequently, as far as teaching was concerned, the great majority of the school, in our time, did not come across him. He occupied "Keate House," at the bottom of Keate's Lane, and had married Keate's daughter. He had a full house and a full pupil-room, including many who reached distinction at school and afterwards. He was, as we knew him when a Fellow from 1857 to 1882, a strikingly handsome and stately old man. He had been a Master through part of Keate's and all of Hawtrey's time, and it is believed that he was much disappointed at not succeeding to the Headmastership when the latter became Provost. A most efficient tutor, he had found time, in addition to his Eton work, to gain a very influential position in the Church of England, especially in matters connected with missionary effort in New Zealand and elsewhere. He was a good preacher, though in his latter years his voice became very husky, and he bore with dignity and credit a name which is rarely without a representative at Eton.

The day in the Summer Half of 1856, on which Mr. Coleridge was elected to a vacant Fellowship, I have always regarded as one of the happiest in my life. The reason will not be immediately apparent, but a short explanation will make it so. There was an examination in those days invented for the sole purpose of torturing Collegers, known by the name of "Intermediates," because it came mid-way in their career between the Entrance Examination and that for gaining a King's Scholarship. This Examination was conducted by the Lower Master for the time being, and, to secure absolute impartiality on his part, he had to give up his own Colleger pupils, lest he should be tempted to show favour to them. Mr. Coleridge, on becoming a Fellow, vacated the Lower Mastership. It was practically certain that my tutor, the Rev. William Adolphus Carter, would succeed him in that office, and I with several others would be handed over as pupils to another master. And it was this prospect of release which gladdened my heart that summer day. My tutor was not an unjust man nor intentionally cruel. But he ruled by terror; he was strict to a degree calculated to break a small boy's spirit, and his manner in pupil-room lacked all sympathy and geniality. It was generally believed in those days that several boys with a fair prospect of reaching the Sixth Form prevailed on their parents to remove them from Eton rather than face a half or more in Carter's division, the next to the Head Master's. If such was the case with boys high up in the school, small wonder that his younger pupils passed their lives in a perpetual funk.

An instance may be given. Every Tuesday evening you took your verses to pupil-room to be looked over. Carter sat at his desk with a victim by his side and a heap of copies before him. You put your copy at the bottom of the heap, and sat down to wait the moment when it reached the top. An old friend of mine, who afterwards as a Radical M.P. feared neither the Whip nor the Speaker, had brought his verses as usual. They had nearly come to the surface and the time of his ordeal was at hand. My tutor was summoned out of pupil-room for a moment. Without hesitation my friend rushed to the desk and once more returned his copy to the bottom of the heap. It was entirely useless as far as the ultimate result was concerned, for he would have to present himself after 12 the next day to be looked over—but he could not resist the offer of a short reprieve, though he knew it was not a remission of his sentence.

Here, again, is a sample of his strictness. We were construing our Horace with him, and we all knew the lesson. But there was a reference to Juvenal in Orelli's notes which we had none of us looked out—probably we none of us owned a Juvenal—certainly we were quite unaware of our duty in the matter. He set us all to write out the tenth Satire (367 lines)—a simply monstrous penalty for what was really no offence at all.

It would be unfair, however, to leave the impression that he could never doff his "parade" manner and was always breathing out threatenings and slaughter. Out of school he was different—friendly and hearty—with an infectious laugh—and honestly able to enjoy a joke—generous and liberal also in many ways. But perhaps the wisest act he did in his life was to marry his wife, who was one of the best of women, with an atmosphere of kindliness and gentleness about her, which only the most ungrateful could forget.

I should like also to record that my tutor and I were good friends for many years after, when he was a Fellow and I a Master, and the only Archbishop—so far—among my former pupils is his son.

Between the two Masters last mentioned came the Rev. William Gifford Cookesley, who took the Second Division before Mr. Carter. But, as he left Eton in 1854, one who came to the school in 1853 naturally can know very little about him from personal experience. He was a good scholar, good enough to edit *Pindar*, and, by the testimony of one who was "up" to him, a stimulating teacher; but, on the same evidence, eccentric—"so much so that we boys applied to him the monosyllable 'mad.'" He was in the habit of dining "after four," and found it something of a struggle to leave his glass of port and go into school at 5.15. His division would assemble and wait for him just outside the Head Master's door, making more noise than was convenient for the division within. Hawtrey would endure it until the clock struck 5.30 and then, courteously avoiding the least hurt to his colleague's feelings, would say to his praepostor, "Go and tell Mr. Cookesley, with my compliments, it has struck the quarter."

A friend writes:

> "Cookesley had a habit, as soon as 12 o'clock struck, or whatever was the hour of school ending, of shutting up his book and marching out *in front* of his division. One day N. M. threw a stone at him. Cookesley called him to him, and asked what he meant by it. M. said he didn't throw at him. Cookesley replied, 'How can you be such a consummate ass as to think me such a confounded fool as to believe that? If you had hit me, I would have said nothing. You will be flogged'—and he was."

Two of those who profited by Cookesley's teaching deserve commemoration. The first was Mr. Disraeli, who is said to have sat at his feet for the purpose of learning the language and customs of Eton when he was writing *Coningsby.* The tutor was most successful, for very few mistakes can be found in the book to show that the author was not an Etonian. The other pupil was that benefactor of old and young, the late Editor of *Punch,* Sir Francis Cowley Burnand, who, we believe, began his career as dramatic author and actor in the house at the end of the "Long Walk."

Next in order is the Rev. Francis Edward Durnford, whose career as Master and Fellow lasted from 1839 to 1880. He was nicknamed "Judy," not on account of his features, but of his somewhat high-pitched voice, which was thought to resemble that of Mrs. Punch in the immortal drama. He succeeded Mr. Carter as Lower Master in 1864, and at the same time moved to the house which in those days fell almost by prescriptive right to the Lower Master for the time being. It is the house situated at the entrance of the passage leading to the Eton Wick Road, which passage had in consequence borne the names of successive Lower Masters (*e.g.* Okes's Passage—Carter's Passage). On this occasion it was christened "Judy's Passage," and that will in future be its permanent name, recognised alike by mapmakers and municipal authorities.

Mr. Durnford was a fair but not a profound scholar; on the other hand, no more conscientious and painstaking tutor and house-master ever worked among us. He was not a rich man, except in children, and he was very popular with parents—and both these circumstances led to his having more pupils than he could manage without overworking himself. At one time he had more than seventy, and it was believed that, in order to get his "verses" looked over, he never went to bed at all on Wednesday nights. No one can do this sort of thing with impunity, and it is quite enough to account for some irritability of temper, and to have led ultimately to a breakdown of health when he had succeeded to a Fellowship and might have fairly anticipated a mellow old age of well-earned repose. But he only held his Fellowship for three years, and died in 1880, at the age of sixty-four, an early age compared with that of his elder brother, the Bishop of Chichester, who lived to keep his ninety-second birthday.

Here follow a few anecdotes of him which an old pupil has sent me:

"To me my Tutor seemed the ideal of what one would wish for in an Eton Master. He was always a gentleman; he never took a mean advantage; no doubt he had his favourites, *quorum pars minima fui*, but I do not think he ever let his personal prejudices run away with his sense of justice: his favouritism chiefly showed itself in protection from the birch, which other masters thought ought to

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have been applied. Above all, he had the saving sense of humour, and he had a way of making 'the punishment fit the crime,' which would most certainly have appealed to Sir William Gilbert, *e.g.* a boy whose room looked out over pupil-room, by a happy inspiration, for the delectation of the fourth form boys then occupying it, attached his water-jug (N.B.—It was not his water-jug) to a long string and proceeded to swing it slowly backwards and forwards in front of the pupil-room windows. Each time it passed tutor and pupils looked up to see what it was, the former puzzled, the latter delighted at the interlude; but, alas! 'the ewer went once too often to the well.' It swung up against a buttress and was shivered into fragments. My tutor flies out of pupil-room, sees the handle of the jug being speedily hauled up to a particular room, rushes upstairs six steps at a time, finds the boy with the string and the handle (all that was left of the jug), and as a punishment gives the culprit the *Life of Damocles* to write out.

"It was he who first explained to me why the funnybone was so named, 'as bordering on the humerus'—no doubt a chestnut even in the sixties; but still, a joke from 'my tutor' was always precious.

"When roused he could be very angry—on one occasion Fourth Form were making a noise in pupil-room—my tutor had important business in his study; at last he could stand the riot no longer, rushed into pupil-room, where on one side of the desk were the fifth form verses, on the other the fourth form exercises, waiting correction; blinded by his fury, he tore over all the fifth form verses by mistake.

"He was old-fashioned, and was really quite angry because one of the more progressive masters set 'Gray's Elegy' as a subject to be learned for 'Collections.'

"Another story—this time of my uncle. He was always a bit of a 'sea lawyer,' and would argue a point to the bitter end, which, when the argument is between a master and a boy, always ends badly for the latter. As a new boy, having been told to come to pupil-room 'after twelve,' he turned up at one p.m., and argued that, as 1 o'clock was after 12, he had obeyed orders. My tutor at once complained of him, which was always a grievance with my uncle. Here is an extract from one of his letters on another occasion, which tells its own tale: 'Yes, I was swished yesterday; but, if my tutor says the butter was not bad, he lies in his throat'—another instance of the folly of argument from the boy's point of view."

The next on the list is the Rev. Edward Balston, born in 1817, Assistant Master from 1840 to 1860, Fellow till 1862, Head Master till 1868, and Fellow again till 1891, a man who did not know what it was to have an enemy. He was of a fine, upstanding presence, with noble features and a friendly smile. "Dr. Balston! the handsomest ecclesiastic in my dominions," is a remark with which Queen Victoria is credited. He was a good scholar and composer in Latin and Greek, and an excellent division master, ruling his flock with a firmness that was always kindly and considerate. When in the year 1894 Father Thames drove the school into exile, I met at Brancaster and had a long talk with an old pupil of Balston, whom I had never seen before. It was a one-sided talk, as it consisted principally of assertions on his part that it was out of the question that any tutor in modern times had so well earned and so lavishly received the love and loyalty of his pupils as Balston in the fifties. And I gathered that this was more for what he was than for what he did. He had little humour—he never gained a nickname—and there are few anecdotes told about him. But there are many who cherish little trifles which recall him, such as the habitual "You sir," with which he accosted good and bad alike. With courage, but with reluctance, he left the Cloisters to become Head Master in 1862, a time big with the fate of Eton, when the Public Schools Commission was engaged on its inquiry but had not yet issued its Report. He ruled the school well till 1868, and then gladly left the carrying out of reforms which he did not love, in other hands. But he had still many years of useful service to Eton and to the Church of England before him, and, coming into the diocese of his old friend, George Selwyn, then Bishop of Lichfield, as Rector of Bakewell, and Archdeacon of Derby, he made new friends who learned to value his graces and his character as much as the old.

I am permitted to subjoin some extracts from a notice written by one of his former pupils.

" 'Always remember you are not a gentleman,' was his father's parting injunction, when Edward Balston left home to enter Eton. 'I never could make out what he meant,' was my tutor's comment. No one who knew him ever suggested that in manner or in heart he was anything else. At Eton he was the pupil of Edward Coleridge. Among his contemporaries was Rowland (generally known as Taffy) Williams, best known as one of the authors of *Essays and Reviews,* who was gifted with 'a talent for contradiction almost amounting to genius.' Excuse may be made for the eccentricity and asperity of his manner on the ground that his head was actually cracked by an accident in 'Long Chamber.' One evening, when he was being tossed in a blanket, one of the operators failed to lift his corner of the rug in time with the rest; the consequence was that, when Williams descended from the ceiling, he fell with his head against the edge of one of the old oak bedsteads and was literally scalped.

"In 1840 Balston returned to Eton as an Assistant Master under Hawtrey. George Augustus Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of New Zealand, was then at Eton as a private tutor. He and Balston became close friends, and, when he went out to the Antipodes, Balston was one of those who started the New Zealand Fund, and acted as Secretary.

"Balston's pupils have, on the altar-tomb erected to his memory in the College Chapel, commemorated his '*paternam erga se benignitatem*,' and indeed he stood *in loco parentis* to every one of them. Like other successful masters, he always trusted his pupils, and perhaps some took advantage of his confidence. The late proprietor of *Truth*, who never pretended to a monopoly of that virtue, transgressed a general prohibition against catapults and was caught *flagrante delicto*.

"'Labouchere, you sir, you have been using a catapult.'

"'No sir, I've not; I'd take my oath of it.'

"'Labouchere, you sir, you are a very naughty boy. You've not only told me a lie, but you've taken your oath to it.'

"'No sir,' was the unabashed reply, 'I did not take my oath to it. I only said I would.'

"In 1862 he reluctantly became Head Master for five years, but to the administration of the school he devoted himself with his whole heart. 'I feel,' he said, 'the pulse of the school. I know every boy: if a boy applies for leave he has to come to me; I can tell whether any boy is going on well or not.'"

The memory of the Rev. John Eyre Yonge, better known perhaps as "Johnny Yonge," will long be preserved by the trifling circumstance that he has given the latter name to a stroke in the game of fives, which others, when they make it, ascribe to luck, but which he is said to have claimed as the result of nice calculation. He came as a Master in 1840 and held office for thirty-five years. He was a short, dry, wizened man, as his portrait—it is hardly a caricature—in the College Prayer-room shows. But he could hold his own in athletic matters, and I can recall a brilliant catch at point which he made in "John Hawtrey's field." He was a good scholar, and edited Horace well, though his edition has long since been superseded. His division was, I fear, looked on as a place of repose, which he did not do much to break, and the subjects which he propounded for "Theme" or "Verses" were not enlivening, especially for those who had just quitted the stimulating influence of the colleague whose name comes next in order.

This was William Johnson (who afterwards took the name of "Cory"), who was a master from 1845 to 1872. He was a man of genius, and has written poetry which one can hardly think will ever cease to be reckoned among the treasures of English literature. As a scholar he was quite first-rate, but he was very far from being only a scholar. He was deeply read in history, ancient and modern. He knew all that there was to know about political economy. And in his views on education and the training of the mind he was far in advance of those who were his colleagues at Eton. He was a most inspiring teacher, and there are many who look upon his intellectual influence as the most powerful force in their lives at school. Being very short-sighted, he might have had difficulty in maintaining discipline, but he held the attention of his division by sheer interest in what he had to tell them. Withal he had some of the eccentricities which so often accompany genius, and he probably found the task of drilling dunces a very tedious one. Of course he ought never to have been called upon to do this drudgery at all, as it was a wicked waste of such powers as his; but at Eton in the fifties razors would be used to cut blocks, and there was no way of rising except by seniority. He was full of wit and wisdom, and his colleagues one and all valued his sage, epigrammatic, and fascinating talk. As a boy, except when in his division, I saw little of him, but I got to know him better when I returned as a master, and I can recall a visit to Paris with him, and, better still, many walks in the Playing-fields, in summer nights after the boys were in bed, when he would pour out the riches of his mind for my benefit and discourse on all subjects in heaven and earth. His presence in the school was also a valuable tonic for tutors, as it would not do to send ill-corrected exercises and slovenly verses to meet the focus of his spectacles, and one was sure to hear of it from him if any undue liberties had been taken with the Latin tongue or any gross blunder of a pupil left unnoticed.

The rooms which are now occupied by the "Eton Society" were formerly Johnson's study and pupil-room, opening into each other and practically forming one room. He would sit in the inner compartment and maintain such order as was possible for a blind man among those in the outer. He was very particular about the use of the door-mat, and if (say) a Duchess ventured to intrude on him, while work was going on, she would be greeted, on opening the door, with a shout of "Shoes, Shoes" and would have to take the hint. If the sound of drums and fifes was heard in the street outside, he would exclaim, "Brats, the British Army!" and would join a general stampede to see the soldiers go by.

N. G. L. says of him:

"He was a very remarkable man, and to those who could really appreciate him a most inspiring teacher. He travelled in many directions outside the narrow curriculum of those days, especially in the direction of history and literature. He was fond of springing surprise questions on us, and often rewarded a correct answer with a new fives ball or a bundle of cedar-wood matches. He hammered knowledge into some very unreceptive brains by constant repetition. I have never forgotten the dates of

Cyrus and Alexander the Great, which were the only historical facts which even he could get into a certain pupil's very dull head, and which he called for on most days. But he was very eccentric, and his eccentricity took many forms. When a pupil of his got the Newcastle I remember his sacrificing a new hat—he and his boys kicked it to pieces outside pupil-room. At one time he and the Rev. Russell Day occupied two adjoining rooms in the school-yard, and one morning there was the usual row going on outside while a 'saying lesson' was going on inside. Johnson hurled the massive door-key lying on his desk at what he thought was a boy coming in, but it turned out to be Day, who was late for school, and got the key on his shoulder. He came in and complained to Johnson that one of his division had committed this outrage, and Johnson, in some confusion, said he would see to it. He was a conspicuous person at the Harrow match, with a huge Eton blue tie, and surrounded by empty pint-pots from which his friends had quenched their thirst at his expense. He married somewhat late in life, and had a son whom he christened Andrew, because 'no Monarch or Pope had borne that name.' For all this he was a great man, with great ideas, and his influence was very widely felt."

Another old friend tells me:

"He used not to have 'Sunday Private' on Quinquagesima Sunday, so as to avoid the chance of 'any breach of charity'—and on the

'Purification' a white and red camellia used to stand 'for Mary and Joseph' on his table."

A very different kind of man was the Rev. James Leigh Joynes, sometimes profanely spoken of as "Jimmy Joynes." His short and not very elegant figure is fairly recalled by the portrait which appeared in *Vanity Fair*, though it is marred by the conventional birch in his hand, that invariable weapon which artists, who draw schoolmasters, rarely bring themselves to omit. He was a good scholar and a good disciplinarian, but his intellectual and literary range was limited, and, though he was kind and sympathetic with the boys, he did not make much attempt to adapt himself to their various natures and dispositions. Swinburne was his pupil, and boarded in his house—an awkward duckling for such a hen. As a preacher Joynes held a high place at Eton. He had a fine voice which he could use admirably; he could write rhythmical and stately English; his evangelical views and his direct, courageous, emotional language were both well suited to a youthful congregation.

He had considerable power of crushing a boy who seemed to need it, but his methods were often more amusing to the listeners than fair to the victim. He was a little hard on an old pupil who said to him after Chapel, "I came down, sir, on purpose to hear you preach," with the reply, "I hoped you had come to worship Almighty God." A story is told of his treatment of a small round boy named Combe, who was misbehaving in his division—"C-o-o-o-o-mbe" (with a long intentional drawl) "go and stand in the corner, Co-o-o-o-mbe. Now if I were to talk like this to one of these fine big fellows, he would say, 'Jynes, Jynes, who's Jynes?'—but as it's only Co-o-o-o-mbe, go and stand in the corner, Co-o-o-o-mbe." Again he would, without any alteration of voice, interpolate remarks to the unruly in the midst of his classical teaching, *e.g.*: "Hannibal was now approaching the foot of the Alps—I'm a looking at ye, Parker—when the mountain tribes assembled—write out and translate the lesson, Parker—for the purpose of, etc." Out of school he was always pleasant and friendly—a good athlete with a past reputation at the "Wall," and a still flourishing renown as one of the very best fives-players whom Eton has known.

The Rev. Wharton Booth Marriott (1850–1860) was prevented by ill-health from fulfilling the promise of his career as a master. He was a fine-looking and amiable man—a very fair scholar and an authority on matters ecclesiastical and ecclesiological. He had at one time a flourishing house and a full pupil-room which included the future Head Master and Provost, Edmond Warre. He himself had been a Colleger, a member of the Eleven in 1842, a Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and a Fellow of Exeter. In 1860 he was compelled by illness to give up his work in school; but he continued, as a "dame," to keep his house—the "Hop Garden" in which he had succeeded Dr. Goodford in 1853—until his death in 1871.

The Rev. Charles Wolley (better known as Wolley-Dod) occupied the tallest and ugliest house in Eton from 1851 to 1878. In every sense he loomed large in the eyes of Eton boys, and a sketch of his house and of himself has already been given in Chapter IV of this book.

A contrast to him physically was the Rev. Russell Day (1851–1874) whose short stature procured him the name of "Parva Dies," a name which the greatest dunce in the school might have been capable of inventing. The Newcastle Scholarship at Eton and the Craven at Cambridge bore witness to his quality as a scholar, and, while his health allowed, he was a good horseman and a vigorous athlete in many ways. He was a master with whom no one could take any liberties, and at no period did he find any difficulty in keeping order, but towards the latter part of his time he was hardly ever out of pain, which was bound to tell somewhat both on his work and his temper. He was a witty man, and his wit showed itself in his teaching as well as in his talk. On the other hand, he was not very sympathetic with boys, and could torment them sometimes for his own amusement. Thus, to a delinquent, "Write out your Homer lesson"—the victim turns to go—"and translate it"—he moves a little way—"twice"—a few more steps—"with accents"—a few more—"and stops"—he reaches the door—"before lock-up"—he escapes at last.

It was said that once, when suffering from gout, he began to an offender, "I have a great mind to complain of you"—a twinge and a groan—"in fact, I think I will complain of you"—another twinge and groan—"yes, I will complain of you."

The Rev. Augustus Frederick Birch held his mastership and his house for a comparatively short time, from 1852 to 1864. I can write next to nothing about him from personal knowledge, but a former pupil tells me: "He was a man of great refinement and culture, a just tutor and a good friend. His views on education were of the old order—Latin verses above all and very little else. He told me that he considered Warre's appointment as Head Master to be a great misfortune, because Warre never could write a decent copy of verses." (This defect on Warre's part would not be generally admitted, and, even if admitted, was more than compensated by other qualities and attainments of far greater importance). My informant goes on: "A. F. B. was dignified and generous in the wide sense of the word, and, when he died, I felt I had lost a very dear friend, and one to whom I often looked for advice and assistance."

There were other classical masters in the fifties, but their careers really belong to the decades which follow, and in many ways they represent the modern spirit in contrast with the old school. Moreover, as some of them are still flourishing, though no longer as masters, the time to sketch their characters has, fortunately, not yet arrived. The Mathematical Masters, though of various degrees of efficiency, did not, either individually or as a body, leave much mark on the school at this time, and so may be passed over in silence. But to this rule there is one eminent exception—the Rev. Edward Hale. He came from Cambridge as Assistant to Stephen Hawtrey in 1850 and he died in harness in 1894, thereby almost, if not quite, establishing a "record" for long service. For many years he had been one of the best known and best beloved masters in the school, popular alike with young and old, boys and colleagues. A slight difference in the colour of his hair and of his whiskers had procured him, at an early date in his career, the nickname of "Badger," which soon became "Old Badger," and passed into a term of endearment, losing even the slightest flavour of mockery. He was the most genial and sociable of men. He was

REV. C. WOLLEY.

REV. R. DAY.

REV. S. HAWTREY.

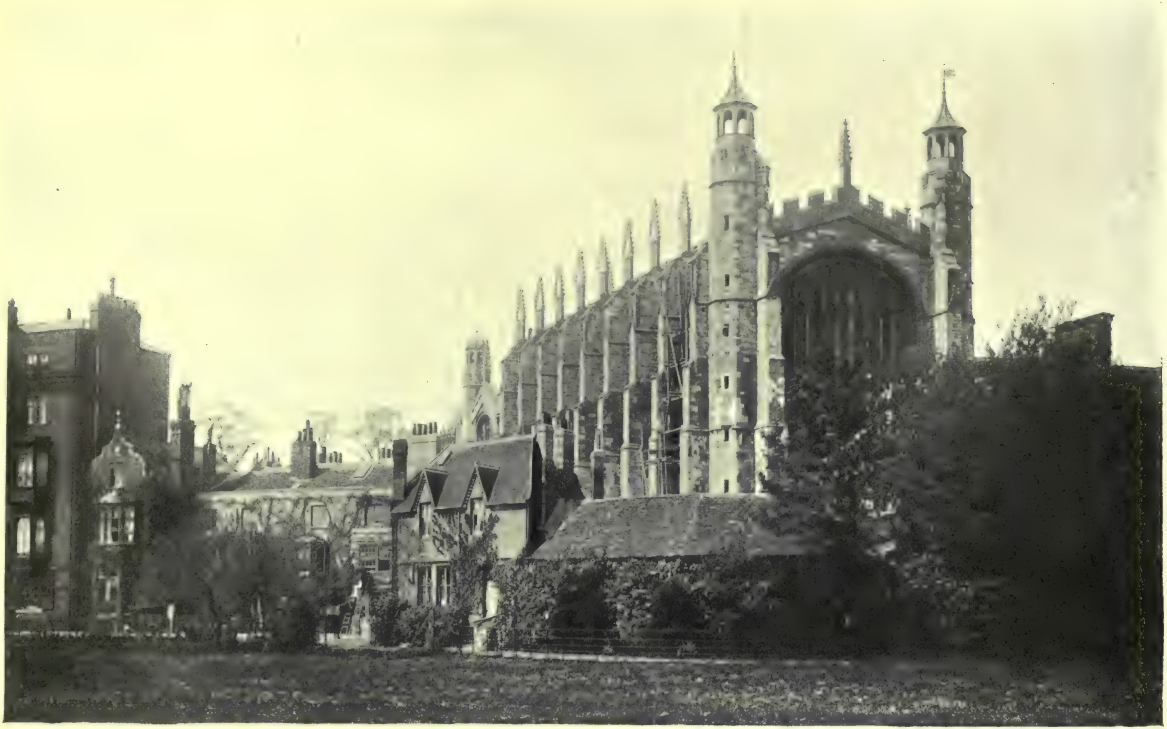
REV. E. HALE.

more conspicuous for versatility than for depth of knowledge on any one subject, and in the course of his mastership he taught Mathematics, Natural Science, and Modern History. Besides this, he had a considerable fund of general information, he was a keen politician, and a sensible, if not very eloquent preacher. In 1866 he became the tenant of "Jourdelay's Place," which had been considerably enlarged, and there for nearly thirty years he presided over a full and flourishing house. His long tenure of office and the variety of subjects which he taught probably made him better known to a larger number in each successive generation of Etonians than was the case with any other master of his time.

The reader will probably have noticed, in the above sketches, one distinct point of contrast between the past and the present. With one exception all those mentioned were clergymen. One reason for this was doubtless the fact that only clergymen could become Fellows or hold College livings, and therefore the position carried with it a prospect of a handsome retiring pension. But there can be no doubt that in those days the office of schoolmaster was almost entirely in clerical hands, and in the twentieth century it has almost entirely ceased to be so. The change began, somewhat abruptly, in 1860, and from that date the great majority of the staff have been laymen. It would be quite out of place here to discuss the relative advantages or disadvantages of the two systems: it is sufficient to call attention to the fact.

There was a large number of "Extra" masters in the fifties who had no disciplinary authority, and were paid by fees outside ordinary school payments. Among them were teachers of French, German, Italian, Hebrew, and Drawing. Besides these, Fencing was taught by H. Angelo, Dancing by M. Venua, Oriental Languages by Burckhardt Barker, and there was a "Military Instructor," Major Griffiths, R.F.P., R.A., who held office from 1856 to 1861, but does not appear in earlier or later lists.

There were eight Dames' House at this time. Three of them were presided over by Mr. W. Evans, Mr. H. T. Stevens, and the Rev. F. Vidal, which led to the jest of "applying for a man-damus" on behalf of a new boy. Mr. Evans's house still bears his name—Mr. Stevens' has now becomes "Westons," and has ceased to be a boarding-house. Mr. Vidal's was "The Old Christopher." The house at the end of Barne's Pool Terrace (which was burnt down in 1903) was held by the Baroness de Rosen, an English lady married to a Russian Baron, from 1846 to 1875. It then became a masters' house. Similarly the small house which was pulled down to make room for the Memorial Buildings was held from 1852 to 1873 by Mrs. Drury, her son and her daughter. After



DE ROSEN'S, THE DAME'S HOUSE WHICH WAS BURNT DOWN IN 1903.

this date it passed through the hands of no less than thirteen masters before it ceased to be a boarding-house in 1899. This house won the House Football Cup in 1868 with twelve inmates, eleven to play and one to applaud. Miss Edgar held her house from 1847 to 1869, having succeeded to Miss Angelo, whence the house gets its present name. In 1869 it became a masters' house. Similarly, the house still called "Gulliver's" was held by two ladies of that name from 1851 to 1873, and between that date and 1907 has been occupied successively by eighteen masters. "Jourdelay's Place" was held by Miss Voysey from 1854 to 1864, and was then vacant for two years, during which it was practically rebuilt, and in 1866 was taken by the Rev. E. Hale. The total number of Dames' houses seems small at first sight when compared with Tutors', but the discrepancy was not very great in those days, and matches at football or races on the river between the two classes were by no means invariably decided in favour of the latter.

One more vanished custom may be mentioned. Dames had theoretically no power of enforcing discipline. To each Dame's house one of the younger masters was attached, and it was his duty to investigate matters brought before him by the Dame, and to set punishments when necessary. He was expected to visit the house occasionally and in particular to read prayers there on Sunday morning. Even when the "Dame" was a man there was a master in charge, and naturally the arrangement was capable of producing friction; but on the whole it worked fairly well. It died out gradually, as did the Dames, but in some cases, *e.g.* Evans's, it had ceased to exist long before the house was broken up on the death of Miss Jane Evans.

WELL-KNOWN FIGURES AT ETON

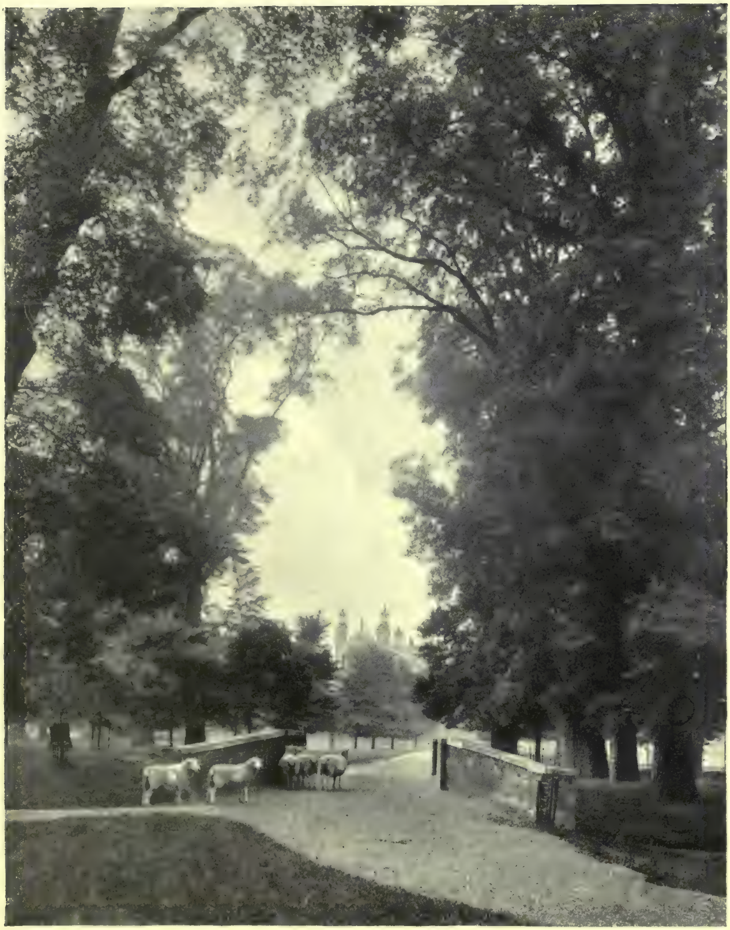
CHAPTER XVI

WELL-KNOWN FIGURES AT ETON

A COMPARISON between the fifties and the present time is obviously not called for in this matter—it is sufficient to say that, in the quality of those who in various capacities minister to the wants of the boys, Eton has never been more fortunate than she finds herself to-day. The fact is that Eton, like most other public schools, has for a long time past been served by a succession of excellent N.C.O.s (if one may borrow the term), not only in military matters, but in civil life. They have been, almost without exception, men of high character and good temper, often endowed with a saving sense of humour, and able to get on with, and to make friends of, the somewhat unreasonable crew whom they are called upon to serve. In some ways they were a rougher lot in the fifties, but in this they only matched the rougher conditions of life generally which then prevailed. The names of some of them are likely to live long in the traditions of the school, and, in a book of this sort, a brief mention of them could hardly be omitted, although naturally the chief interest of this chapter will be for the contemporaries of the writer, the men of a long since bygone generation.

First, "as in private duty bound," I must say a few words about some of those who had to look after the comfort and well-being of the Collegers. The College butler, "Charlie Vaughan," was a fine big man, civil and good-natured towards all of us, and making us welcome to the Buttery where he ruled. The under-butler—Alfred Holderness—built on a smaller scale altogether—was better known to the school at large because he combined with his butlering the duties of verger in Chapel, and in virtue thereof was, of course, called "the Holy Poker." A non-Etonian, who, however, knew Eton very well, asked him once for a stall in Chapel, and reported his answer: "How can I attend to you, sir, when I have seven hundred boys to seat?"—a reply which suggests the pleasing picture of Smith minor being escorted to his place on the "knife-board" by a dignified usher with a silver wand in his hand.

Next come the cooks—the head cook, Whitfield and his subordinate, Westbrook, the latter with a deserved reputation for browning mashed potatoes—and the lowest of the three, Wagstaff, who, like Cleopatra and Count Nesselrode, has



SHEEPS BRIDGE, SHOWING TREES WHICH NOW BLOCK THE VIEW, AND OTHERS WHICH HAVE RECENTLY FALLEN.

given his name to a pudding, or at all events to part of a pudding.

Then there were the attendants in New Buildings—"Shurley," who was a kind of male chambermaid, and looked after the rooms generally, assisted by his niece, of whom, in an ill-inspired moment, he said to some big Colleger that "she was no common servant," and thenceforward she was known as "the Uncommon"—an adhesive name. There was also "George Dew," a worthy man who presided over boots, as well as teapots and kettles in the various tea-rooms. Lastly, there was "Harry Atkins," the College Porter at the entrance of the School-yard, but better known to the school at large as the attendant at "Poets' Walk," whose duty it was to sing out to the cricketers in Upper Club at the top of his voice, "Water boils," and to carry out the reply: "Make tea."

The two professional bowlers in Upper Club—Martingell and Bell—have already been mentioned in a former chapter. The former of these was a member of the "United All England Eleven" and a cricketer of high class in his day. He passed the latter part of his life at Eton, and was a familiar figure in the place long after he had ceased to take part in the game.

If we now turn to the class of those who were known by the general name of "sock cads," there are a good many deserving of mention, Their station was for the most part along "the wall," but they were also to be found in Upper Club on match-days, or at Cuckoo Weir in the bathing season. They provided light refreshments: fruit, biscuits, cakes, tarts, buns, and jam—the origin of a well-known nickname—and, to wash them down, lemonade. Bread and cheese were also popular after bathing.

The most celebrated of the sock cads—so celebrated as to have found a place already in *Eton in the Forties* and other records of the school—was "Spankie," who may almost be said to have become legendary in his life-time. His birth and antecedents were alike uncertain—he was supposed to possess an uncanny power of never forgetting a face or a name, stimulated no doubt, in his case, by the fact that a creditor has good reason for remembering the names and looks of his debtors, as so many of us were. He had plenty of bad debts, but managed to save money, and, as has been often mentioned, was rich enough to contribute £50 towards the building of the Parish Church. Rumour said that he was the official "sleuth-hound" sent in pursuit of delinquents who ran away from school; but I never heard of an instance in which his services were required.

A neighbour of Spankie's on "the wall" was Brion, who possessed an elaborate tin can on wheels capable of producing "hot sock" for his customers, and also practised the art of making small boxwood statuettes of the authorities. Beyond this he has no claim on the memory.

The next on the list is in some ways the most important, as his name, or rather his nickname, has become the regular designation of his class and so passed permanently into the language of Eton, and, as I am informed, of other schools as well. It is necessary to describe him and his origin in some detail.

Samuel Joel, formerly butler to the Rev. John Francis Plumptre, Fellow of Eton, had two sons. The elder, William Henry Joel, was born in 1800 and died in 1883. His family nickname was "Joby," but, as is the case with many family nicknames, the reason for it is unknown. In the fifties he was a short, cheerful, red-faced man, of stoutish build, wearing a straw hat, and frequenting "the wall" with a basket containing the same kind of light refreshments as those of his neighbours. I can recall a particular kind of biscuit, known among Collegers as "Joby" biscuits, which pleased our youthful tastes. Besides his duties as a purveyor, he had to do with the cricket of the school, partly as a bowler, partly as an umpire, for which post he had but small qualifications. The use of his nickname as a generic term belongs altogether to a later date, and has naturally given rise to some confusion in the memories of old Etonians.

John (or "Jack") Joel was the younger

brother of Joby. He was a man of about the same height as his brother, but otherwise much smaller, who hirpled about with a straw hat, often adorned with an Eton blue ribbon, and a high, squeaky voice. He was not a sock cad, but was employed on the cricket-ground, and sometimes bowled underhand. He could play on the fiddle, and was therefore in great request on festive occasions in the town. After giving up his work in the Playing-fields he lived at Chalvey, and was often to be met wheeling a barrow load of "washing" to Eton, always cheery, and ready to chat with old friends. He ended a useful life in 1902 at the age of eighty-four.

To return to the purveyors of sock, the list must be increased by the names of "Levi," an obscure Hebrew, and "Alfred Knock" (one-armed Knock) who survived all his contemporaries and died in 1915. An old lady, Mrs. Lipscombe, who sat close to the school-yard entrance on the left as you go in, and sold humble refreshments to passing Fourth Form, was also a very familiar figure for many years after the fifties. There is a legend that in mature life she became engaged to Joby, but it is certain that the marriage never took place.

Three members of another Eton family deserve mention here, and one of them in particular. The elder generation of the Powells was represented in our time by a somewhat ragged and disreputable old man, generally known as "Picky" Powell, who hung about the place with no definite occupation, and was always ready to have a drink in honour of his birthday, an event which occurred as often as any one would enable him to celebrate it. He had once been a cricketer, and still stood umpire in "Collegers and Oppidans," or in House Matches, along with Joby. It may be read elsewhere that their decisions were often far from giving satisfaction to the players. Picky was the Eton Champion at Lord's against "Billy Warner" of Harrow, but the encounter between them never developed into a serious fight.

Picky was related to two Powells of the succeeding generation, but there is some doubt whether they were his sons or his nephews, and with regard to themselves whether they were brothers or cousins. Of them the eldest was Edward Powell, sometimes called "fat" Powell, for obvious reasons, sometimes "Dick" Powell, though his name was not Richard—a very familiar figure in his velveteen suit and tall hat. In the fifties he had charge of football at "the wall" and in College generally, and so was better known to Collegers and to the leading Oppidans than to the school at large. At a later date he looked after nearly all the football in the school as well as the Fives Courts, both those on the Eton Wick Road and those in the Timbralls. This carried with it a large business in the purveying line both at the Fives Courts and elsewhere, together with the supply of shoes, balls, etc., as well as bats, pads, and cricketing things generally. The result was that he became the best known of all the attendant figures of Eton, and for fifty-two years he was a most valuable and faithful servant to her, always civil, genial, and trustworthy. He died in 1899 at the age of seventy-nine, and his tombstone in the cemetery was put up by his friends among the masters.

The younger Powell, known as "Ned" Powell, and therefore probably a cousin, not a brother, of the elder who bore the same name, was employed by the College in the Playing-fields and lived in the lodge by Datchet Lane. He had not much to do with present Etonians except the leading cricketers, as he worked on Upper Club, and in character he somewhat resembled his ancestor, Picky.

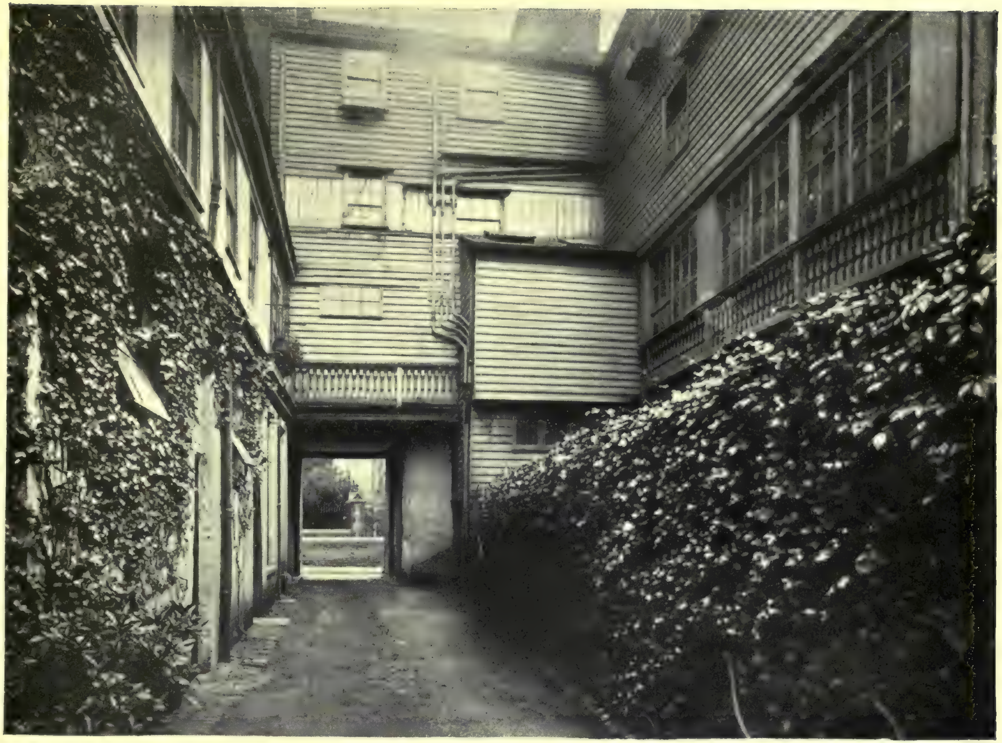
The river, no doubt, the rafts, and the bathing-places, produced many notable characters, but a casual wet-bob such as the writer had little opportunity of becoming familiar with them. Jack Haverley, the Head Waterman for years, under Dr. Warre, was a quaint old man, not devoid of humour—as, for instance, when, speaking to Dr. Warre of a butcher who found the hot weather not good for his meat, he said, "If he overkills hisself, it ain't no concern of yourn or mine."

Then there was the old boatman known as "Hoggany," short for Mahogany, a name given him because of his unusually bronzed complexion—a civil and obliging old fellow, allusions to whom may be found in a letter of Charles Dickens describing a water-party with his son at Eton. His real name was Windsor, and it is still represented among us.

One of the most familiar among the loyal servants of Eton was George Davis—much better known as "Giles." He was born in 1823, and in 1838 was apprenticed to the Pote Williams of that day as a printer. But he was soon transferred to the duties of clerk in the bookseller's shop, which he discharged faithfully and well till the autumn of 1884. Through all those years how many Eton boys, day by day and hour by hour, thronged that little counter, and never failed to find courtesy, patience, help, sympathy, unruffled good humour, ready and willing service. But his duties and interests were not confined to dealing out pens and paper, often in the midst of noise and confusion that would have sorely tried a less equable temper. Nothing that concerned Eton came amiss to him, and almost everything that concerned Eton passed through his hands. He had the control of that window which for many years has been, more than any other single spot, the very centre and heart of Eton life. And so every one knew him, and he knew every one, and old Etonians visiting the place in the middle of the holidays would find an escape from the prevailing desolation in a chat with their old friend Giles. But why called "Giles"? None can say; he did not even know himself.

Another good man who performed duties not wholly unlike those of Giles was Joseph Oakeley, the School Librarian. For thirty years, from 1853 to 1883, he was always at his post—then he gave up the duties of Librarian and was appointed Chapel Clerk, holding that office till his death, at the age of fifty-nine, in 1890. Like his successors in the Library, he was endowed with endless patience and acquired an encyclopædic knowledge of Biblical and Church History suitable for answering "Sunday Questions."

Charlie Wise, though not officially connected with Eton, has a place in the memory of many Etonians of the last century. When we knew him he had developed a figure unsuited for riding, but he was believed to have broken at one time or another every bone in his body in the hunting-field or in training horses. His stable-yard has already been mentioned—the yard of the Old Christopher Inn, in the very heart of Eton, convenient for hiring purposes, but an evil-smelling neighbour to some of the houses. Charlie himself was a most genial and amusing talker, with considerable humour, of which a specimen has been given in a former



OLD CHRISTOPHER YARD, SHOWING THE OLD ROOMS OF " ETON SOCIETY."

chapter. He had a great respect for Dr. Goodford's judgment in a matter of horse-flesh, though perhaps he did not always report his words accurately. "Dr. Goodford, he was in the yard yesterday, and he said to me of that little mare—'Dammy, Charlie, if I ever saw a nicer one than that.'" On another occasion Charlie was watching, in company with an old Eton friend, the progress of a building hard by. A recently appointed master, not an O.E., was also taking interest in the building, and was skipping with agility about the platforms and scaffolding to inspect it closely. Charlie, for some reason, did not approve of this: "Look at him, sir; he don't look like one of our gentlemen—something more in the paper-hanging line, I should say."

With one more familiar figure of those days this chapter may be brought to a close. Inspector Gibbs, of the G.W.R., passed the greater part of his life on the platform at Slough, that long platform at which both the up and the down trains used to stop, crossing each other in a somewhat precarious fashion, such as still prevails at the Great Eastern Station at Cambridge. The express trains rushed by on the lines outside without entering the station. Inspector Gibbs had a voice like a bull, and all day long had to shout the same words as each train arrived. Legend said that on one occasion he was absent for a few hours in order to attend the christening of his own infant, and in answer to the summons "Name this child," he replied in stentorian tones "Slough, change for Windsor."

BUILDINGS, ETC.

CHAPTER XVII

BUILDINGS, ETC.

In one respect, at all events, Eton is more happily situated than any of the other great public schools. It has practically no suburbs. The approach to almost every town in the kingdom is through a series of mean streets bordered by mean houses built of yellow stock brick and roofed with ugly slate. This would have been the fate of Eton also, but for three circumstances.

Of these the first is that it lies low and a rise of only a few feet in the Thames is enough to isolate it in a circle of water, so that while the principal buildings manage, as a rule, to keep fairly dry, the aspect of the surrounding country would deter the most adventurous contractor.

The second is that nearly all the adjacent land, not already disqualified by the first reason, is either the property of the College, which will not permit fresh building, or is subject to what are called "Lammas" rights, *i.e.* the rights of the parishioners of Eton to use the land for the purpose of pasturing their cattle during three months of the year. It is clear that building would interfere with these rights, and therefore there can be no building, unless it is imperatively demanded in the public interest, as in the case of the Great Western Railway arches. In such an instance the privilege has to be paid for, and the nearly unanimous consent of the parishioners has to be obtained, both of which constitute almost insurmountable objections to any proposal for further encroachments.

The third circumstance is connected with the land, about 250 acres, which lies on either side of the Slough Road to the north of the Playing-fields and of Willowbrook. The story of its acquisition by the College belongs to the nineties, but it deserves to be put on record here. The large field on the west, extending from the Slough Road to the Windsor Branch of the G.W.R., was almost entirely the property of the Duke of Leeds. That on the east, now familiar to all of us as "Agar's Plough" was part of an estate the owner of which was a "minor." For the greater part of the nineteenth century there was no reason to suppose that either owner would be inclined to sell his land, and there was no particular reason why the College should wish to buy it. The country villages of Upton and Chalvey were not likely to develop into large manufacturing towns. But the creation of Slough by the G.W.R. brought about a gradual change. At first it was little more than a station on the line, important chiefly because of the Windsor Branch. Then it grew into a big railway centre, and at a later date into a residentiary district for professional men of all sorts whose occupations took them daily to London. It is enough to say that Slough is now the second most populous town in Bucks, surpassed only by High Wycombe. This has led to a large extension of building in every direction, especially southwards towards Eton.

About the year 1890 the Directors of the Eton School Laundry at Willowbrook, wishing to enlarge their premises, approached the Duke of Leeds with a proposal to buy four acres of his property, which they did at what would be called a building-land price. This naturally suggested to the Duke's agents further profitable transactions of the same kind, and willing buyers were soon forthcoming. A syndicate was formed in 1894 for the purpose of purchasing part of the frontage from the Eton Laundry to the Ragstone Road, the intention being to cover the ground with streets of small houses. The vendor stipulated for roads through this frontage, at right angles to the Slough Road, with the object of developing the rest of the property in a similar manner. It was, or rather it would have been, the beginning of the end. If this scheme had been carried out the whole estate would have been built over sooner or later, and the approach to Eton, as to so many other towns, would have been through a series of mean streets. Nor would this only have meant a loss of amenities, and a curtailment of country surroundings, but in the end the want of air and space and the great increase of population would have tended to the actual ruin of the school.

The College, however, though interested, took no steps to interfere. It was then that a small number of old Etonians, many of them being masters, without making any public appeal, raised a sum of £6,000 and induced the Syndicate to surrender their bargain. The leaders of the movement were John Proctor Carter, an Eton Master, and Alfred Clayton Cole, a director of the Bank of England, whose names deserve to be commemorated in connection with a matter of such vital importance for the school. They found themselves, in consequence, in possession of an expensive piece of land for which personally they had no use whatever. It was agreed to present it to the College, but with an honourable understanding that the question of further purchase should be considered without delay. The Governing Body at length was roused, and the result was that the whole of the 250 acres on both sides of the Slough Road became the property of the College and all danger of building thereon was permanently averted. And any one who from the top of the Cricket Pavilion in Agar's Plough looks towards the rows of small suburban dwellings which are visible all round the frontier line will understand what a debt Etonians owe to those who bestirred themselves in this matter before it was too late.

Thus it is clear that the amount of building land in Eton is very limited, and, as a matter of fact, between the fifties and the present day all of it has been used up, and the only method nowadays of obtaining a site for new buildings is to remove the old. This has already been freely done—so much so that there is only one plot of ground remaining on which a new boarding-house could be planted, and that is at present occupied by the gas-works. Apart from the interior of the college buildings—School-yard, Cloisters, etc.—there remain only two spots in Eton where an Etonian of the present day could stand and look upon practically the same scene that met his grandfather's eye. These are, first, Barne's Pool Bridge—he must be careful not to include the bridge itself—and, secondly, the top of Keate's Lane, with the back of the spectator turned to the west end of Chapel. Everywhere else he would encounter either buildings altogether new, or old buildings enlarged almost out of recognition.

Any present Etonian could enumerate the different blocks of buildings which contain the schoolrooms of this century: (1) the New Schools (so called because they are the oldest of the modern additions), (2) the Queen's

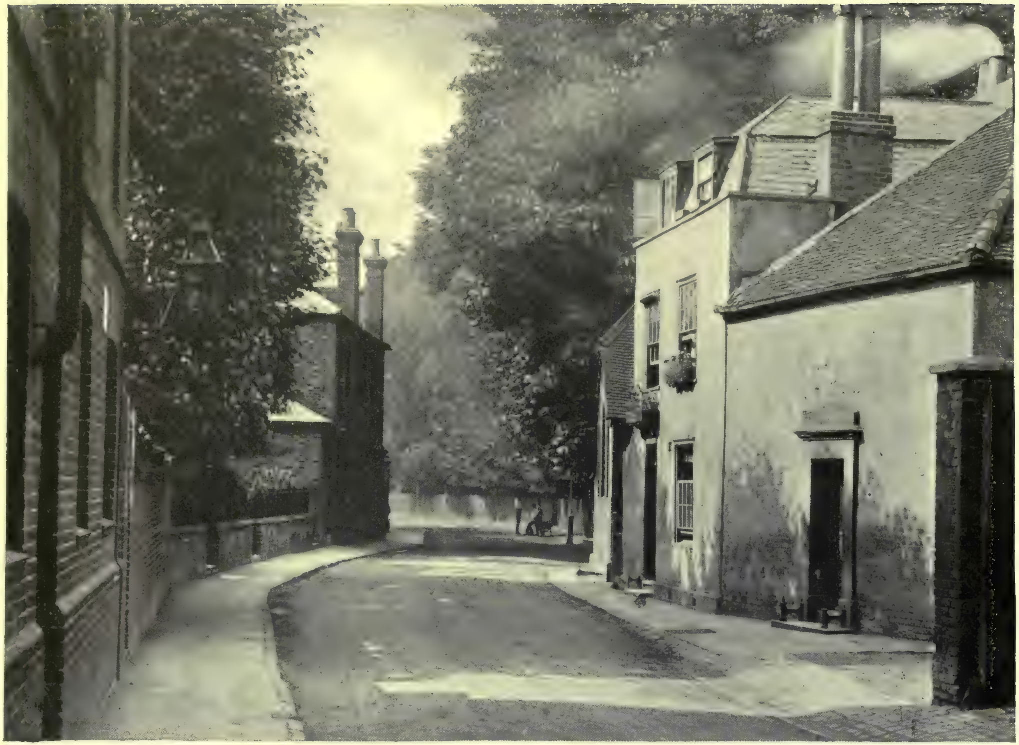
Schools, (3) the Warre Schools, (4) the Old Science Schools, (5) the Caxton Rooms, (6) the Laboratory, (7) the Old Schools—put now lowest in the list and assigned to the lowest forms. If he counts the rooms he will find that, including the Head Master's room, once called the Library, though not as a place of books, there are just sixty of them. And then, even after allowing for the fact that no writing work was done in school, and therefore closer packing was possible, he will find it a little hard to credit that in the fifties all the classical schoolrooms for between 700 and 800 boys were gathered within the compass of the School-yard.

The Upper School he can still see furnished with desks for five masters, though not more than three, or at the most four, divisions used it together in our time, and the Lower School fitted for a similar number, and in those days not disgraced by deal partitions. The School Office, not over large for its present purpose, accommodated then two of the fifth form masters of high rank. The part of it nearest to "Chambers" was fitted with a kind of greenhouse staging which nearly reached the ceiling and held the students in tiers. At the foot sat the master—at one time the Rev. C. Wolley—with the door open, partly for much-needed ventilation, partly to allow of his stretching his long legs into the Cloister outside. The adjoining room—belonging to the Rev.

J. E. Yonge—was reckoned one of the best. At the further end, opposite the Chapel staircase, there is now a lumber-room and hospital for cycles. In those days I knew it well, first as a boy under the Rev. Russell Day, ten years later as a master with my first division. If one mounts the staircase close to " Chambers," two rooms are found—the Head Master's and the College Prayer-room, formerly tenanted by Division II. A third room, once Balston's, has vanished altogether. Three more rooms exist beyond the Lower School, one still in use for the Third Form—the other two absorbed by the Master in College. One of them used to be occupied by William Johnson. At an earlier period they formed what was known as " the Lower Master's Chambers." Apart from the Upper and Lower Schools, the above list contains some nine or ten rooms, not one of which would stand a chance of passing a Government Inspector of National Schools at the present day. When Mathematics became part of the school-work, rooms in which writing could be done became necessary, and, besides the Rotunda, some six were built for the purpose, holding desks for about twenty boys each, on a site now covered by the Queen's Schools. Let it be recorded in their favour that they contained fireplaces. It was their sole merit.

A few of the boarding-houses in use during the fifties have ceased to exist altogether, and a few more have ceased to be used as boarding-houses, and have been turned either into private houses or into lodgings for junior masters, which were very much needed. All these can still be identified, at least so far as their sites are concerned, by a study of the map of College and the List of Houses contained in the Eton Register. Considerable additions have been made to all other old houses—a fact which in many cases makes itself evident by the incongruity between the new work and the old. But nine completely new houses, each capable of accommodating forty boys, have been added, and increase the difficulty of comprehending how things could have been managed in the old time. These are two in the Timbralls, two in Common Lane, four on the Eton Wick Road, and one in the lane leading to South Meadow. The necessity of providing modern conveniences—sick-rooms, bath-rooms, etc.—has caused these houses to be very much larger than the old ones, and led to the comment of an American bishop, that the old ones looked like houses but the new like institutions. Their beauty, such as it is, is not increased by the outside iron staircases, for use in case of fire, which have been added to all the houses since the beginnng of the century.

But the list of new schoolrooms and new boarding-houses by no means exhausts the number of buildings which we had not and our



COMMON LANE, WITH THE "SCHOOL OF ARMS" AND ANOTHER HOUSE OCCUPYING THE SITE OF THE "WARRE SCHOOLS."

successors have. Besides the Lower Chapel and the Memorial Buildings, containing the School Hall, Library, and Museum, there are Music-rooms and a Drawing-school, the Gymnasium, the Drill Hall, and the Printing Press. Then we come to the additions which have been made to the means for playing games—such as more than forty fives-courts, two racket-courts and ten squash-courts. Great improvements, amounting almost to rebuilding, have been made in the Boathouses, which are now the school property. The cricket grounds are larger than they were by more than twenty acres. And a Pavilion, designed by Sir Thomas Jackson, R.A., dominates Agar's Plough. Of all the new buildings and additions which have been enumerated in this chapter not one dates from an earlier time than 1864.

A VOLUNTEER SONG

1. *No breakfast as a rule*
After early morning school
May count among the worst of ills ;
But what are you to do,
If you've got to worry through
Two-score preliminary drills ?
So as soon as I was right
At the regulation height,
I started on the path of fame,
I swore in arms to stand
For Queen and fatherland,
And a Private I became.

CHORUS—
Shout, shout, shout, shout with a will then,
Out with the cheers !
Shout with a will for Eton
And the Eton Volunteers.

2. *I learnt to bear a rifle,*
Tho' the weight was not a trifle,
And to shoulder, and present, and order arms,
I learnt, at Chobham Ridges,
All the roads, and lanes, and bridges,
All the copses, and the marshes, and the farms.
With my loaded haversack,
And my great-coat on my back,
I started on the path of fame,
And because I did my drill
Not so very, very ill,
Lance-corp'ral I became.
CHORUS.

3. *From day to day more eager*
To enlarge my knowledge meagre,
I attended to the military art,
And at meal-time or in bed,
I perused a book that's red,
And learnt all the cautions off by heart :

Till at last without correction,
I could drill a squad or section
In a manner that no Adjutant could blame
So the Major got a notion
I deserved some more promotion,
And a Sergeant I became.
CHORUS.

4. *For days full many a score,*
After twelve and after four,
Though my rifle had a pull of sev'ral pounds,
In weather fine or drizzly,
With the hope to shine at Bisley,
I fired all the necessary rounds,
And for competition's sake,
One of eight in Wise's brake
I denied myself the river or the game,
Till my object was attained,
When a cap and badge I gained,
And a Marksman I became.
CHORUS.

5. *So successful my career*
As an Eton Volunteer,
That I'm thoroughly resolv'd to keep it up
And among my cherish'd aims
Is to camp upon the Thames,
And to shoot for the Spencer cup;
And then whate'er my fate
In Army, Church, or State,
And whate'er may be my path of fame,
Till my hair be scant and grey,
I shall ever bless the day,
When a Private I became.

CHORUS—

Shout, shout, shout, shout with a will then,
Out with the cheers!
Shout with a will for Eton
And the Eton Volunteers.
1894.

O.T.C.

CHAPTER XVIII

O.T.C.

Of this chapter, which will only be a short one, the heading is of course a misnomer. The "Officers Training Corps," including the Contingents from the Universities and the Public Schools, and directly under the control of the War Office, only came into being in 1908. Our purpose here is simply to give a brief account of the beginnings of the "Eton Volunteer Rifle Corps" in 1860, which almost every reader will be able to contrast for himself with the state of things now existing. It is unfortunate that the *Eton College Chronicle* had not begun its career in our decade, as it would naturally have supplied many details with authority, which are now wholly dependent on the memory of a rapidly lessening body of old Etonians.

In 1859 the Volunteer movement was spreading all over the kingdom, taking its rise from our distrust of France under Napoleon III. In 1860 Mr. Edmond Warre came to Eton as a master, with experience of many things, and in particular of the Oxford Rifle Corps, in the formation of which he had taken a leading part. It was only natural that, in conjunction with Mr. S. Evans, the Drawing-master, he should be the first to inaugurate a similar institution at Eton.

At the beginning it was a Cadet Corps, and all the officers, including the "Captain Commandant," were present Etonians. The first Commandant was E. W. Chapman, now a Canon of Carlisle, at that time a member of Mrs. Drury's house and a pupil of Warre's, and in the autumn of 1860 chairman of the "Eton Society," members of which supplied the Captains of five out of six companies. The movement was taken up enthusiastically, the only deterrent being in some cases the expense of the outfit. In the case of officers there was a good deal of silver lace about the uniform, and the cost came, according to my recollection, to something like £15, while even the humble garb of a private cost more than many parents could willingly afford. The Head Master (Dr. Goodford) was himself carried away by the general ardour. The contractor—a Mr. Isaacs, who called himself Campbell—lived in London, and on one occasion two sixth form, leading members of the Corps, without "leave" of any sort, shirked two or three absences and went up to town to interview him on some important point of dress, coming back to Eton well after lock-up. The rest of us trembled for their fate—expulsion from Sixth Form, if not from the school, was the least we anticipated for them; but, as a matter of fact, they suffered no penalty at all—indeed, legend says that the Head Master entertained them at supper on their return. But this is hardly credible.

An original member supplies me with a few more details:

> "There were six companies, including one composed of boys nominally six foot tall, more likely 5 ft. 10 in.—the others gradually descending to 5 ft. 4 in. The Grenadier Guards, who were quartered at Windsor, did a good deal for us with drill instructors, etc., especially Julius Johnstone, the Adjutant, and Sergeant-Major Gubbins. The latter was a very fine-looking man, and I remember his coming to Chapel one Sunday in full uniform, and Provost Hawtrey himself, who probably took him for the Duke of Cambridge, placed him in the Vice-Provost's stall. We used to hire the drums and fifes of the Guards for parade, and had occasional route marches with their music to enliven us."

The first Commandant confirms the account given above of the illicit visit to the contractor in London, himself being one of the delinquents in company with Lord John Hervey. He also says:

> "Our officers were invited by the Colonel commanding the Grenadier Guards—I think

Colonel Mark Kerr—to go up to the Long Walk at Windsor, and there learn battalion drill with skeleton companies of defaulters under the instruction of a Drill-sergeant, and I well remember what our officers suffered on a very hot day, when, after a charge, the men were allowed to ‘ stand easy,’ and expressed themselves freely and pretty forcibly. After these Long Walk drills the Head Master used to entertain us at his house.”

artillery
carbines we
[illegible]
[illegible]

In 1860 the Corps was armed with old smooth bore muskets which were used by the Army before the Crimean War, but they could not be fired. Since then they have used successively muzzle-loading Enfields, breech-loading Sniders, Martini-Henrys, Lee-Metfords, and Lee-Enfields. The Shooting Eleven (it did not become the shooting Eight till 1877) had, of course, efficient rifles from the first, and shot for the Ashburton Shield from 1861 onwards—but they only won it twice (1863, 1868) in the first decade, which is for the most part a record of the triumphs of Harrow, which was victorious six times. Of course, the number of schools competing was very much smaller in those days.

Naturally the Corps came into contact with the Castle, and the last public appearance of the Prince Consort, already under the shadow of his fatal illness, was at an inspection in December 1861. It also took a share in the ceremonies of the Prince of Wales's Wedding in 1863, which led to a temporary increase in numbers, for after the excitement of the beginning it had lost some of its popularity, and, as a writer in the *Imperial Cadet Magazine* says, "had its ups and downs, and at one time could be accommodated in one brake."

About 1866 the Corps was reconstituted, and began to appear in the Army List as the "2nd Bucks," armed with muzzle-loading Enfield rifles. A shooting-range was made on the banks of Chalvey, and a drum-and-bugle band was formed. After a time it became clear that the system of boy officers holding all the commands was not the best. They lacked experience and also permanence, and as soon as a Captain had made himself thoroughly efficient the time came for him to leave.

In 1868 Mr. S. Evans became Commandant, and held his post until 1873, when he was succeeded by Dr. Warre, who commanded with the rank of Major till he became Head Master and, as the article already quoted says, "to Dr. Warre more than to any other man is due the prosperity of the Corps." It was not till 1881, however, that it obtained its complete outfit—so to speak—of officers, Commandant, Adjutant, Quartermaster, Chaplain, and five masters as Captains of Companies. But under Dr. Warre's guidance the record had been one of steady progress throughout. To trace all the steps in that progress, which of late years have become giant strides, is beyond the scope of this book. Suffice it to say that nowadays "there is no compulsion, only you must" join as soon as, being sound in wind and limb, you reach the required age and height. The whole affair is on a permanent business footing, the uniform is workmanlike, the rifles are of a modern pattern, the annual camp on Salisbury Plain or elsewhere and the field-days, route marches, and parades, at intervals all the year round, are taken seriously—in short, good work is being done for the school and for Britain. All this, as has been said, is quite outside our period, but there is good hope that before long a worthy record of the E.C.O.T.C. will be given to the world.

RHYMES FROM THE "ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE"

A MARCHING SONG

1. *We tramped up the High Street, the High Street, the High Street,*
We tramped up the High Street—to catch the special train;
When we went to Tidworth, to Tidworth, to Tidworth,
When we went to Tidworth—all in the mud and rain.

2. *The tents were pitched beforehand, beforehand, beforehand,*
The tents were pitched beforehand—which was a little gain;
When we went to Tidworth, etc.

3. *But oh! the eggs and bacon, and bacon, and bacon,*
But oh! the eggs and bacon—and the drinks we had to drain;
When we went to Tidworth, etc.

4. *The food was scarce sufficient, sufficient, sufficient,*
The food was scarce sufficient—the food was very plain;
When we went to Tidworth, etc.

5. *We didn't love the washing up, the washing up, the washing up,*
We didn't love the washing up—it went against the grain;
When we went to Tidworth, etc.

6. *They gave us straw to sleep on, to sleep on, to sleep on,*
They gave us straw to sleep on—we tried to sleep in vain;
When we went to Tidworth, etc.

7. *And so we drilled for eight days, for eight days, for eight days,*
And so we drilled for eight days—with all our might and main;
When we went to Tidworth, etc.

8. *It wasn't quite delightful, delightful, delightful,*
It wasn't quite delightful—but still we'll go again
To camp out at Tidworth, at Tidworth, at Tidworth,
To camp out at Tidworth—all in the mud and rain.

1909.

RHYMES FROM THE "ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE"

THE O. E.

1. *I came to see my nephew here;*
An old Etonian I, and near
Sixty: my name is Brown:
But when in talk an hour had sped,
Fancy my horror, when he said,
" I say, let's go down *town."*

2. " Up town, *you mean," said I. " No! no!"*
Said he: " we never call it so,
Nor have a long time since."
And, as he talked, my blood ran cold:
A state of things he did unfold
Which made me fairly wince.

3. *They* pick *their sides; we* chose *them all;*
We used to kick a bounding ball;
They kick a bouncing pill:
Soccer *and* Rugger *now they play,*
Terms borrowed, I regret to say,
From Harrow on the Hill.

4. *I laughed a kind of sickly laugh*
To hear him speak of Term *for* Half;
But when beside the Thames
We walked, I nearly had a fit;
He did not seem to know a bit
The old familiar names.

5. *At* Bargeman's Bridge *and* Hester's Shed
He ignorantly shook his head :
I think he'd never heard
Of Clewer Mill ; *and* Sandbanks *too*
He talked of in the plural u-
niformly on my word.

6. *He knows, I find, on Chobham downs*
Newfangled hills, outlandish towns,
Learnt in sham fights or marches ;
He knows not—I could almost weep—
The Beggar's Bridge, *the* Bridge of Sheep,
Or that of Fifteen Arches.

7. *Perhaps he'd learnt the road to Slough,*
But Dutchman's Farm *and* Agar's Plough
Were quite beyond his knowledge :
Unknown to him your waters shine,
Thine, Babylon, Philippi, *thine ;*
Unknown the half of College.

8. *He actually did not know*
How Chalvey *and* Colenorton *flow,*
Or how to get to Montem :
And when I offered him to teach
The genuine parts of Eton speech,
He didn't seem to want 'em.

9. *Disgusted then, I was full fain*
To take the very earliest train
And hurry back to town :
A sovereign I had ready got :—
But there—he talked such awful rot,
I made it—half a crown.

1897.

MISCELLANEOUS

CHAPTER XIX

MISCELLANEOUS

I. Language

THERE is not a large number of words or phrases peculiar to Eton for a new boy to learn—the task is in no way comparable to that of mastering "notions" at Winchester—but there are quite enough to betray a non-Etonian if he essays to write a book about the life of a public school. For instance, one who says "term," instead of "half," or "school-time," or who speaks of "imposition" (or worse still "impot"), instead of "punishment," or "*poena*," gives himself away at once. This is not to say that Eton phrases are any better than those in use elsewhere—merely that they are different, and so act as a "Shibboleth" to detect strangers.

It is to be feared that of late years corruptions have crept in, partly due to the not otherwise unwelcome invasion of masters educated at other schools, partly to the bad habit, which has grown up among Etonians themselves, of adopting terms borrowed from the Universities, or from Harrow, in the place of their own. Perhaps we may be allowed to enter a protest —a futile protest, no doubt—against one or two of these, before proceeding further. One of the most objectionable in the ears of an older generation is the substitution of the syllable "er" for the last syllable of words in common use. When it tends to promote brevity one can see a sort of reason for it, but otherwise what is gained by saying "brekker" and "footer" and the rest of them? Very rarely they raise a smile —sometimes, without being particularly strait-laced, one may call them senselessly profane —*e.g.* "Jaggers" for "Jesus College" which the *Times* not long ago printed in an account of life at Oxford sent to that paper by an undergraduate. As a rule they are merely idiotic, and it may be hoped they will die out before long.

Another practice which has taken too much root at Eton is that of turning singular words into plurals, a thing which occurs most frequently in proper names—*e.g.* Sandbanks for Sandbank, and in the names of masters when shouted by the crowd at House Matches, *e.g.* Hale'ses for Hale's, or Broke'ses for Broke's. But whether this is of foreign origin we cannot say.

Without attempting to write a "glossary" of Eton phrases, we may mention a few of the most important. The school, as a whole, is divided into six "Forms" (like many others), but the First and Second Forms are now abolished. The Sixth Form (never "the Sixth" with "Form" omitted) is not subdivided into Upper and Lower, as is sometimes the case elsewhere. The Fifth Form contains three divisions—Upper, Middle, and Lower Fifth—and the Fourth Form is similarly arranged. But these divisions are, as a rule, much too large to be under the charge of one master, and therefore are split up further. These smaller sections, however, are still known as "divisions," and this is the only correct term at Eton—*e.g.* "Whose division are you in?" "I am in So-and-So's division" (never "class" or "form"). Another way of expressing the same thing is—"Who are you up to?" "I'm up to Blank." The word "up" is also used where "into school" may be substituted for it—*e.g.* "Has the Head gone up yet?" "Oh, he went up five minutes ago." A boy told to construe in school is said to be "called up" or "put on." An exercise so bad that it has to be done again is "torn over" or "ripped"—quite literally, and often a great relief to a master's temper—and then a "second edition" has to be produced. Some of these phrases may very likely be in use elsewhere—they are given here as being the correct ones for masters and boys at Eton.

The same may probably be said of the word "sock," which is of old use among us. In the old days, when noblemen at Eton enjoyed the privilege of sitting in the stalls in Chapel, a new-comer had to provide a bag of almonds and raisins for each of his peers already installed, and this was known as "Church sock," and eaten during the service. Thus the word "sock" (never "tuck" or "grub") did duty both as a substantive and as a verb transitive and intransitive—*e.g.* "Sock us an ice," "Sock me this verse," "Sock us your umbrella," etc.; or, "What were you doing after twelve?" "Oh, I was socking at Webber's."

In former days we invariably talked of going "up" town. Our successors equally invariably say going "down" town. The reason of the change is not obvious.

Some geographical terms now in common use are either new since our time or are applied differently. Instances of the former are "Mesopotamia" and "Jordan," names given to two cricket-grounds which did not exist in the fifties—and an instance of the latter is "Sixpenny," which in old days signified the ground in the neighbourhood of the "good" Calx in the Playing-fields, the scene of fights as well as of cricket. Football and fives provide a number of technical terms which have to be mastered. The former, as played at the "wall," is full of them, but need not be enlarged upon here; the field game is in danger of losing some of its proper vocabulary by the adoption of words borrowed from Rugby—*e.g.* we used to talk of " Short behind," " Long behind," not " Half back " or " Full back," and of playing " up in the bully," not " forward." They are all good names enough, but we may just as well keep our own. Fives, of course, has its own language, which, like that of tennis, is only to be learnt in the court itself.

Most of the other common words of Eton life will soon be rightly used by a new-comer, whether young or old, and as a rule they have not been changed since the old times and are not likely to go out of fashion.

ETON SOCIETY

" Pop " (derivation "*popina*," because its original abode was over Mother Hatton's " sock " shop) was founded by Charles Fox Townshend in 1811 and kept its centenary a few years ago with a banquet in School Hall and speeches which for the most part did not err on the side of modesty. In the fifties it was established in Wise's Yard, to the right hand as one goes in, on the first floor with some of the stables below, and old members can vividly recall the strong bouquet of ammonia which used to come through the open windows in summer time.

There was a well-marked contrast between those days and the present time. The fashionable element was not less conspicuous then than now, but the original purpose—the Debating Society—was still kept in view, and the officers of the society were as a rule chosen not by seniority so much as for their mental qualities. Athletic performances constituted a claim, but not a paramount claim, to a place—I can recall the election of a very good " flying man " at the " wall," which took place shortly before the annual " Pop *v.* No Pop " match, and no doubt was due thereto. The unwritten law now prevailing, that a candidate, who does not wear at least his " house colours," is barely eligible, had of course no existence then. It has already been pointed out that membership was not marked by any outward sign visible to the eye. Oppidans were naturally in a large majority, and, under a system of blackballing, could exclude whom they pleased, but Collegers had their fair share of admissions in proportion to their numbers, and between 1851 and 1860 out of fourteen Presidents four were Collegers.

The way in which " Pop " has gradually acquired a disciplinary power, practically, but never officially, recognised by the authorities, need not be treated here in detail—it took its rise chiefly from the habit of carrying canes wherewith to keep back the crowd at matches in the Field, and, as canes were not carried in the old days, there was nothing about members of " Pop " which suggested authority over the rest of the school.

The debates were not as a rule long, but, as far as they went, were serious and excited interest; they were held all the year round, and not abandoned in the hot season. It is rather curious that no provision was made in the original constitution for any increase in the number of members corresponding to the increase in the numbers of the school. The explanation, no doubt, is that twenty-eight was deemed a convenient number for a Debating Society, and there was no claim at first to represent the "light and leading" of the school at large. The contrast between 1850 and 1915 might be worked out at much greater length than has been done in this sketch, but Etonian readers can supply details for themselves. The changes have, as is usually the case, been in some ways improvements, in others the reverse.

In 1902 the rooms of the Eton Society were absorbed into the adjoining house, the stables disappeared, and "Pop" crossed to the opposite side of the Old Christopher yard and took up its abode in the rooms which once formed the study and pupil-room of Mr. William Johnson, and in remoter times had been part of the inn. This is likely to be the last migration for many years to come.

DEBATING SOCIETIES

At the present time there is hardly a house of any standing at Eton which does not have its

Debating Society, with weekly meetings nearly all the year round, and a constitution modelled more or less on that of the "Eton Society," with President, Secretary, and ballot-box to exclude the unworthy. The debates vary, of course, immensely in quality and length, but all alike serve the very useful purpose of enabling a young speaker to face an audience, to say what he has to say grammatically and by degrees fluently, and in some cases to acquire the power of thinking upon his legs. The House Master as a rule attends with exemplary patience, and makes a speech which the Secretary has to reproduce in the journals as best he can.

These are very valuable institutions, and something of the kind may be met with in quite early times, but probably the first to be established on the existing lines was the "College Debating Society," sometimes called "College Pop," which was founded in 1855. The original President, then called Chairman, was J. G. Witt, afterwards K.C. The meetings were held in one of the "tea rooms" after prayers on Saturday evenings. Some of the speeches were most elaborately prepared, and in one case the opener's remarks were so prolonged that the conclusion of them was at once followed by adjournment for supper. But, as a rule, the proceedings were of a reasonable length. This Society celebrated the Jubilee of its birth by a dinner in College Hall on

St. Andrew's Day, 1905, with a goodly attendance of members old and young.

The first Debating Society in an Oppidan House is said to have been that established at Evans's in 1872; but the claim to priority is not made with absolute confidence and is probably not well founded. Its proceedings have been recorded in twelve bulky volumes, and many interesting details of its foundation and growth may be read in Parry's *Annals of an Eton House.*

OLD SCHOOL LIBRARY

Before it found a permanent home in the Memorial Buildings, the School Library had been housed in more than one quarter of Eton. Originally, as Maxwell Lyte tells us, established by the exertions of Winthrop Mackworth Praed in 1821—which is the reason why his bust still stands in the vestibule of its present abode—it was contained in a room over Williams's (bookseller's) shop. In 1846 a spacious room, now forming part of the Collegers' accommodation, was built as a School Library in Weston's Yard. It was very well adapted for its purpose, quiet and comfortable, cool in summer and warm in winter, and well furnished with books, many of them given by Dr. Hawtrey. It also contained a collection of stuffed birds and other objects, forming a kind of museum. Such was the state of things in the fifties, and the only fault which could be found with it was that the situation of the Library was too far removed from the centre of Eton. The result was that Oppidans visited it comparatively seldom, and it became too much a reading-room for Collegers only. When additions were made to College in Dr. Hornby's time, including sick-rooms and rooms for a matron, the School Library was transferred to the New Schools, and two rooms on the staircase leading to the Observatory were thrown into one for the purpose. This made a good-sized room, airy and well lighted, but devoid of any pretensions to beauty, and quite unworthy of the school. The present Library not only has the advantage of a central situation, but in other ways is a room well calculated to attract all who take any interest in books. The stuffed birds, supplemented by various gifts from many quarters, have found a home in the Natural History Museum in Keate's Lane.

Music

In the Index to Maxwell Lyte's first edition this entry does not occur, and this fact is sufficient in itself to mark the contrast between the old times and the present. There were, of course, always a number of musical boys in the school who found some possibility of satisfying their wants by frequenting the services at St.

George's Chapel. No doubt also there was some way of getting private lessons, but music formed no part of the curriculum. About the year 1858 there was a class for part-singing in College under the late Sir J. Barnby's elder brother, who was a Lay Clerk at St. George's—good as far as it went. The very different state of things which now exists has of course been a matter of gradual growth, and it is worth while briefly to mark some of the stages. A good many details about the origin of the "Musical Society" may be found in Parry's *Annals of an Eton House*, since the first impulse was chiefly due to three boys at Evans's—Edward Hamilton, Hubert Parry, and Spencer Lyttelton, together with Martin Gosselin at Joynes's, in the year 1862. From 1864 to 1867 the name of John Foster is found in the School List as "Music" Master. In 1868 Eton for the first time had an organist of her own—under the title of "Succentor and Musical Instructor"—the Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus.Doc., who built the master's part of the house now called "South Lawn," and added to it a large room for choir practice, since destroyed. He was followed in 1872 by Dr. Charles Maclean, whose successor in 1875 was Sir J. Barnby. Under him the Musical Society was organised on a business-like footing, and thereby, when the Sunday Evening Class was added, held in the Music-room at the New Schools—a class which had been started a few years before in a master's drawing-room—a great deal was done for the promotion of music throughout the school. Since that time it has continued to prosper under Dr. Lloyd (1892–1914) and his successor Mr. Basil Johnson, and the fostering care of a committee of masters and boys.

LEAVING-BOOKS

The custom of giving "leaving-books" to departing friends—a kindly and unobjectionable custom in itself—was tending more and more during the fifties to become an expensive and unmeaning formality, and so to bring about a state of things which led to its abolition in 1868. Between old friends, between a fag and his master, there would be a very natural wish to mark the end of their relationship at school by some token that would recall the memory of old days in after-life, and what could be better for the purpose than a well-chosen book? There might be occasions also at the departure (say) of a Captain of the house who had done his job well, or a distinguished athlete who had added to the glory of his Tutor's or his Dame's, when nearly all the members of the house would wish to take part in showing their appreciation of his merits. And there would also be a few intimate friends in other houses, or perhaps fellow members of the "Eton Society," who would wish to testify their good-will to a departing colleague. But it is easy to see how the whole system lent itself to abuse. The donors were for the most part incapable of distinguishing good literature from rubbish, and the booksellers found in the practice an opportunity of getting rid of unsaleable "remainders" in handsome bindings, for every leaving-book had to be bound in calf or morocco, or sometimes Russia leather. Again, the recipients were tempted to think more of the number of books they got than of their quality, or of the motives for sending them, and a high score of such presents was considered, and to some extent was, a token of popularity. But there were many instances in which the departing "swell" had books sent him by admirers whom he hardly knew by sight. It was a very heavy tax on parents, who had to pay for them, and perhaps were called upon to provide eight or ten volumes of a costly nature half after half. These were ample reasons for doing away with the custom altogether, and at the same time the great increase in photographs of all sorts supplied an adequate and less expensive substitute.

About the same time "leaving-money" to the Head Master was abolished. This was a matter which only concerned Oppidans, and the amount was doubled in the case of members of the peerage. Sometimes the Head Master declined the cash and asked for the donor's portrait instead—a custom to which is due the exceedingly fine collection of portraits in the Provost's Lodge, the works in many cases of Romney and Reynolds, dating from the days of Dr. Barnard; but it was an undignified conclusion to the relations between the Head Master and the boy, and sometimes led to awkwardness on both sides. The Head Master continues to give a "leaving-book," but that, of course, has a special and important significance of its own.

CELLAR

This is an institution, long since deservedly abolished, which marks very clearly a change which has taken place between the old days and the present, very much to the advantage of the latter in all ways. In the fifties there used to be some boys in the school, not of course a large number, who were so much in the habit of beer-drinking that they showed signs of it in ordinary life. They were the chief supporters of "Tap," which they visited at all hours of the day, and they used all manner of unlawful ways for the purpose of introducing bottled beer into their houses. Such persons were not admired or popular on account of their habits, but the existence of "Cellar" and of its college counterpart "Comby" (a word borrowed from the "Combination" Rooms of Cambridge Colleges), show that the above-named beer-swilling Etonians were only carrying to excess a practice in which most of their comrades were ready to indulge in moderation. "Cellar," or "Comby," held either at "Tap" or at the Christopher, were meetings of Oppidans or Collegers respectively, after dinner once a week in the summer half, for the purpose of eating bread and cheese and drinking beer. This was all very well, but there was a ceremony of initiation—the drinking of the "long glass," defined as "A yard of glass with a trumpet-shaped lip and thin stem ending in a hollow bulb, and holding a pint of beer, which had to be drained at a draught by each boy on his first admission to Cellar or Comby." The Collegers claimed the proud distinction of a long glass which held more than that of the Oppidans. It was a fairly easy task to perform until the bulb was reached. This almost without fail sent a deluge of beer over the shirt front and trousers of the toper, who was glad enough, however, to get through his task on these terms. If he spilled too much, he would have to try again another day. The ceremony was immediately followed by afternoon service in Chapel. It would be difficult to invent a more beastly custom, yet only a few were found who had the courage to decline taking any part in it, and thereby excluded themselves from the joys of "Cellar" or "Comby." The "long glass" itself still exists to witness to a later age the filthy habits of their predecessors.

BROZIER

Sometimes spelt "Brosier," is a word said to be used in the Cheshire dialect to signify a bankrupt. Its derivation is uncertain, but is believed to be from "brose" = "bruise." To "bruise" originally meant to "crush" or "mangle," a stronger sense than it now bears—and therefore a "brosier" came to mean a crushed or broken-down man. From the substantive was formed a verb "to brosier," meaning to make bankrupt. Hence arose its use in Eton slang. To "brosier" one's Dame or Tutor means to eat all that is provided and to demand more, until all the food in the house is exhausted. The process itself was also called a "brosier." It was a course adopted as a protest against the quality or quantity of the food supplied, or sometimes, in the case of an unpopular Dame, merely to annoy. It had to be carried out according to the laws of war, *i.e.* everything must be fairly eaten, not dropped on the floor beneath the table, or stowed away in a bag after the manner of Jack the Giant Killer with the hasty pudding, to which trick the Cornish giant fell a victim. What happened if the attempt was successful, and the larder was emptied, is not recorded—perhaps because it was usually defeated by some such method as the production of a huge wedge of cheese, with which no appetite could cope.

It is highly unlikely that recourse to such a method of protest could ever occur in the present day, but it would be a pity if the word itself were allowed to pass into oblivion.

Perhaps I may quote, from Parry's *Annals of an Eton House*, Lord Farrer's description of a brosier in his day:

> "The extraordinary Eton custom of a brosier, which by the way was a monstrous thing, since she always fed her boys lavishly, was tried one night at supper. The boys began eating up everything, and asking for more. Dish after dish was cleared, and at last we thought the fort would have to surrender, and she would have to declare herself defeated. Little did we know my Dame! She whispered to the butler, who went out to the kitchen, and returned in triumph, bearing two huge half-cooked joints of salt beef, which had been at that moment stewing in two enormous pots in the kitchen. My Dame said nothing, but, looking as black as thunder, went on carving them, till the boys trickled out, one by one, thoroughly beaten."

BEVER

This word, derived from the Latin *bibere*, was the name given to an allowance of bread, salt, and beer supplied to the Collegers in the summer half. The custom was of ancient origin, since it is mentioned, as an established institution, in a description of Eton life compiled in 1561. It cannot be called a substitute for tea, as tea was not then invented, but it served the same purpose:

> "*Quantum interpellat inani*
> *Ventre diem durare,*"

in the long afternoons of July and August, for there were no summer holidays when it first began. The hour for Bever was five o'clock, so it was of very little use to wet-bobs, but it formed a pleasant interlude for cricketers, and an opportunity of showing hospitality to an Oppidan friend. The day on which Bever began was recorded, like "Threepenny Day," in the Almanack. For many years before its final abolition it had ceased to serve its original purpose, as tea at six o'clock had become one of the regular meals, and, besides this, the habit of drinking beer at all was every year growing less common. It was done away with altogether in 1890, and an account of this event given in the Eton College Chronicle ends with the expression of a hope that the College would devote the undoubtedly large sum they would save by its abolition to the improvement of the Collegers' diet in other ways. This pious hope has been amply fulfilled, though the saving effected by the destruction of Bever would not have gone far towards its fulfilment.

SMOKING

In the latest edition of "Maxwell Lyte" the following paragraph is quoted from Hearne's *Collections*, vol. vii. p. 208:

> "In 1666 Tobacco was considered an excellent preservative against the plague, which committed dreadful ravages in the reign of Charles the Second, and the Eton boys were ordered to smoke in school daily. Tom Rogers told Hearne 'that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking.'"

Since that date tobacco has brought many offenders to the block, but for the opposite reason to that which proved fatal to Tom Rogers. In the fifties the attitude of school Authorities towards the practice reflected the attitude of society in general from Windsor Castle downwards. For many years after this date no smoking within the precincts of Windsor was allowed by Queen Victoria—and although this rule, like so many others, was not quite strictly observed, the breakers of it were secret and stealthy, and used every precaution against detection. The Prince of Wales himself, when a grown man and a habitual smoker, had to find a refuge in the quarters of the Royal Librarian, whence no tell-tale odour was likely to penetrate to the august apartments on the

East Terrace. The same underhand indulgence had to be sought in many country houses and Bishop's palaces, where the housekeeper's room or the kitchen itself was the scene of unlicensed midnight orgies. In nearly all public places smoking was prohibited—in trains there were practically no smoking compartments. No old Etonian, however distinguished in rank or position, would have dreamt of lighting a cigar in Upper Club, and it was not till many years later that the Earl of Morley, a member of the Governing Body, was seen by an astonished public on June 4th, talking, with a lighted cigar in his hand, if not in his mouth, to Dr. Goodford, the Provost, under the chestnuts. His predecessor, Dr. Hawtrey, had for many years been most influential in averting the contamination of tobacco from the Athenæum Club, and in many other London Clubs the small dimensions of the smoking-room indicated clearly the small number of those members to whose service it was devoted. It is needless to say that a person of social standing always smoked a cigar in public—a pipe was only allowable in strict privacy, in the depths of the country, or the owner's most sacred "den," while cigarettes had not come into fashion at all.

At a time, therefore, when there were so many impediments to smoking in the case of those who were presumably their own masters, the position of a schoolboy was simple enough.

To smoke was a capital offence, visited, on detection, with the severest penalties, such as "swishing and turning down." But these penalties were not often called for. Only few among us were smokers at all; it was a mark in those days of somewhat abnormal precocity, and the criminals, young in years but old in wickedness, who had acquired the habit, were usually cunning enough to evade the consequences of the law. The trees in the Playing-fields, the back waters of the river, the Boat-houses, the railway arches, the hedges and copses of the countryside, sometimes the rural public-houses, gave sufficient hiding-places for such as needed them. The bad boys in *Tom Brown* and *Eric* of course smoked, just as of course they drank beer and spirits, usually brandy—if the bad boys did not smoke and drink there could be no public-school stories; but, as a matter of ordinary experience, there were not many of them among us in the fifties, and even these were not wholly abandoned profligates. They kept their delinquencies to themselves, and did not proselytise, and the majority of the school lighted its first pipe in the unwelcome solitude of its first term at Oxford or Cambridge, or in the privacy of a subaltern's quarters in barracks.

In the fifties, therefore, smoking at school was regarded by the Authorities not only as a grave breach of discipline, but as implying a certain amount of moral obliquity, of which the illicit cigar or pipe was the outward sign. With the natural conservatism of public schools, this view of the practice was maintained almost up to the end of the last century, although in those forty years a gradual change in the practice itself had been taking place. This change dates from the introduction into common use of the cigarette, and from the altered attitude of society and of the public generally towards smoking and smokers. The difficulty for railway travellers had become, and has continued to be, not to find a smoking compartment, but to avoid one. Even the compartments not labelled for the purpose are by no means free from tobacco, and for a non-smoker to refuse leave to his fellow passengers to smoke is, to say the least, unusual. Smoking-rooms are found in every club and in every private house, and in many cases no part of the club or of the house, except sometimes the drawing-room, is not haunted by the fumes of the weed. Ladies smoke, not only cigarettes, and there is obviously no logical reason against it.

The above familiar details account sufficiently for the change which has taken place at schools in the matter. Physically the objections to boys smoking before they are fully grown are as strong as ever, but the cigarette is much less formidable than the cigar or pipe. A whiff at dessert and one or two more before bedtime are permissible, or at all events are permitted to the sons of the house from the age of (say) seventeen onwards in many British homes. The habit soon grows, and in the majority of cases does not do much harm. But it appears absurd that a harmless indulgence, permitted and perhaps encouraged at home, should at school become an offence of the first magnitude and be visited with the penalties reserved for grave breaches of moral laws. It is an awkward position for a master, who knows that his pupil smokes at home with the sanction of his parents, and perhaps has shared his crime at a country house after a shooting luncheon, to assume a Draconic attitude when the same thing occurs at school. It has already been found necessary to relax discipline in regard to it when the O.T.C. is under canvas in the summer holidays or even on a march out during the school-time.

There is an understanding, amounting to a rule, that present Etonians do not smoke at Lord's, but it is not always honourably observed, and on one occasion, when rain stopped play, I remember looking down from the Pavilion on several youthful miscreants, including a pupil of my own, furtively indulging in cigarettes on the top of or inside the adjacent coaches. At the same time, it must be admitted to be a grave breach of rules to smoke by stealth at school, and as such it should be treated, though not by the antiquated methods of corporal chastisement. If a boy cannot show enough regard for the needful restraints of school, and enough personal self-control, to curb during the half an appetite quite lawful in the holidays, the conclusion is that he is not gaining much from his public-school life and surroundings, and had better, after due warning, be invited to withdraw, but " without any stain on his character."

Smoking, like swearing, card-playing, shooting with catapults, and other breaches of law, prevails more or less at different times in a school, and sometimes is altogether out of fashion. The anecdotes connected with it are mostly of one type, and that not very amusing—one boy smokes up the chimney ; another gets out of his window on to the roof ; this one takes his handkerchief out of his pocket and his pipe falls out along with it ; that one is betrayed by the smell of his clothes as he stands by his tutor's side—and so on. There was some humour in the boys who, finding that their house-master (a habitual smoker) went out often at night to play whist, took up their quarters on these occasions and lighted their pipes in his study, the safest room in the house, as a little more tobacco made no perceptible difference in the aroma which pervaded it all the year round.

Some old Etonians would find fault with a notice of smoking at Eton, however short, which omitted to mention the little shop in the High

Street, kept by Kitty Fraser, and not to be entered or quitted without due precaution and a glance both ways to see if any masters were about. She provided the materials for their criminal indulgence, as well as for the legitimate use of their preceptors, and in so doing made many friends who, in after-years, when she had fallen on evil days, clubbed together for old sake's sake to make a kindly provision for her old age.

THE USE OF "CRIBS"

A distinction must, of course, be drawn between the practice, to which this title refers, and what is generally known at school as "cribbing." The latter is either copying another boy's exercise or the answers of a neighbour in an examination, or using similar illicit methods, about the dishonesty of which there is no doubt either in the mind of the boy who uses them or of the master who detects them. Naturally there are degrees of guilt, and to receive a friend's help in a sum or a verse is a very different thing from cheating in trials, but as regards "cribbing" in itself there is no contrast to be dwelt upon between the view taken of it in the fifties and that which prevails at the present day. The use of "cribs," however—its lawfulness or illegality—is a much more complicated question, and among the minor problems of school life there is none which presents more difficulties and gives rise to more difference of opinion among those who have to decide the question.

There are two ways in which a crib may be used. The first is to consult it all along while learning a lesson, to write down the English word above the corresponding Greek or Latin in the text-book, or on a slip of paper, and, when that is done, to regard the process of learning as complete. Obviously this saves a good deal of trouble at the time—equally obviously no one who adopts this plan can make himself a scholar thereby, in however low a degree. Such, however, is not his object—he merely wishes to insure himself against immediate failure at the lowest possible premium. With a master who knows his business, he is not likely to secure immunity for long, and certainly does not deserve to escape. The other method of using a crib is to look out unfamiliar words in the dictionary, to make an honest attempt at the meaning of each sentence, and, when that fails, to consult the translation. It is clear that in this case the student is merely getting from a book exactly the same sort of help which he would otherwise get from his tutor in pupil-room, before the practical abolition of "construing," or from his division master in school. In our days annotated editions were the exception—the old *Scriptores Graeci* and *Scriptores Romani* had no notes, and, to baffle the cribuser, no reference was given to the book of Livy (or whatever it might be) from which the extract to be construed was taken. Our Homer was usually the bare text; Horace was copiously annotated, it is true, by Orelli, but the notes were in Latin—a case for many of us of *obscurum per obscurius.*

We had not many cribs in College, for the same reason for which we lacked many other things, namely, that they cost money to buy, and very often had only a brief and hazardous existence before being detected and confiscated. Things were better organised in Oppidan houses, and any one forced by a relentless tutor to surrender the "house crib" would be bound to replace it at his own expense. There have been many changes since our time, both in the text-books and the cribs. The former now have nearly always an abundance of notes in English, which leave no difficulty unexplained, and there are many teachers who think this kind of help is carried much too far, so that the student is never called upon to crack his own nuts for himself. And, as regards the cribs, while there is no reason to suppose that the sale of Bohn and his compeers has fallen off, a new form of translation has arisen, under the auspices of Conington, Jebb, Wickham, Jowett, Lang, etc., so well done and so well printed as to suggest that cribs should no longer be regarded as outlaws and pariahs.

Here, then, is the problem for the teachers of the present day. The first method of using cribs, described above, is wholly wrong and unjustifiable—on the other hand, a very good case indeed can be made out for the second, and it would be absurd to exclude Jowett's *Plato* and *Thucydides* or Jebb's *Sophocles*, or Conington's *Virgil* from every school library. One method of precaution, not always successful, against those who use cribs wrongly, is the system of preparation (shortened into "Prep") under a master's or a monitor's eye, a system which prevails at many schools though not at Eton. Another, even less likely to attain its object, is to appeal to a boy's better nature, to ask for pledges of abstinence and a "bonfire of vanities" fed with unlicensed literature. But few masters in the present day would have recourse to this; few, indeed, would be prepared to lay down the rule that the use of cribs is in no circumstances permissible. It is tolerably certain that, except for the special student, the classics in future will have fewer hours assigned to them, fewer even than the poor remnant which the last half-century has left them. And in that case any method which economises time, and enables a good result to be attained at the cost of a smaller outlay of precious hours, will need to be very seriously considered before it is rejected. But the necessary safeguards by which a questionable luxury can be converted into a valuable aid will be for the founders of the new system of education to determine.

"PRAEPOSTOR"

There is some uncertainty on the question how this word came into its present shape. If the form "*praepostor*" or "*praepositor*" were the original form, it would mean one who "puts in charge" of an office or a duty, and the person so appointed would be called "*praepositus*," a word with the same meaning as "*praefectus*." Now "*praepositus*" is the Latin word from which is derived the title "Provost," and Maxwell Lyte seems to take the view that there was some fear lest confusion should arise between the "*praepositi*" (which might be rendered "prefects" or "monitors") and the "*praepositus*" or Provost. Consequently the word was corrupted in the case of the former into "*Praepositor*" or "*Praepostor*," without regard to its proper meaning. This explanation hardly carries conviction. The word "*praepostor*" is found at Winchester as well as Eton, and so it is probable that it came to Eton from Winchester. But if that is so, the confusion above mentioned could never have arisen, for at Winchester there is no such title as Provost (or *praepositus*), only Warden (or *Custos*).

Anyhow the duties of *praepostors* in our times were very different from their former duties. In the early days of Eton they were selected from the highest form in the school, and were indistinguishable from "prefects" or "monitors." A full account of their duties, in enforcing punctuality, cleanliness, etc., will be found in Maxwell Lyte. But in our time each division in the school had its *praepostor*, the boys taking the office in succession. The sixth-form *praepostor* was the messenger of the Head Master, employed to carry round his edicts to the different divisions, to notify the boys who had to "stay" after school, and to summon, when necessary, the "holders down," *i.e.* the two last Collegers in the fifth form, who filled that ungracious office. Two sixth-form *praepostors*, a Colleger and an Oppidan, were on duty for a week, were themselves excused almost all school-work for that week, but were expected to pay for their privileged idleness by learning a long "saying lesson" out of Juvenal, to be served up to the Head Master in the week following. With some modifications the office remains to the present day.

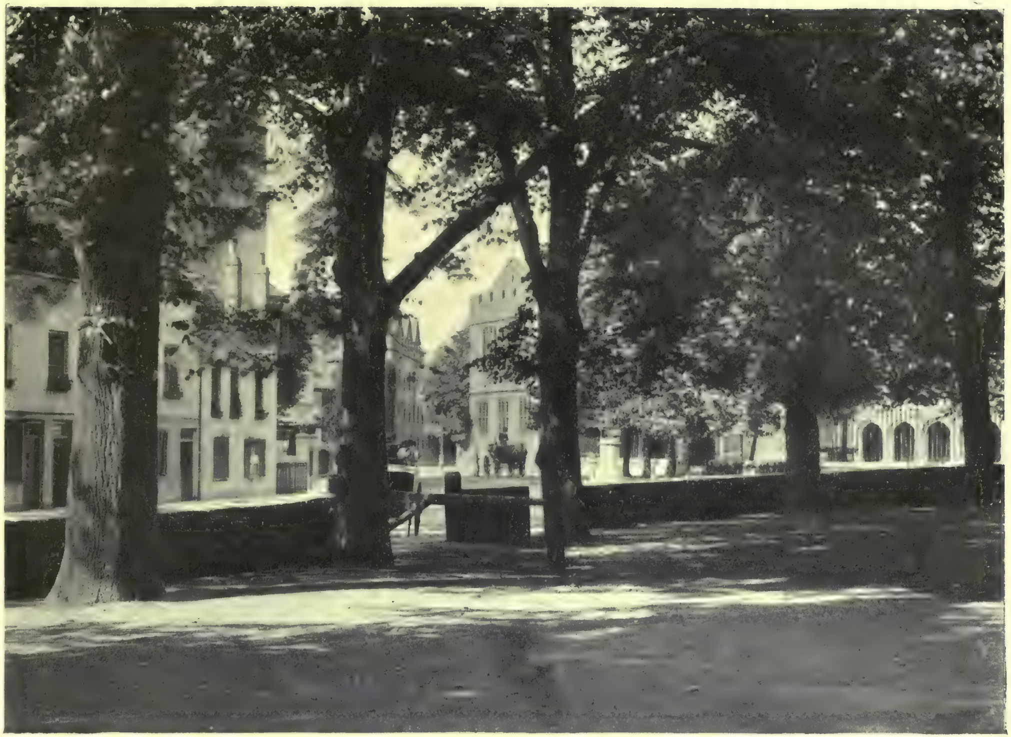
In all the other divisions the *praepostors* were expected to number those present, and mark out absentees, to get the needful "excuses" for the latter, and to show up a "bill" recording these facts to the Head Master after each school. Till all excuses were duly obtained the work of the *praepostor* was not finished, and sometimes—say on a wintry morning—he might have to visit a dozen houses or so to get the excuses of those sick or malingering, and to find out whether they were "excused lessons," which they usually were if they could persuade their soft-hearted Dames. All this not unfrequently interfered seriously with the *praepostor's* breakfast. If he was able to fag, he would avoid the inconvenience by sending, quite unlawfully, a lower boy to get his excuses for him, and if the lower boy had, as was very probable, to be in pupil-room for "Construing" at 9.15 or 9.30, he would be not unlikely to go without his breakfast altogether. The *praepostor* had the further duty of collecting the "lessons" of those "staying out" and of making himself useful generally to the division master. If the Head Master was absent or engaged when the *praepostor* showed up his "bill," he left it with the butler, who in his sole person represented all the official duties which nowadays are found sufficient to employ the time of the School Clerk and his assistants in the "School Office." These duties, however, include nearly all the work of the *praepostors*, who in consequence have a very much easier time than their predecessors in the fifties.

"HOISTING"

It is only within the last few years that the old custom of "hoisting" in honour of victory has been given up, and, as the reasons for its abandonment are such that it is never likely to be revived in its ancient form and place, it seems worth while to give some account of it here. The process is simple enough. The victim, like Satan,

> " by merit raised
> to that bad eminence,"

is in a recumbent attitude, his arms round the necks of two of his comrades, his legs lifted from the ground in the grasp of two others. In this position of complete helplessness he is carried at a smart pace up and down the road in front of " the wall," followed by the leading members of the school, shouting in his honour. A large number of the rank and file are seated along the wall, kicking their heels against the bricks and joining in the applause. In the days when Eton was a smaller place and cycles and motor-cars as yet unthought of, this interruption of the traffic, though inconvenient to the public, was acquiesced in, even when, before the actual " hoisting " began, the sitters on " the wall " did their best to frighten every passing horse by making every kind of noise. Of late years, however, the nuisance has grown more serious, and, like other ritual of a similar kind, " hoisting " in the public highway has clearly become out of date. It would be possible of course to change the place of the ceremony (say) to the playing-fields, but it would not be the same thing at all.



THE "LONG WALK," SHOWING THE HOUSES REMOVED TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE "MEMORIAL BUILDINGS."

In our times a number of events both by land and water were thus commemorated. The Winchester and Harrow matches, when we won them, the chief races on the river, pulling, sculling, etc. (and in later years of course the triumphs at Henley), were occasions for " hoisting." The " swells " of the school assembled about a quarter of an hour before lock-up in the neighbourhood of " tap," and, duly fortified by refreshment, marched in informal procession to Barne's Pool Bridge. Thence the actual hoisting started, and it was no trifling matter to carry a substantial " wet-bob " at a run to the entrance of Weston's Yard and back again. The steerer of a boat would make a similar progress on his captain's shoulders. It did not often happen that the recipient of the honour was allowed to drop, but he was entirely unable to save or help himself in any way. When all the eight or eleven (as it might be) had been duly hoisted, the captain was again seized upon and carried amid shouts to his " Dame's " or " Tutor's." In more recent times the ceremony did not end even there, but he who had deserved well of his country was hustled upstairs, his head thrust out of his own window, and deluged with the contents of his own water-jug.

As a rule " hoisting " only took place in the summer half, but it sometimes occurred also after " Collegers and Oppidans " on St. Andrew's Day. Moreover, it was not entirely confined to athletic prowess, but the Newcastle Scholar and Medallist and the members of the "Select" were escorted home with similar honours, and in College would be hoisted up and down Long Chamber, a thing no longer possible in a forest of "stalls." No doubt the war, accompanied by the suspension of so many leading school events, such as Lord's, Henley, etc., and the absence of any inclination for shouting and jollity, has had much to do with the final disappearance of "hoisting," but the other reasons given above were of sufficient weight by themselves to bring about its abolition.

RHYMES FROM THE "ETON COLLEGE CHRONICLE"

THE CRIB

1. *Eyesight dim and forehead damp,*
By the feeble midnight lamp ;
Chilly fingers—aching head—
Longing sore to be in bed :
Does he labour all alone ?
No ! his sure ally is Bohn.

2. *See him at his task again*
On the following " after ten " ;
Lest he altogether shirk
Science abstract—Extra work :
Does he struggle all alone ?
No ! his trusty friend is Bohn.

3. *Swiftly glides the schooltime past ;*
Trials grim are here at last ;
Strenuous efforts may perhaps
Supplement his memory's gaps :
Strenuous efforts all alone ?
No ! his solid hope is Bohn.

4. *Many a Greek historian's riddle*
May be solved by Scott and Liddell ;
Many a Roman poet's view is
Made quite clear by Short and Lewis :
Are not these enough alone ?
No ! the learner craves his Bohn.

5. *What though after seven long years*
Mighty small result appears!
Weak in prose, in Latin weak,
Wholly floored by simple Greek,
  Is he then to blame alone?
  No! he shares the blame with Bohn.

6. *Bohn, the lazy student's joy!*
Bohn, the friend of backward boy!
Though for pure Horatian art
Some prefer thy rival Smart,
  I will cling to thee alone;
  Bohn for me, and only Bohn!

1888.

SUMMARY

CHAPTER XX

SUMMARY

"ETON has changed greatly and in many ways since the fifties—Etonians very little, or not at all." Such will probably be the general verdict of any reader who has waded through the preceding chapters of this book. And, with certain qualifications, there can be no doubt that it is a just and reasonable view. But, before concluding, it is necessary to dwell a little more in detail on some of those external circumstances which, to some extent, have modified the type of Eton boy. He is now more of a citizen of the world, taking interest in matters outside the routine of his own life—less of an Ishmaelite—"his hand against every man and every man's hand against him"—than was formerly the case; more concerned with his future career after leaving school; more critical of the education he is getting to prepare him for that career. Such changes are not, of course, universal; there are still lots of careless, happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth folk among us, with little thought of the coming years, and little ambition beyond the craving for "having a good time." We have heard of the boy who, when asked to state his preference in the matter of a profession, selected that of a "retired banker," envying, no doubt, the lot of some relative who enjoyed that fortunate position.

Still, apart from the strenuous times in which we are living, the tendency of changes at Eton during the last fifty years has been to produce a more serious, more courteous, more dignified, more mature type of Etonian. No one change can be pointed out as contributing in a paramount degree to this result—it is the outcome of a number of causes, some of them beginning to influence him almost before his public-school career begins. And if, at the same time, he appears somewhat less simple in his ways, more easily bored with his work and his games and (sometimes) his companions, more self-indulgent, more fond of comfort and luxury, a bit over-particular about his dress and personal appearance, the events of the last two years have shown clearly enough that such blemishes are only skin-deep and that, when it is needful, he is just as ready to face all manner of discomforts and privations—to say nothing of risks and danger—as the most hardy of his predecessors, whose school life was conducted on more Spartan principles.

The preparatory school, as we now see it, is a modern creation, which in the fifties was almost in its infancy. We have not to go back many years from that date to find a large number of public-school boys who had never been to a private school. The age of entering Eton, and other schools, was earlier by several years than it is now. There was but little preliminary training, and that for the most part given at home, or by the parson of the parish or the village school-master. Then came the period when the country vicar or curate began to add to his income by taking three or four, sometimes six or seven, pupils and so the preparatory school took its rise. But the numbers were at first too small and the age too tender to admit of much in the way of *esprit de corps*, or organised games, or difference of "status" between old and young; and, in consequence, a boy came to his public school in almost complete ignorance of what life there would mean. Nowadays, the preparatory school is a public school in miniature. The numbers may be anything from forty to a hundred and fifty. The assistant masters reach a double figure, selected often as much for their athletic as for their intellectual gifts. The boys enter later and stay longer—often much too long, becoming Tritons among minnows, and laying up a store of conceited ideas, which have to be laboriously kicked out of them. They are divided into forms, and, virtually, into upper and lower boys, and, out of school, they have their first and second Elevens, and their colours for football and cricket, and all the rest of it. Withal they are almost invariably well fed, well looked after, and well taught, and in many cases they respond so well to this treatment, and become such agreeable lads to deal with, that it is no wonder their masters wish to keep them as long as they can, and part with them reluctantly on the very stroke of fourteen. There is no doubt that this system lightens to some degree the task of licking the cub into shape which falls to the public-school master, and the elder boys in his house, and must be reckoned among those changes which have modified to some extent the pattern of schoolboy at present prevailing.

Another cause, which has produced some effect in the past, and is likely to produce more in the future, is the great increase in the facilities for locomotion of all kinds. One of the most important of these is, of course, the motor-car, which, however, may be omitted in this sketch. In the fifties the railway system was not much more than twenty years old. The G.W.R. and the L.S.W.R. both ran, as they do now, to Windsor, though their trains were neither so fast nor so frequent as at the present day. But the possibilities they offered for getting to Eton from London, and *vice versa*, were already beginning to tell upon the life of the school.

Visits to the doctor or the dentist in town and "short leave" for purposes of pleasure were growing more common every year, though, as has already been pointed out, a large number of the school had little or no "leave" from one year's end to another. On the other hand, visits of relations and friends from London and elsewhere were becoming more frequent, and even in those times were beginning to be regarded as an undesirable interruption to every-day routine. In subsequent decades there were further developments in both directions until a time came when Eton could be described as "a side show of the London season," and it became necessary to legislate against excessive "leave," especially at Ascot time, and to make strict rules for the immediate return of the patient after a visit to the doctor or the dentist—rules often evaded by unscrupulous mothers, with the ready connivance of their sons. But these excuses, and the endeavours to repress them, alike show that Eton in the school-time was becoming less and less isolated, and, for better or worse, more mixed up with the life of the outside world—a change perhaps not wholly bad in itself, but certainly calculated to turn out Eton boys unlike in many ways to their predecessors.

Akin to this was the great increase, which is still going on, in the output of newspapers, books, and printed matter of all sorts. Our period was not an uneventful one—it contained the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny—but I cannot remember that, unless they touched our own homes or friends, we took more than a languid interest in them. In those times important news was often a long time in arriving, and so had lost a good deal of its urgent interest when it did arrive. Moreover, the average Etonian knew very little about politics or politicians—except sometimes in the case of boys coming from great political houses—and read very few newspapers. They cost more, for one thing, and few among us took them in. We were quite content if we had the opportunity of looking at *Punch*, and the *Illustrated London News*, and *Bell's Life in London*, the last for sporting intelligence of every kind. There were few monthly magazines, and fewer still within reach of our purses—*Blackwood* at 2*s.* 6*d.* was out of the question—and the School Library provided nothing less gritty than the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and *Notes and Queries*.

There was a like dearth of interesting books, especially of fiction. We most of us read the "Waverley Novels"—the only novels in the School Library, except Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*, and M. Scott's *Tom Cringle's Log*. The "yellow-back" variety of tales was only just coming in—they were eagerly read by us, but looked on with suspicion by the authorities, as tending to promote idleness, if nothing worse. Lucky was he who owned any of the works of Captain Marryat or of Harrison Ainsworth, though *Jack Sheppard* was thought to be of a demoralising tendency and was liable to confiscation. As to literature of a higher class, the great writers of the Victorian age were for the most part only beginning their chief work, and books such as Macaulay's *History* or Ruskin's *Modern Painters* were published in a form not likely to find its way into the hands of school-boys. The same was the case with the great novels of the time, either issued, like those of Thackeray and Dickens, in monthly parts, or else in three volumes at the price of £1 11*s*. 6*d*. It is needless to work out in detail the great changes which have taken place in respect of all these classes of literature—newspapers, magazines, standard works, novels—but the increase in number and the reduction in price of all of them, if it has not brought into being a more intellectual and studious class of Etonian, has at all events taken away his excuse for feeling little or no interest in the events of the world around him and the problems of contemporary history.

Another gradual change, which some hold to have influenced in a marked degree the lives and characters of Etonians, has already been alluded to in this book, but seems to require a few more words here. This is the general increase in comfort and luxury, which, prevailing as it has done in all the wealthier homes of Great Britain, was certain to be reflected in the school to which so many of the owners of those homes send their sons. This may very probably have modified somewhat the type of Eton boy, and perhaps not in the direction of improvement; but the boys themselves are not to be blamed for availing themselves of needless and extravagant facilities for the enjoyment of life, upon which little or no check is placed either by parents or by the School Authorities. Increased pocket money, "orders" (sometimes "general orders") from home, private banking accounts on a liberal scale, outrageous bills for amusements (such as rackets) paid without a protest—a boy would hardly be a "human boy" if he did not appreciate and approve of such a state of things.

But if the parents are to blame, so are the School Authorities, each in their degree. The Governing Body set the example in the building of the modern boarding-houses. Both in size and in their arrangements the new houses were designed so as to require a large staff of servants and to suggest a somewhat lavish scale of housekeeping. Marble floors and teak fittings, adding more to rent than to comfort, point to the standard of the school generally. The system of separate rooms with fireplaces in each—which no Etonian would wish to abolish—

involves a good deal of additional labour and expense; but for this a sound reason can be suggested. On the whole, however, the best of the old houses, which were quite good enough for their fathers and grandfathers, are far from being considered up-to-date in the present generation, and this demand for a higher plane of comfort and convenience has been clearly fostered by those who legislate for the school.

It is not surprising that, concurrently therewith, the personal expenditure of Eton boys has shown a tendency to rise. Here and there, not often, some small economy has been effected, but no serious effort to curtail needless extravagance, or to promote a simple style in dress and other matters, has been made, within memory, by the central Authorities, and the sporadic attempts in that direction on the part of isolated house-masters have quite failed to produce any permanent result. A large part of the additional expenditure on dress is due to the institution of "Colours" conferred for every kind of athletic merit, and this does not mean merely a symbolical cap, but in most instances a complete outfit from head to foot. In the fifties we had colours for the Eight, the boats, and the Eleven, but for nothing else. Nowadays a place in the house football Eleven involves cap, shorts, stockings, scarf, blazer, and sometimes sweater—a place in "the Wall" or the Field Eleven doubles or trebles this wardrobe; cricket makes similar demands; "the beagles" have their uniform; shoes, etc., are necessary for the "sports"; a place in racket choices, etc., brings another cap and blazer; fives enjoyed a "colourless" distinction up to the end of the last century, but has now come into line with the rest. Even Rugby football, played by a small fraction of the school for a few weeks in the Lent Half, has now its distinguishing dress. And what is true about these "official" costumes is equally true about private dress. The hosiers' shop windows are filled with gaudy handkerchiefs and still more gaudy socks and waistcoats to attract the young Adonis. No member of the O.T.C. cleans his own uniform or accoutrements except in camp; his Sunday suit and his dress clothes are often kept under pressure at the tailor's. And the point I would insist on is that all this dandyism is artificial, and might be brought within rational limits by discreet regulation. When a boy goes home for the holidays—unless, to his misfortune, he spends them in London—he puts on an old pair of knickerbockers and an old Norfolk jacket and is happy—he doesn't really care for all the fopperies which fashion prescribes at school. But the school fashions get him into habits of extravagance and of paying excessive attention to his person, and so far they have met with too little discouragement either from indulgent masters or from acquiescent parents. The other day the Captain of the Eleven,[1] going with several hundred others to unload munition trucks at Swindon, wore a "scug" cap. It was a matter for comment throughout the school. A very small straw, but enough to show the wind. However, it is not at all unlikely that economy after the war may bring about a change in this as in many other habits, and it would be a change to be desired not only for the saving of money, but for its moral effect.

In this desultory fashion, through this and all the preceding chapters, we have gone through most of the differences between 1856 and 1916 which are likely to affect for better or worse the life of an Etonian at the present day. But, before concluding, some attempt should be made to complete the picture of the past, and to forecast the future, both as it concerns the masters as the instruments of education and the boys as the victims thereof.

In the fifties the masters were very distinctly divided into two classes, those with full powers, responsibilities, and privileges, and those who took a share in the teaching of the school, but very little part in matters of discipline or general administration. The former class consisted of some fifteen to twenty classical masters who alone had the right of succession to boarding houses and the prospect of Fellowships and College Livings In a school numbering upwards of 700 no young classical master had to wait long for promotion to a house, and, after serving a moderate number of years, he might look forward to a retiring pension, made up of a house in the Cloisters, and a comfortable vicarage in the South of England, with an income from both sources perhaps amounting to £1,200 a year in cash. It is not surprising that a post such as here described commanded the pick of the University market and seemed adequate to the hopes even of an ambitious man, seeing that it sometimes led the way to high promotion in the Church, and in any case promised a lucrative and dignified position to one still in the vigour of manhood. It also enabled the holder to marry early and to bring up a numerous family at a cheap rate in a leading public school. The other class of masters was for the most part a recent institution altogether—they were not over liberally paid, they had no prospect of a retiring pension, and naturally they were not drawn from the ranks of those whose high University honours justified hopes of a brilliant career in after-life.

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[1] B.R.F.C. died of wounds in France, Oct. 3rd, 1916.

For many years after the fifties—indeed up to the present time—the quality of the classical masters has remained as high as it was then; but, on the other hand, their prospects of a large income practically for life have been steadily waning. In the first place, the teachers of other subjects have established their claim to absolute equality in all ways, including succession to houses, and, as a natural consequence, they, like their classical colleagues, are high "honour" men fully entitled to the position. The result is that the boarding-houses nowadays have to satisfy the wants of between fifty and sixty masters instead of fifteen or twenty. Formerly appointment to a mastership and succession to a house were often almost contemporaneous—even in my own days a wait of five years was almost unprecedented and a matter for much condolence. The five years have now grown to nearly fifteen. But that is not all. Fellowships with an income are abolished—the majority of masters are laymen, whom the livings do not concern. The number of pupils is (quite rightly) limited, and the limitation affects the receipts.

The tenure of the post is also limited by a superannuation rule coming into force at the age of fifty-five. So, in place of the state of things described above, we have the following position. A master, appointed at the age of twenty-five, holds an office terminating in thirty years. For the first fifteen he has a good bachelor's income, but rarely a house which he can ask a wife to share. Then for fifteen years he holds a boarding-house, admitting no doubt of substantial profits, but involving large outgoings. During these years he has to lay by the savings which are to enable him to pass his old age in comfort. If still a bachelor, he can probably attain that object—if, as he ought to be, a married man with a family to educate, his powers of investing money are naturally much less. At fifty-five he gets a pension of £200 per annum, adds it to his own accumulations, and retires. The work he has been engaged on is exhausting, and further continuance in the teaching profession is not good either for him or his pupils; on the other hand, it leads to no other occupation. At a time when his friends and contemporaries are in their prime, with the prospect of many more years of usefulness and increasing wealth and honour—as Bishops, Deans, Judges, K.C.'s, M.P.'s, high civil servants, merchants or bankers, soldiers, Colonial Governors, masters of Colleges, etc., he is, in every sense of the word, shelved, and can only look forward to years of more or less poverty-stricken obscurity, rendered all the more irksome by contrast with the former style of his life as a successful Eton master. The post which he has held is rightly considered among the best in every way in the educational world. Some may conclude from this, and with justice, that, if this is so, the whole profession must be underpaid, but, confining one's views to Eton, we shall find that one result, at all events, is likely to ensue. There will never be any difficulty in filling vacancies on the staff, but some deterioration in quality is almost certain to occur. The system of superannuation has only just begun to apply to the assistant masters. When its effects are fully realised, and to the difficulty of making a large profit while at work is added the certainty of unemployment and unfitness for almost any other employment at a comparatively early age, the best men, not only in Classics, but in Mathematics, Science, and Modern Languages, will be driven to the conclusion that they can hardly take their talents to a worse market than the educational profession. At a time when the importance of education is more and more coming into prominence, the introduction of conditions which are bound to transfer it to the hands of an intellectually lower class is clearly mischievous. It may be said that the necessity of quickening promotion, etc., makes a superannuation rule inevitable, and of course this argument carries weight, but does it outweigh the other considerations? This is the problem which has arisen and awaits a solution in the near future.

When we turn from those who impart education to those who receive it, it is well to premise that a full discussion of subjects and methods is quite outside the scope of this book. Nothing more is aimed at than a brief recapitulation of the chief differences between the fifties and the present day, and perhaps a few forecasts of the future, which are merely the opinions of the present writer, and lay no claim to be more than the fruits of a long experience. The most marked change lies in the great increase of subjects forming part of the school curriculum. In those days Greek and Latin (with, incidentally, some Ancient History and Geography) and Divinity formed the solid core of a public-school training. Quite recently Mathematics had been admitted to a small share. Modern Languages were entirely an extra; Science was represented by a few popular lectures; Modern History formed part of some examinations, but was not often taught in school. At the present time all the above seven subjects enter into the compulsory School Course. The question at once arises whether quantity has been gained at the expense of quality, and smattering taken the place of thoroughness.

Here it may be well to divide public-school boys roughly into three classes. Those of conspicuous ability will get a good education either by the help of, or in spite of, the subjects taught or the men who teach them—that is to say, an education which their own powers will enable them to develop to any extent they choose. Then there is a class of boys, varying in number from time to time, who may derive great advantage from their school as regards the formation of character and other valuable results, but, whether the system of instruction be good or bad, are incapable of being turned into educated men by it or any other. Thirdly, there are the average boys, the bulk of every school, and it is to them chiefly if not entirely that the question propounded above applies. We have to add to the seven subjects already named the teaching of English Language and Literature (if indeed they can be taught, which is doubtful), and the lighter subjects, such as Music and Drawing, by some not at all lightly esteemed. It is possible, of course, to assign certain times in the week to all these ten branches of education, or ten more if you like. But will it be education in any true sense? Can the average boy really digest intellectual food set before him in such profusion? Were our forefathers utterly devoid of wisdom in confining themselves to a much smaller number of topics and hammering at them day by day and hour by hour in their blundering fashion, till they felt certain that even quite ordinary brains had mastered a good deal? There is a well-known story of a boy who was condemned, as a punishment, to learn by heart so many lines of Homer. He asked at what line he was to begin, and, on being told, recited his task on the spot without hesitation or error. A memory of this kind is worth having, and is of use in many ways.

One of my earliest "parents" was in the habit of writing me long letters about his son, full of quotations from the classics, much more for his own enjoyment than for my benefit. He had got something lasting out of his studies, though he had never been a candidate for the Newcastle, namely, a lifelong power of appreciating good literature. Do those who nowadays are called on to study ten subjects instead of four get any permanent result even equal to this? It has fallen to my lot not unfrequently to help in adjusting old time-tables to new requirements. The process is as follows. Public opinion demands, or is said to demand, that such and such a subject (say Physics or a Modern Language) should form part of the regular School Course. How is it to be managed? Abolish another "saying lesson"; take off another hour from the teaching of Greek; get a fresh hour for school by doing away with the tutor's "construing," etc. This is the method, and, whatever is the result as regards the new study, the old must necessarily suffer. I have never known the problem approached from the other end. I can fancy, but it is only fancy, a Head Master saying to himself, "Here is a boy of average wits, at school for five years, from fourteen to nineteen. When he leaves the school what subjects ought he to know with some thoroughness and what other subjects superficially but soundly as far as he has gone? What number of hours per week will suffice for the former, and what for the latter ? " There can be little doubt that the answers to these questions would lead to a great reduction in the number of subjects attempted, and to a conviction that the attempt to teach more in the time allowed is unfair to all alike, and can only end in educational chaos.

Such is the position, I venture to say, in which a very large number of the average boys find themselves when they leave school. A discussion of the remedy for this state of things, involving as it would a great deal of technical detail, and comparison of the respective worth of this or that study, would obviously be out of place here. But the principle may be laid down that, in the case of the average boys, the question of how many subjects they are taught is of much less importance than the question how they are taught. A thorough knowledge of one or two branches of learning is a solid gain in itself, and a solid foundation for further progress—a smattering of a dozen subjects is from every point of view simply worthless. Many of the statements above are the merest platitudes and truisms, and one would think they would long ago have been admitted as such, and would have been assumed as the invariable postulates in any proposed scheme of education. But, as far as the writer's experience goes, an experience of sixty years, this is still very far from being the case.

A few words further may be said about a

matter which is sure to be seriously discussed in the immediate future. It is said that one result of the present state of public affairs will be a very considerable modification in all the branches of learning which at present make up the School Course here and elsewhere. Speaking generally, the tendency will be to increase and develop the teaching of scientific subjects at the expense of Ancient and Modern Literature. Two things may be fully admitted. Recent events have taught us that a larger number of scientific students and a higher standard of scientific attainment are both necessary for the country. This is certain, and it is also certain that, in the case of the average boys with whom alone we are now concerned, the result of a training which up to the present time has been mainly literary is not much to boast of. A very small proportion attain to such a knowledge of Greek and Latin as to enable them to appreciate ancient literature and to encourage them to pursue the studies further. No doubt they have derived some benefit from the grammatical drill, useful in itself, and helpful towards the learning of a modern language, but they are not educated men. This points, and has pointed for many years, to the curtailment of the number of subjects and to more thorough teaching of what remain. If this involves the abolition of Greek (for the average boy) Greek must go, not because it is not a magnificent subject of study, but because there are only twenty-four hours in the day. An unconvincing argument, often advanced, is that a boy makes more progress in Latin when he is at the same time learning the elements of Greek and *vice versa.* They help each other, so it is said. No one in after-life wishing to learn Russian would, as a help thereto, take up Spanish simultaneously. If, when one subject is given up, the other is found to suffer, the explanation can only be sought in some imperfection in the method of teaching.

On the other hand, there are some difficulties in the proposal to make science a staple subject of instruction almost to the exclusion of languages and literature. Dividing, as before, the school into three classes—the fliers, the average, and the hopeless duffers—we may, as before, only consider the second to the exclusion of the other two. The fliers will take care of themselves, and the duffers are not more likely to succeed in science than in Greek and Latin. The first question with regard to the average boy must always be whether he has any aptitude for the study proposed. In this respect mathematical training has an advantage over scientific. We must all be taught the elementary rules of Mathematics for practical purposes. Dull enough they are, but they enable the teacher to say with certainty whether the pupil will gain anything by pursuing the study further. In the same way the teacher of science begins, like the teacher of Greek and Latin, with the elementary grammar of his subject—accuracy in weighing and measuring, and so on. This is, of course, the right way if the subject is to form a substantial part of the boy's mental discipline and training. But it involves, at this early stage, the omission of nearly everything which makes science interesting, and if, after a fair trial, the boy is found to have no aptitude for it, the time spent has been simply wasted. A few popular lectures would in many cases create a desire to learn more of the subject, and a willingness to go through the needful drudgery to attain thoroughness, while the facts so imparted would, at all events, be something to the good. But this "sugaring of the pill" is deemed by the professors below the dignity of their subject, although there can be little doubt that they lose disciples by the other method.

It is generally recognised by teachers of science that the education they impart needs to be supplemented by a good deal of time devoted to literary subjects, if the result is to be an educated man, and not merely a well-equipped physicist or astronomer. But this would not be incompatible with a sound scientific training if the importance of it is kept in view throughout, and the course of teaching judiciously and, so to speak, "scientifically" arranged. There is a tendency to begin " specialism " too early, and to make it too exclusive.

And here it will be well to bring this desultory summary of a desultory book to a close. In matters connected with a school few readers are willing to accept the opinion of any one but themselves—least of all in matters connected with their own school. They generally go so far as to prefer their own views, based as a rule upon an experience of five years' duration, ten, twenty, or thirty years ago—and that the very limited experience of a member of a boarding-house of forty boys in a school of a thousand—to the mature judgment of those who from boyhood to old age have been gathering the materials on which to form it. Their grounds for this preference, though seldom frankly stated, are that they cannot believe that a master can honestly take a boy's point of view, and therefore his powers of sound judgment are limited by his position. Perhaps they are right—anyhow, it is a sufficient reason for abstaining from any further dogmatism, and for leaving to the reader the task of considering his own verdict on the facts and fictions contained in this book.

At the very time at which these last words are written, the munificence of an old Etonian has enriched the School Library with a most remarkable collection of books and other documents of all kinds dealing with Eton history from the earliest times up to the present day. Of books alone there are more than 800. Clearly an apology is needed for adding yet one more to this number, but, if the foregoing pages do not carry with them their own apology, the defendant can only throw himself upon the mercy of the Court.

ETON SONGS

"VALE"

1. *Time ever flowing bids us be going,*
Dear Mother Eton, far from thee!
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!
Eastward and westward, far divided,
Northward and southward, go must we,
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!

2. *Life's duties call us;—whate'er befall us,*
High lot or lowly, weal or woe,
Brother with brother, thou our Mother,
In thee united we will go;
For home and kinsfolk, for old comrades,
For Queen and country, and for thee!
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!

3. *Old Eton places, old Eton faces,*
Though we be parted far away,
Seen ever clearly, loved ever dearly,
Shall then be with us as to-day;
Each house familiar, each smooth meadow,
Each bend of river, each old tree.
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!

4. *What we are leaving, others receiving,*
New sons of Eton, when we're gone,
Still forward straining, fresh honour gaining,
Keep the torch burning—hand it on!
Brother with brother, thou our Mother,
In thee united thus sing we:
Hearts growing older, love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be!

1891.

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